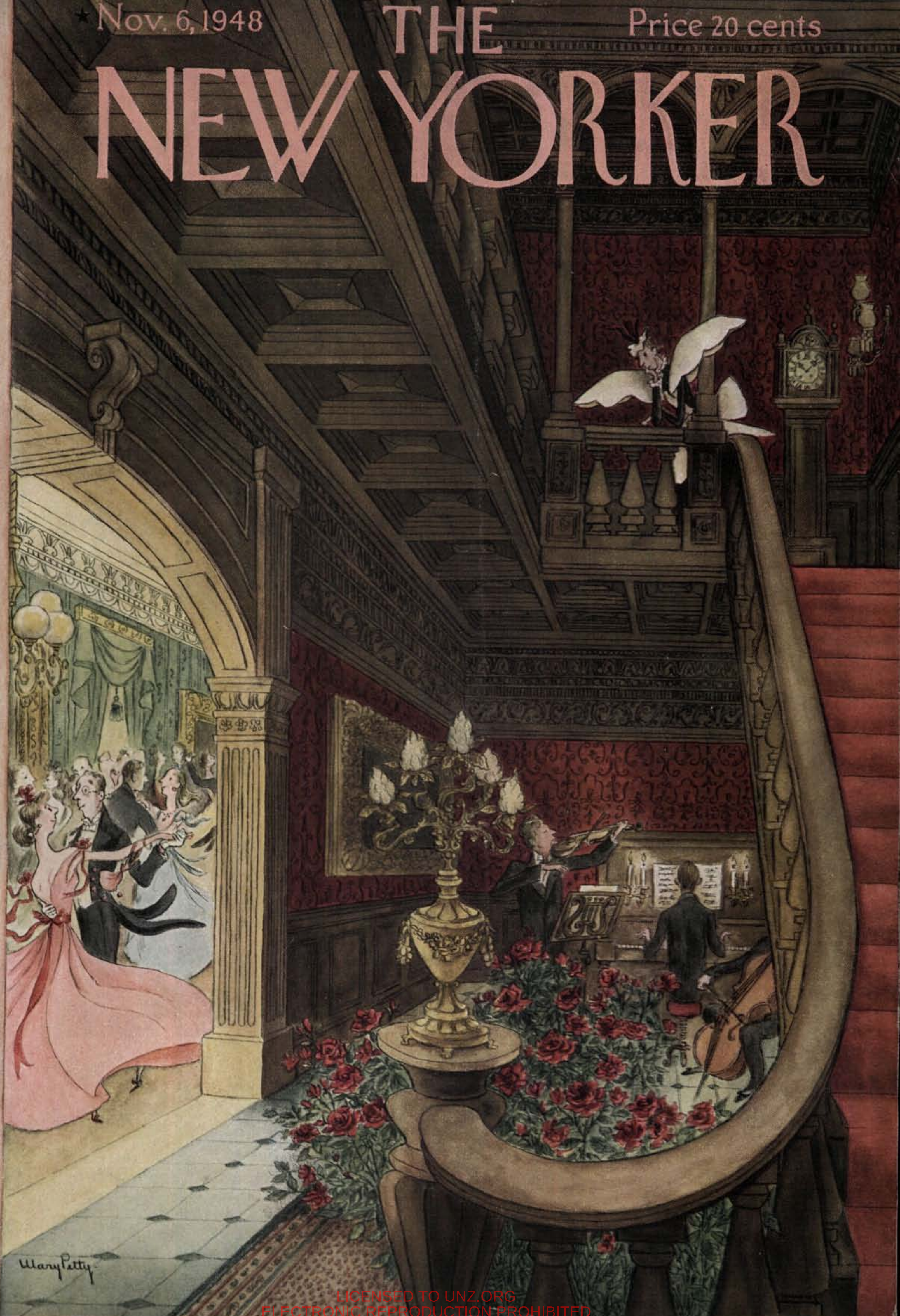
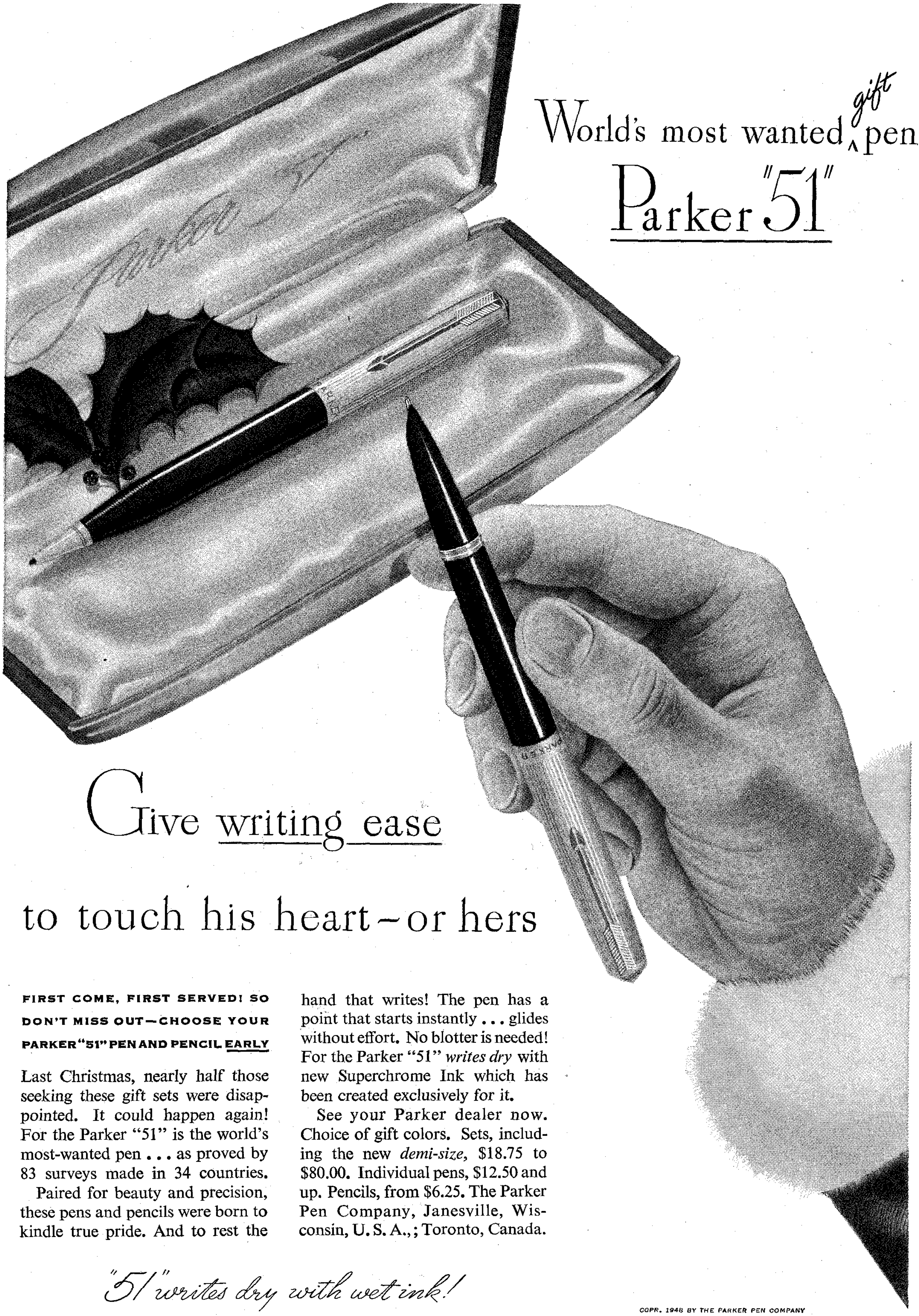
Nov. 6, 1948
Price 20 cents

THE NEW YORKER



World's most wanted gift pen

Parker "51"



Give writing ease to touch his heart—or hers

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED! SO DON'T MISS OUT—CHOOSE YOUR PARKER "51" PEN AND PENCIL EARLY

Last Christmas, nearly half those seeking these gift sets were disappointed. It could happen again! For the Parker "51" is the world's most-wanted pen . . . as proved by 83 surveys made in 34 countries.

Paired for beauty and precision, these pens and pencils were born to kindle true pride. And to rest the hand that writes! The pen has a point that starts instantly . . . glides without effort. No blotter is needed! For the Parker "51" *writes dry* with new Superchrome Ink which has been created exclusively for it.

See your Parker dealer now. Choice of gift colors. Sets, including the new *demi-size,* $18.75 to $80.00. Individual pens, $12.50 and up. Pencils, from $6.25. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U. S. A.,; Toronto, Canada.

"51" writes dry with wet ink!

COPR. 1948 BY THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

Little Christmas Furs

to warm her hands and heart and cause a fashionable flurry. Made for each other (and her delight) our tippet and melon muff. Here in White Mink—tippet, $480, muff, $480. In natural Ranch Mink—tippet, $360, muff, $420. In Russian Ermine—tippet, $210, muff, $240. All prices include excise tax.

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Edward, My Son—A wonderfully sinister performance by Robert Morley and a very touching one by Peggy Ashcroft make this otherwise routine melodrama something you'll surely want to see. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Life with Mother—Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay are enchanting as Father and Mother in this second adaptation of Clarence Day's stories. Dorothy Bernard, Ruth Hammond, A. H. Van Buren, and John Drew Devereaux are also on hand from the original company, while among the newcomers are Robert Emhardt and Gladys Hurlbut. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mister Roberts—A fine, funny, compelling job, based on Thomas Heggen's book. Henry Fonda is at the top of a remarkable cast, which includes David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 10, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 11.)

The Play's the Thing—A rather fetching revival of Molnar's comedy about sex on the Italian Riviera. Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernest Cossart, and Claud Allister are in the highly satisfactory cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Private Lives—Noel Coward's comedy suffers from the effect of its years, but, thanks to Tallulah Bankhead's splendidly rowdy carryings on, it is still a very funny show. Donald Cook supports her courageously. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Sartre's melodrama concerning a harlot who is driven to betray a Negro and, consequently, herself has its weaknesses, but it has more to say than most plays on the subject of lynching in the South. Ann Dvorak has the leading role. "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," by Richard Harrity, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Summer and Smoke—Tennessee Williams' play about a sexually repressed girl and her uninhibited lover is too cloudy and monotonous to be altogether successful, but Margaret Phillips and Tod Andrews give noteworthy performances. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** An enlightened tramp and a scheming junk dealer. With Judy Holliday. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Moves on Sunday, Nov. 7, to the Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** The invisible rabbit. His pal is now Joe E. Brown. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **a streetcar named desire:** Tennessee Williams' big one, about a woman's withdrawal into a world of illusion. With Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Set My People Free—A play by Dorothy Heyward, produced by the Theatre Guild and Allyn Rice. Canada Lee and Juano Hernandez have the leading roles. Martin Ritt is the director, and Ralph Alswang designed the settings. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

MUSICALS

Inside U.S.A.—In spite of fairly uninspired material, Beatrice Lillie is extremely comic in this big, handsome Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz revue. She is assisted by Jack Haley and by Valerie Bettis, one of the most accomplished dancers you ever saw. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Love Life—Nanette Fabray and Ray Middleton are very engaging as a couple whose marriage goes on for a hundred and fifty years, and Kurt Weill has written a nice score, but in the end the burden of the story is just too much for them. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	91
BOOKS	114
THE CURRENT CINEMA	102
FOOTBALL	59
LETTER FROM SHANGHAI	75
LETTER FROM WÜRZBURG	104
MUSICAL EVENTS	68
POPULAR RECORDS	69
OF ALL THINGS	61
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: ABOUT THE HOUSE	86
THE RACE TRACK	110
THE THEATRE	57

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Magdalena—A lamentable plot makes this South American spectacle pretty hard to endure, in spite of Heitor Villa-Lobos' lovely music; a lot of good singing by Irra Petina, John Raitt, and Dorothy Sarnoff; and some of the best-looking scenery and costumes you ever saw. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Romance—Rowland Leigh's adaptation of Edward Sheldon's old play is rather less than inspired, and so are Sigmund Romberg's tunes. Anne Jeffreys, Lawrence Brooks, and Luella Gear all do their best, but it is uphill work. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Small Wonder—Several really first-rate routines, notably one about magazine advertising, result in a revue well worth seeing. Tom Ewell is more or less in charge of the activities, and the cast also includes Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day, Hayes Gordon, and Mary McCarty, who is quite a show all by herself. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Where's Charley?—Ray Bolger is chiefly responsible for the success of this musical version of "Charley's Aunt," by George Abbott and Frank Loesser. With Allyn McLerie, Byron Palmer, and Doretta Morrow. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **high button shoes:** Some nonsense concerning the 1913 Rutgers football team, among other things. With Joan Roberts, Phil Silvers, and Joey Faye. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **make mine manhattan:** The leading comedians of this revue are David Burns and Sid Caesar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Bravo!—Oscar Homolka, Lili Darvas, and Fritzi Scheff in a play by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Directed by Mr. Kaufman and produced by Max Gordon. Opens Thursday, Nov. 11. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

As the Girls Go—Bobby Clark in a musical comedy produced by Michael Todd and directed by Howard Bay. The book is by William Roos; the score is by Jimmy McHugh; the lyrics are by Harold Adamson; and the cast also includes Irene Rich, Bill Callahan, and Kathryn Lee. Opens Saturday, Nov. 13. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

New York City Ballet Company—Tentative schedule—Monday evening, Nov. 8, at 8:45: "Four Temperaments," "Punch and the Child," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 9, at 8:45: "Four Temperaments," "Serenade," and "Orpheus." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:40; Sunday evenings at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 10, and Saturdays at 2:40

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIV, No. 37, November 6, 1948. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1948, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

Lord & Taylor

the dramatic flare

of Christian Dior

signals a new shape at hand

From his glove collection, imported from France

and ours alone. 11.95 to 21.50

Lord & Taylor, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13

and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 11, at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, unless otherwise indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Trianon Room offers William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing, except on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Russ Morgan's and Harold Nagel's orchestras supply dance music all evening in the lofty Bowman Room. Closed Sundays.

CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Nellie Lutcher, proclaiming, from her piano, the livelier virtues of some rather feverish gentlemen friends; also, adroit footwork by Avon Long (whose last night is Tuesday, Nov. 9) and Pearl Primus. Dance music by Dave Martin's band and Cliff Jackson's piano. Closed Mondays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—The entire violin choir of Musicians' Local 802 at work on a relentless hearts-and-flowers repertoire. Henny Youngman's remarks serve to remind everyone that Broadway is just around the corner. Billy Banks' band for dancing.

LE DIRECTOIRE, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—Abe Burrows, a reformed radio character, taking some very satisfactory bites out of the hand that fed him. Frank York's orchestra and Gringo's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Eddie Davis, complete with bland grin and bland dance music, is on the podium of this elaborate country club, assisted now and then by Bernie Dolen's band. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Like the tables down at Mory's, it's full of gentlemen rankers, to say nothing of their feminine following. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has Charles Reader's orchestra, and a troupe of dancers and singers. On Tuesday, Nov. 9, a new show, headed by Roger Dann (the French invasion, as you can see, is in full swing) and the dance team of Hoctor and Byrd. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Charles Trenet, an urchin-type Gaul, and some pretty special dancing by Marge and Gower Champion. Dance music by Mark Monte's and Leo Reisman's bands. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a great big beautiful period piece, has the flowing dance music of Nycola Matthey's and Payson Ré's orchestras. Closed Mondays.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra plays sedately for dinner in the equally sedate Oval Room. No dancing.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, at suppertime, Nan Wynn, employing some bright trickery on a lot of good songs. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra, playing for a rather Continental audience, in the Café Lounge. A small show every day but Sunday, and tea dancing every afternoon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—What could easily be mistaken for the fountain of perpetual youth. Sande Williams' orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing Sundays.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The eloquent Edith Piaf, making the most of her classic portfolio of Parisian tears-in-your-eyes songs. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Through Wednesday, Nov. 10, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, impersonating everything from Charles Trenet to dear old vaudeville, are in the Wedgwood Room at suppertime. On Thursday, Nov. 11, Gene McCarthy and Tommy Farrell will unveil their new act, presumably equipped with comic overtones, and Margaret Phelan will take charge of the song department. Eddy Duchin's orchestra is around all evening, and Mischa Borr's helps out at supper. On Sundays, the room closes at 10 P.M. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Just about as regal a spot as you could want for listening to the instructive piano arabesques of Les Crosley, at cocktail time and dinner, and of Cy Walter, later in the evening. Harold Cooke does both turns on Sundays. . . . **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dance music, after eight-thirty, in this pleasant corner, by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR,** 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A high-style background for (after eight-thirty every night but Sunday) John Kelley's piano music. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A well-known ivory tower, in which Mary McNally plays piano at cocktail time and Harry Taylor obliges during the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **PERROQUET,** Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): At the piano, Hugh Shannon, boyishly in love with love; on the floor, Stella Brooks, intoning her Existentialist blues, after Friday, Nov. 5. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with Sonny Kendis and his trio after ten, except Sundays, and Faconi, playing prowler violin music, every evening except Monday. . . . **LITTLE CASINO,** 243 Sullivan St., at 3rd St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, the old Left Bank maestro, overseeing the pranks of Garland Wilson and Norene Tate at the pianos, and of Mae Barnes and her thoroughly worldly songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **SAZARAC,** 716 Lexington Ave., at 58th St. (EL 5-8923): Show business taking a leisurely stirrup cup on the way home. Good, nostalgic piano by Ralph Strain and whatever co-workers happen to drop by. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAT NOIR,** St. Moritz Hotel, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): A good-looking new experiment, with Lucille and Eddie Roberts' mind-reading act, gags by Mervyn Nelson, and songs by Kitty Crawford. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONTE CARLO,** 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): The new home of this erstwhile Madison Avenue landmark will open Tuesday, Nov. 9, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing after nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty in this prehistoric but amiable glade. Closed Sundays. . . . **MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Val Ernie's orchestra plays for dancing from cocktail time on. No music on Mondays. . . . **PENTHOUSE,** 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Jayne Manners sings, and Clarke Morgan supplies some very acceptable piano. No performance Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborly level, with spirited indigenous dances by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Casual entertainment, of which the main features are the humor of Kirkwood and Goodman (except Mondays) and the songs of Nancy Andrews (except Sundays). Old silent movies, too, on Sunday nights, but no basket parties. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): There's still the traditional dagger dance, and much the same sort of entertainment in general. Dancing; closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, who surely needs no introduction. The show also includes a set of brand-new Copa dolls, with and without dresses. Dance music by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): On Monday, Nov. 8, Sophie Tucker will begin operations in this almost too lifelike replica of the Mermaid Tavern.

SUPPER CLUBS

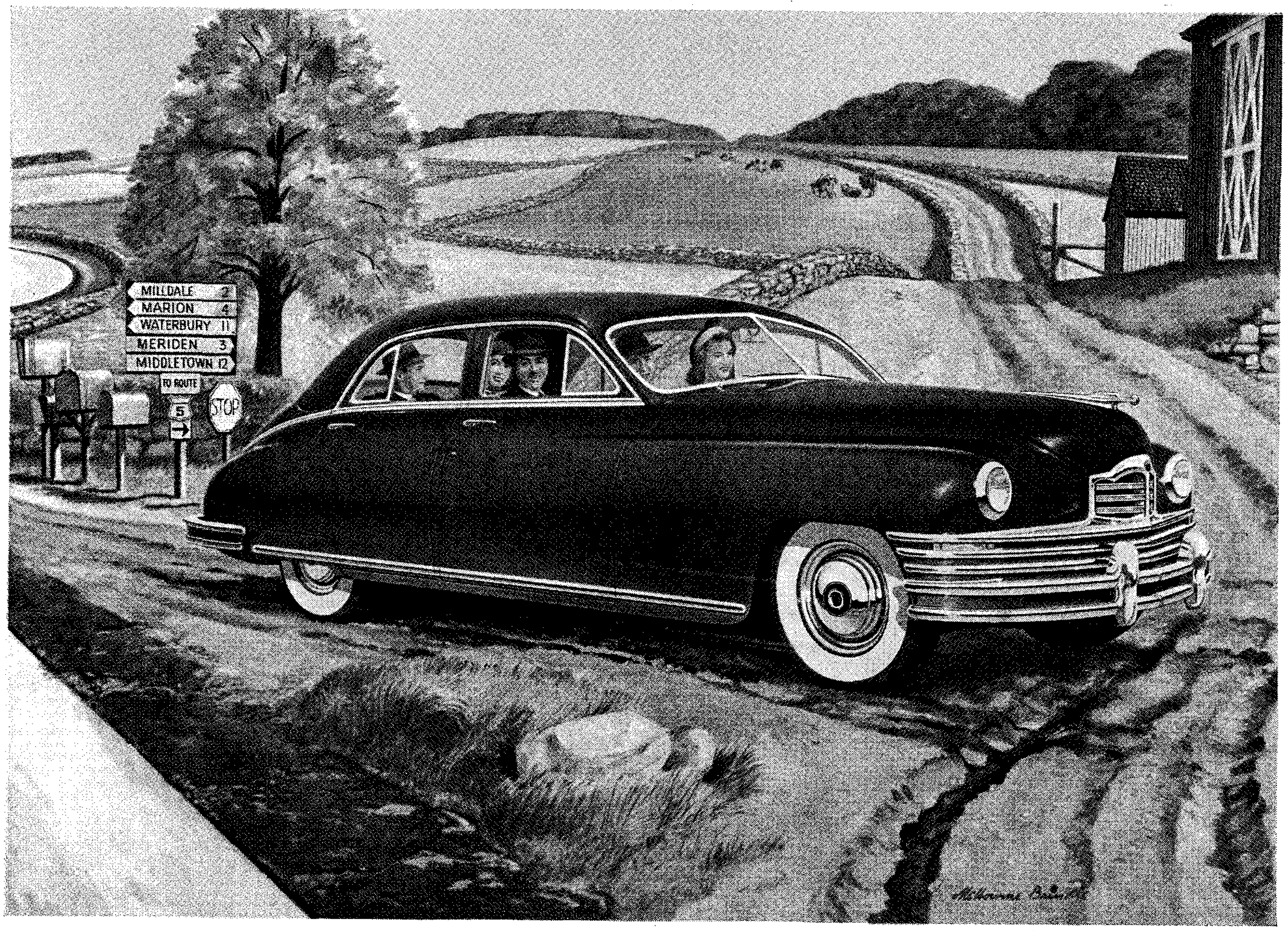
(No dancing, unless noted.)

RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The strange, enchanted music of the Normann Paris Trio and the sharp-edged comedy of Connie Sawyer, to say nothing of Thelma Carpenter's feline operatics, Will Jordan's brisk foolery, and Raymond Chase's beguiling concertina. Julius Monk is the master of revels. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Stuff and nonsense by Imogene Coca and her new henchmen, Fletcher and Sheidy. Other useful newcomers, too: Bill Lawrence and the Striders, as songbirds; George Prentice's hilarious Punch-and-Judy show. The sumptuous piano of Stuart Ross and the off-to-the-races chromatics of the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy and her grownup's garden of verses. Arthur Kent and Sam Hamilton at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Jay Marshall, that light and sometimes even fantastic humorist, is the mainspring here. Songs by Dottie Reid; songs and dance music by the Loumel Morgan Trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **BREVOORT SUPPER CLUB,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (GR 3-7306): The Café is now a showshop after dinner, offering Marian Manners' fetching torch songs, and Daphne Hellman's harp. Earl Hodges and his trio play for dancing. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his ride-of-the-Valkyrie trumpet style, whooping it up in this twentieth-century Malamute Saloon. Jack Lesberg, Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other thunderbolts help out, and Ralph Sutton plays some fine piano between sets. On Tuesday nights, visiting virtuosos add to the uproar. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Ernie Caceres, Billy Butterfield, and their colleagues, stampeding the customers all night long. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet's trio, hopping up what looks like the last of the hot-music stands on this once-celebrated blockfront. Chippie Hill sings nightly, except on Sunday, when there's a jam session in the afternoon. Dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Herb Jeffries, entwining his unique voice around some old favorites. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Harlem rhythms of the inventive band headed by Wilbur de Paris and involving Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris are on tap all evening. Supper dancing only, and no music on Mondays. . . . **HICK-**



How a Packard changes this to this

YES, there's a secret to it . . .

The secret is Packard's *exclusive spring suspension system*—a "self-controlling" system that compensates automatically for changes in load and road. An advanced design that combines steady *firmness* with relaxing *smoothness* to achieve a new kind of dream ride.

In this luxurious Packard, you'll enjoy new freedom from annoying tremors as well as abrupt bumps. New freedom from pitch, and sidesway and wind-wander.

You'll discover the wonderful peace-of-mind that stems from Packard's magnificent roadability. You'll forget that traffic tension ever existed.

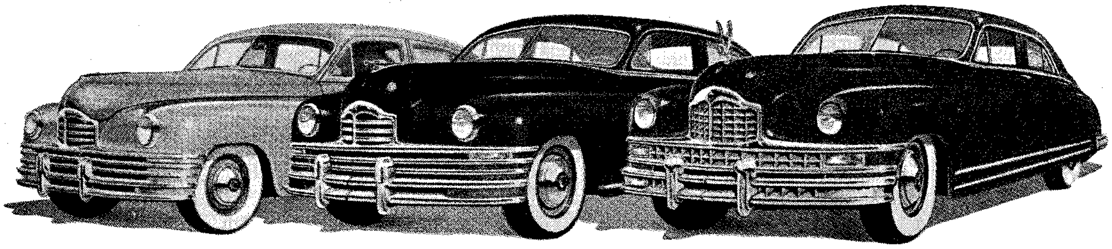
And there's new *handling ease* to thrill you, too, in this precisely balanced Packard. You thread traffic with a finger-tip touch—and on the open road, you simply "point" this car!

In short, this Packard ride is so advanced that you'll have to *sample* it before you'll believe it's true.

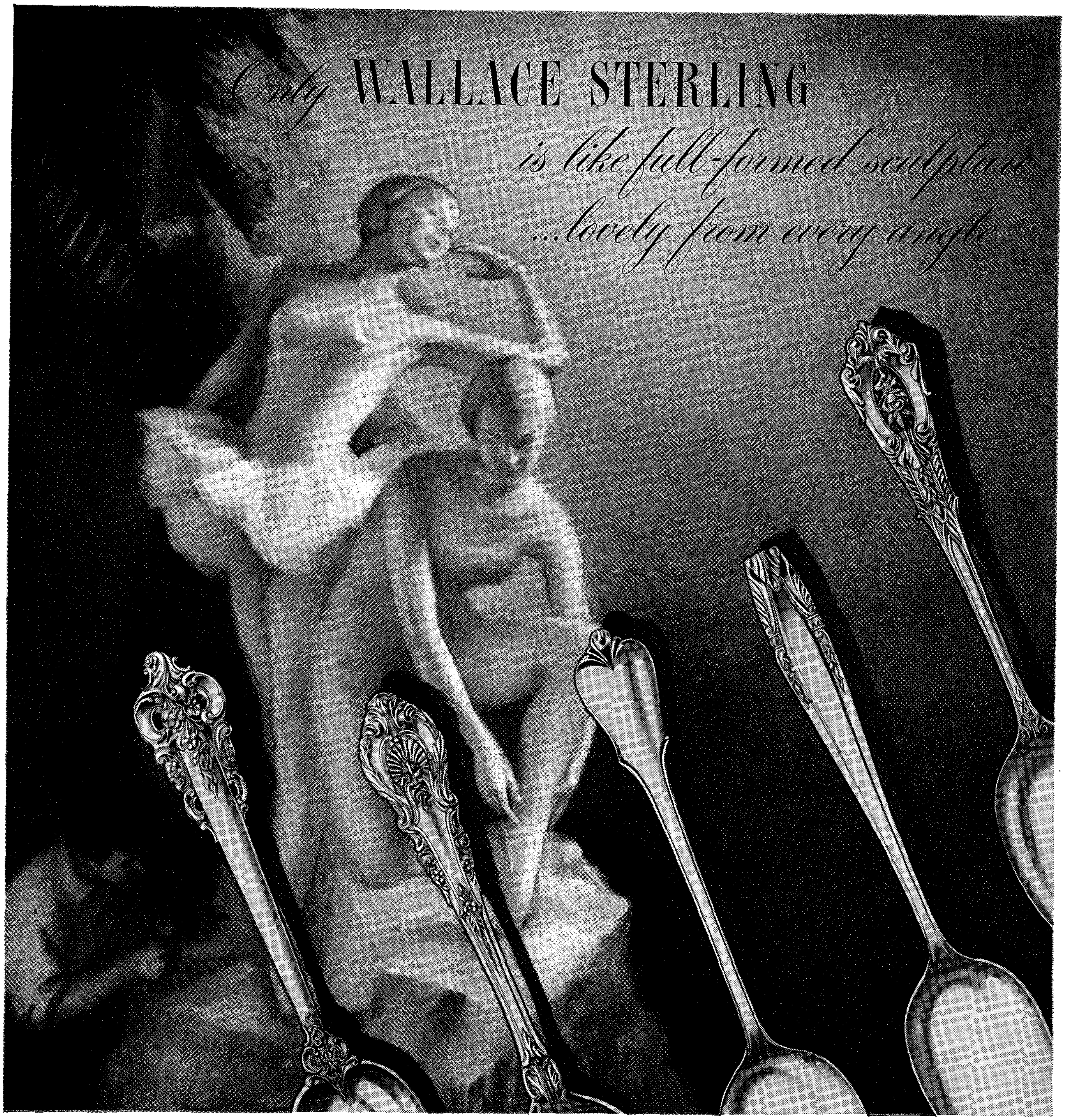
That's why your Packard dealer invites you to come in soon and discover it for yourself!

PACKARD

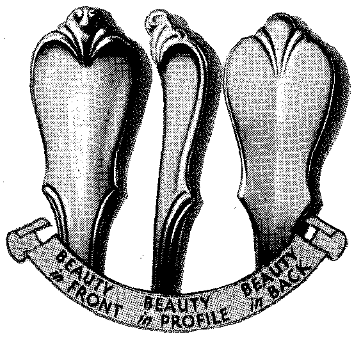
Ask the man who owns one



THE EIGHT • 130 HP THE SUPER EIGHT • 145 HP THE CUSTOM EIGHT • 160 HP


Only WALLACE STERLING
is like full-formed sculpture
...lovely from every angle

ONLY WALLACE STERLING...LIKE FULL-FORMED SCULPTURE...HAS
“Third Dimension Beauty”


BEAUTY in FRONT
BEAUTY in PROFILE
BEAUTY in BACK

When a sculptor creates a statue he gives it “Third Dimension Beauty”... loveliness not only from the front but from every view. When William S. Warren created these five Wallace Sterling designs, he gave them the “Third Dimension Beauty” of full-formed sculpture... beauty in front, beauty in profile, beauty in back.

These patterns have beauty from every perspective... the “Third Dimension Beauty” found in no sterling but Wallace. Before you select your silver, be sure to see Wallace’s exquisite “Third Dimension Beauty” designs. Left to right: Grande Baroque, Sir Christopher, Grand Colonial, Stradivari, Rose Point. Six-piece place settings from $27 to $35, according to pattern.

COPYRIGHT 1948

Wallace Silversmiths, Wallingford, Connecticut • Since 1853 • Wallace Silversmiths, Toronto, Canada

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The Mary Osborne Trio, turning out, except Mondays, some nice music behind the oval bar. Jam sessions Sunday afternoons. . . . **ROYAL ROOST,** 1580 Broadway, at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): It's like the night the Hesperus went wrong, but above the gale you can sometimes hear Woody Herman's band, which is there every evening but Monday. . . . **CARNIVAL,** Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): This big old carbarn is in business again, with Louis Prima's band on the podium. Closed Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 142 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Every Friday evening, jazz with the bark left on, by such Early American primitives as Albert Nicholas, Baby Dodds, and James P. Johnson. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Ray McKinley's orchestra, plus Laura Leeds, who plays the piano and sings. On Sundays, Charlie Peterson's band replaces Mr. McKinley's. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Tommy Dorsey's band. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo and his band. Closed Sundays. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Tommy Ryan's orchestra for dinner dancing; dancing at supper, too, on Fridays and Saturdays, and at teatime on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays. They will all be open Armistice Day.)

GALLERIES

JOSEPH BARBER—Expressive water colors of the South and Southwest. (Allison, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

C. LUDWIG BRUMMÉ—New sculptures, sometimes a little oversimplified in technique but done with an appreciation of balance and mass. (Clay Club, 4 W. 8th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5 P.M., and Thursday and Friday evenings, 7 to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 6.)

SYLVIA CAREWE—Sharply drawn, bright-colored paintings, bringing a touch of baroque exuberance to subjects ranging from Coney Island to Acapulco. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 6.)

JON CORBINO—Fine Impressionist oils of circuses, bridges, and Renaissance ladies. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Nov. 13.)

RAOUL DUFY—Water colors and gouaches of racetrack and Riviera scenes, with the usual sparkle and verve. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 6.)

KENNETH EVETT—First one-man exhibition of paintings, which, though occasionally harsh in color and texture, show an agreeable feeling for design. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

FRENCH PAINTING FROM DAVID TO COURBET—Not all the paintings are masterpieces, but they do add up to an excellent survey of the course of late-eighteenth- and nineteenth-century painting. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Nov. 27.)

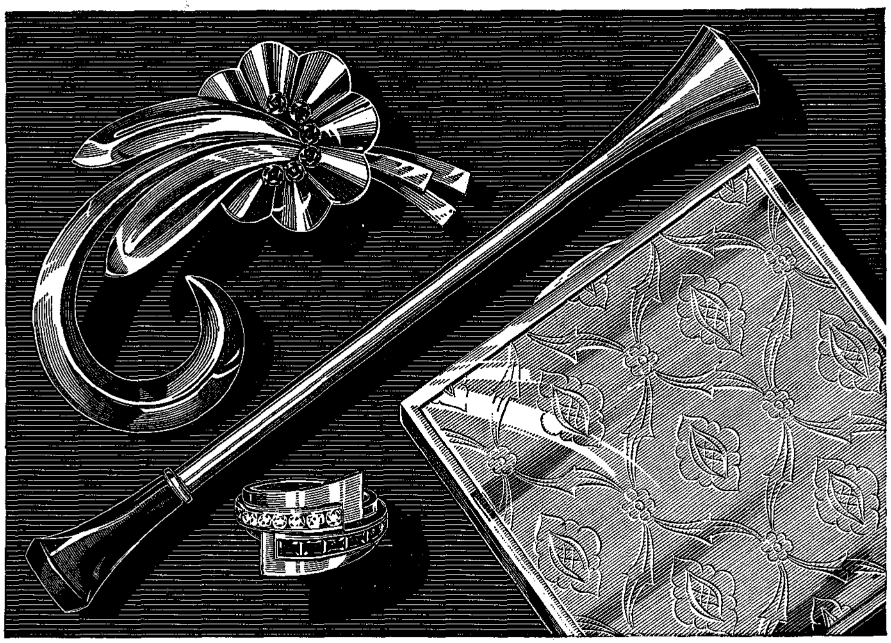
RUTH GIKOW—Paintings in which Florentine wistfulness is fused with modern Expressionism, with satisfying effect. (Grand Central, 55 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 6.)

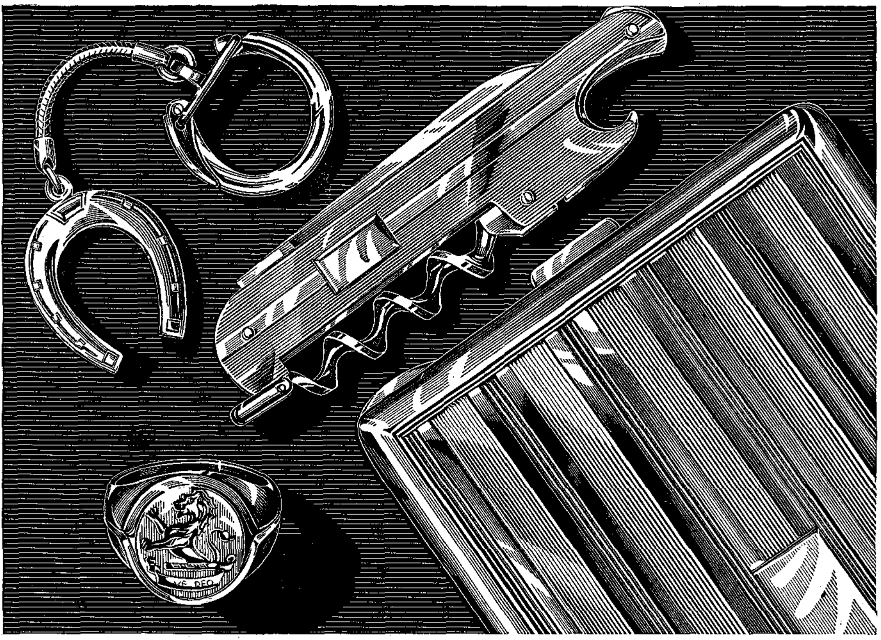
JOHN GRILLO—Stunning abstract murals. (Artists, 61 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 5.)

GROUPS—At the **NEW SCHOOL,** 66 W. 12th St.: Lively showing of paintings, mostly abstract, by a new aggregation of younger artists, called the Spiral Group. Mondays through Fridays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 11. . . . **MAYNARD WALKER,** 117 E. 57th St.: Picasso, Walt Kuhn, and Winslow Homer setting each other off to good advantage in a small collection; through Nov. 6. . . . **RIVERSIDE MUSEUM,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.: A large selection of works from the Northwest Watercolor Society. Thursday and Friday, 1 to 4 P.M., and Saturday and Sunday, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 7. . . . **DEMOTTE,** 39 E. 51st St.: The New York Society of Women Art-

TIFFANY & CO.

Diamonds of fine color and brilliancy.
A large selection of 14kt. gold jewelry.
Silverware, china and glassware.





14 KT. GOLD BROOCH SET WITH RUBIES	$ 190.
14 KT. GOLD CIGARETTE HOLDER	35.
DIAMOND, EMERALD AND 18 KT. GOLD RING	650.
14 KT. GOLD VANITY CASE	295.
STERLING SILVER KEY RING	3.50
KNIFE, CORKSCREW AND BOTTLEOPENER MOUNTED WITH 14 KT. GOLD . . .	58.
PLATINUM SEAL RING (ENGRAVING EXTRA)	190.
STERLING SILVER CIGARETTE CASE (HOLDS 14 CIGARETTES) . . .	82.

ALL PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22

EST. RP Co. 1874

SCOTCH MIST* RAINPROOF TOPCOATS AND TWEEDLOOM* SUITS IN OUR OWN CHEVIOTS IMPORTED FROM SCOTLAND

Are there any more suitable materials for a man than All-Wool Cheviots from Scotland . . . in those classic weaves and colors for which the Scottish mills are so famous? Their rugged good looks are as outstanding as their sturdy wearing quality (trust the Scots for that!).

Rogers Peet has imported these celebrated Cheviots for many years. They're all wonderful . . . and two of them are quite remarkable:

SCOTCH MIST* is the incredible material we control exclusively . . . a beautiful Cheviot in many patterns and colors, *rainproofed by a secret process Rogers Peet shares with the mill.* In Rain-or-Shine Topcoats (really two-coats-in-one). $85.

TWEEDLOOM* is the name of a special collection of Scottish Cheviots we reserve in particularly fine weaves and "tweedy" colors for these *Suits.* The kind of suit that's equally correct for town and country. Two-Suits-in-One. $85.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CUT ON OUR OWN PATTERNS.
TAILORED IN OUR OWN WORKROOMS.

Rogers Peet Company
Makers of fine clothes

In New York: Fifth Avenue *at* 41st St. Thirteenth St. *at* Broadway
Warren Street *at* Broadway

And in Boston: Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ists' twenty-fourth annual exhibition; through Nov. 11.

Marsden Hartley—Twenty paintings, mostly of Maine subjects, done in the nine years before his death, in 1943. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 12.)

Paul Klee—Fifty drawings, dated 1911 to 1938, all small and almost all exquisite. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Kaethe Kollwitz—Compelling scenes of poverty-stricken peasants, by this master of etchings and lithographs. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Ernest Lawson—Paintings, a bit nostalgic in atmosphere, by one of the earliest and best of the American Impressionists. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Michael Lekakis—Abstract sculptures, some of them quite imposing in design. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

William Lester—Conventional semi-abstractions by a young Texan. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 6.)

Einar Lunden—Patterned paintings of landscapes, with somewhat mechanical but pleasing composition. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 12.)

Oronzio Maldarelli—Effective statues, in wood and white marble, marked by regularity of line. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Nov. 20.)

John Marin—Nearly eighty of his etchings, from 1905 to 1948, in one of the rare surveys of his work in this medium. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Nov. 27.)

Fletcher Martin—New paintings, showing stronger design and generally much more capable handling than his earlier work. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Evsa Model—Abstractions demonstrating the results of experimentation with the most intense colors. (Sidney Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 6.)

Ogden M. Pleissner—Traditional paintings of landscapes and village squares. (Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Carl Podszus—Paintings, designs in silver, and expert drawings. (Carlebach, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through Nov. 13.)

Jason Seley—Sculptures, done in a style that suggests a milder-mannered Henry Moore. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Nov. 6.)

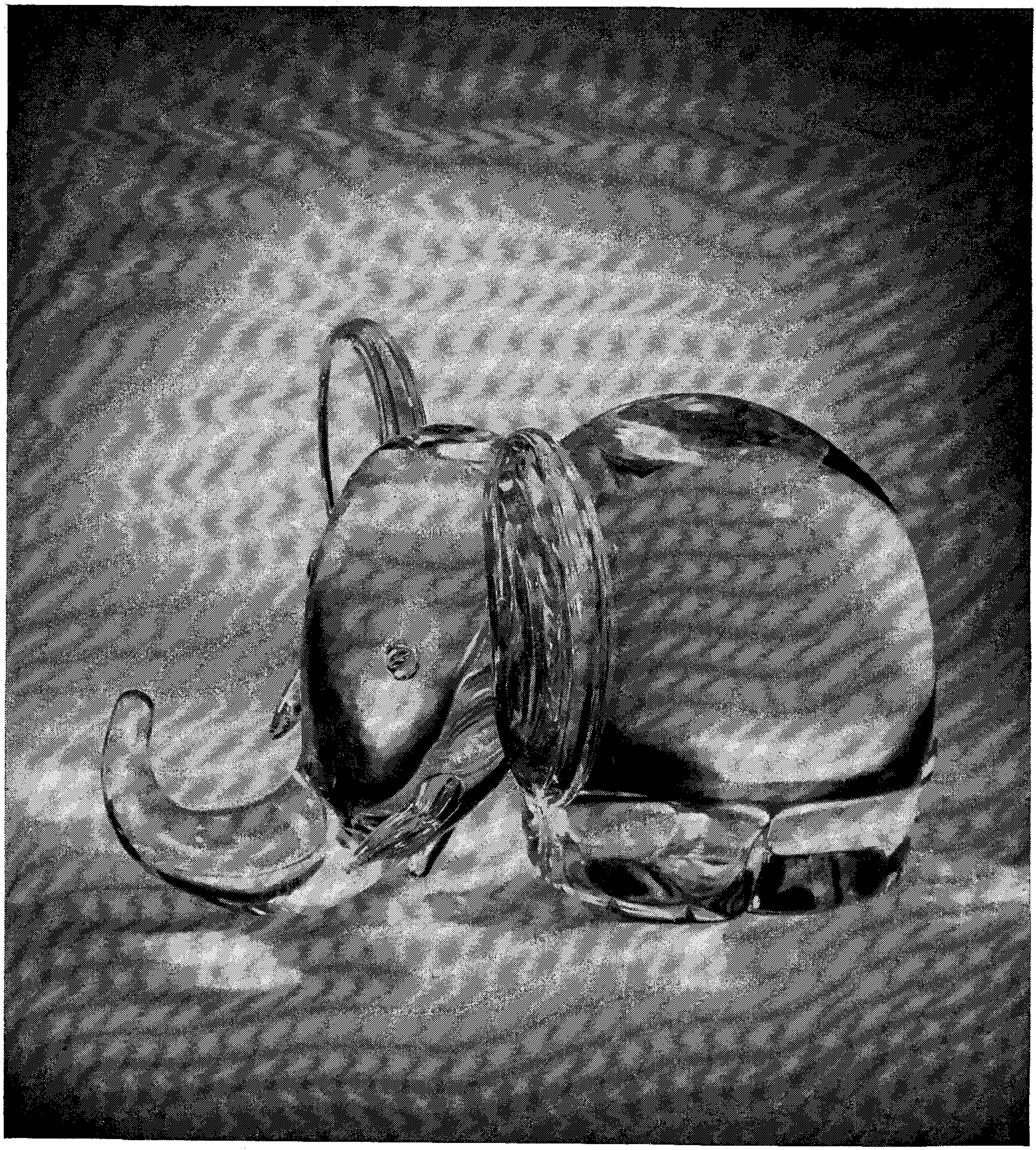
Karl Zerbe—An artist noted for his use of encaustic now adds tempera and gouache to his media, with pleasing effects. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Nov. 13.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large and slightly jumbled survey of our naval history from the Revolution onward, comprising everything from paintings and sculptures to ship's models. Rather tedious, except for the models, which are fascinating; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Contemporary Chinese paintings, some of them with an interesting blend of Western and Oriental influences; through Nov. 21. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5 P.M.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A compact exhibition of collages, with examples ranging from the beginning of the movement, among the French Cubists and the subsequent French and German Dadaists, to the present; through Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Four pieces, two by van Gogh and two by Seurat, recently acquired by the Museum; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Romantic works by an early rebel school of photographers, the Photo Secessionists, founded in 1902 by Alfred Stieglitz; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Memorial show of sculptures by Elie Nadelman, who was prominent in the nineteen-twenties and is now almost forgotten; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 7 P.M.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—Paintings and

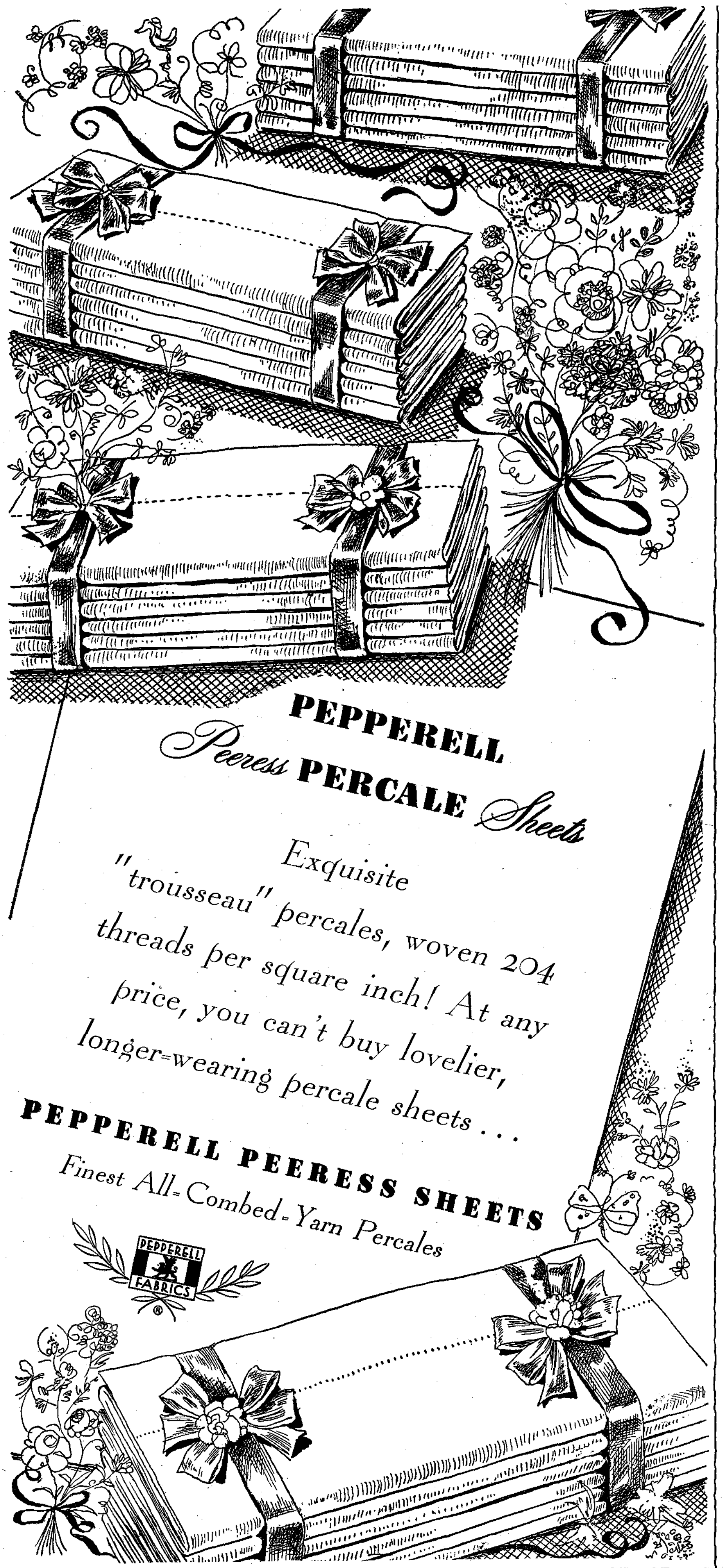


SOLID CRYSTAL ELEPHANT

Length 6½" · Price $45.00

STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK 19, N. Y.


PEPPERELL Peeress PERCALE Sheets

Exquisite "trousseau" percales, woven 204 threads per square inch! At any price, you can't buy lovelier, longer-wearing percale sheets . . .

PEPPERELL PEERESS SHEETS

Finest All-Combed-Yarn Percales

PEPPERELL FABRICS

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BOSTON 2, MASSACHUSETTS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection. (Daily, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 7.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Nov. 4, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday afternoon, Nov. 7, at 2:30: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 7, at 8:15: "Eugene Onegin." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 11, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 13, at 8:45: "Salomé." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday evening, Nov. 4, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Nov. 5, at 2:30, both with Leonard Rose, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 6, at 8:45, and Sunday afternoon, Nov. 7, at 2:45, both with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 11, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Nov. 12, at 2:30, with Francis Poulenc, piano. (Carnegie Hall.)

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Nov. 10, at 8:45, and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 13, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Thursday evening, Nov. 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

National Orchestral Association—Leon Barzin conducting, with Moura Lympany, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Nov. 8, at 8:45.)

Jazz Concert—Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Robert Cornman—Piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9455. Thursday evening, Nov. 4, at 8:40.)

Ray Lev—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Busch Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Lily Pons—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday evening, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Folk music. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Nov. 6, at 8:40.)

Mack Harrell—Baritone, in the second of three concerts. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Nov. 7, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—The Budapest Quartet, and Milton Katims, viola. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Nov. 7, at 5:30.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Francis Poulenc and Pierre Bernac—Piano and baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday evening, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

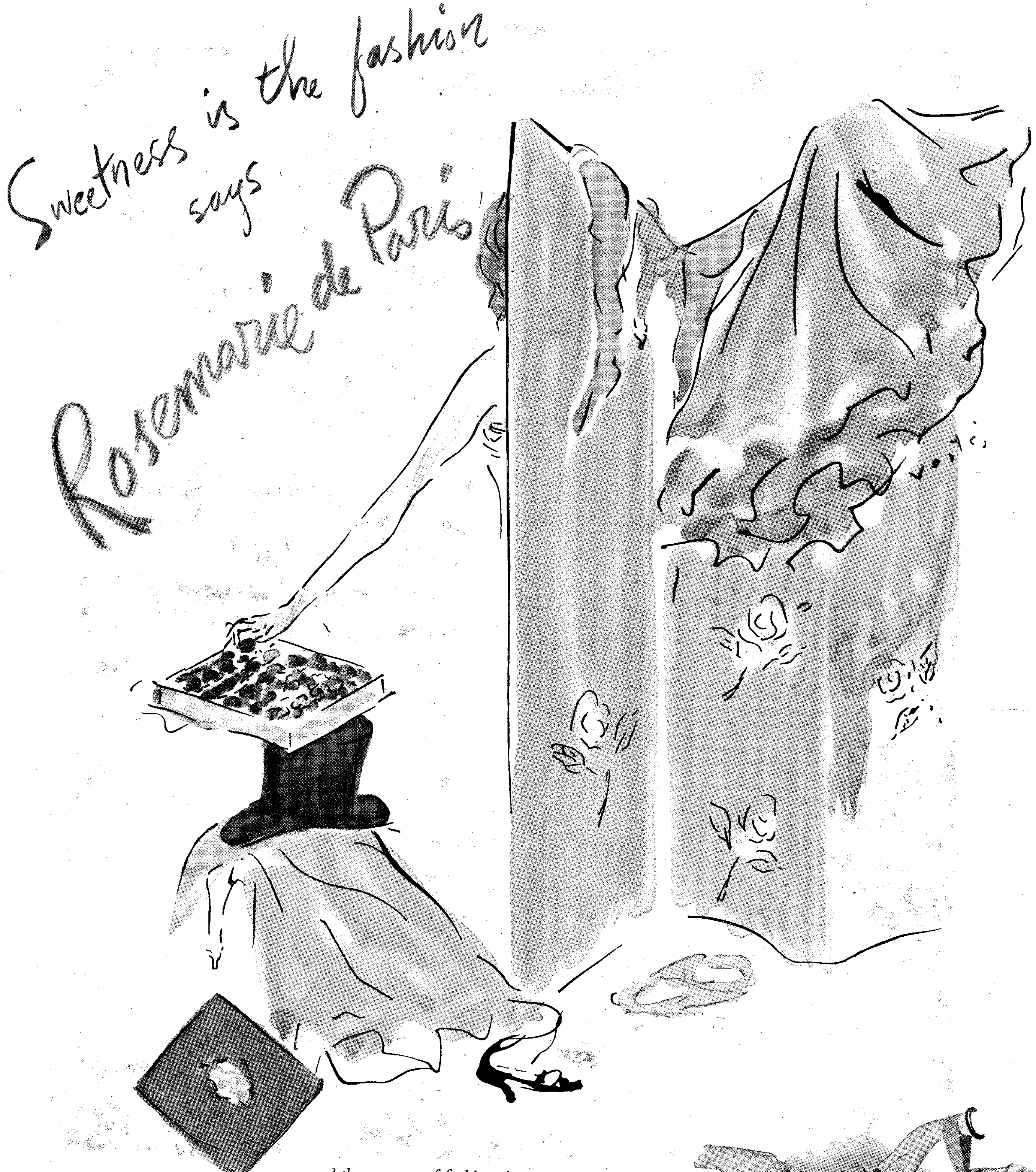
Aksel Schiotz—Tenor. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Busch Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Grete Stueckgold—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

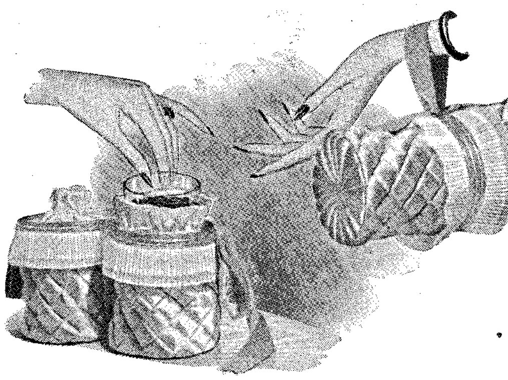
Benno and Sylvia Rabinof—Violin and piano, in the second of three concerts. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 13, at 5:30.)

Loewenguth Quartet of Paris—Chamber mu-

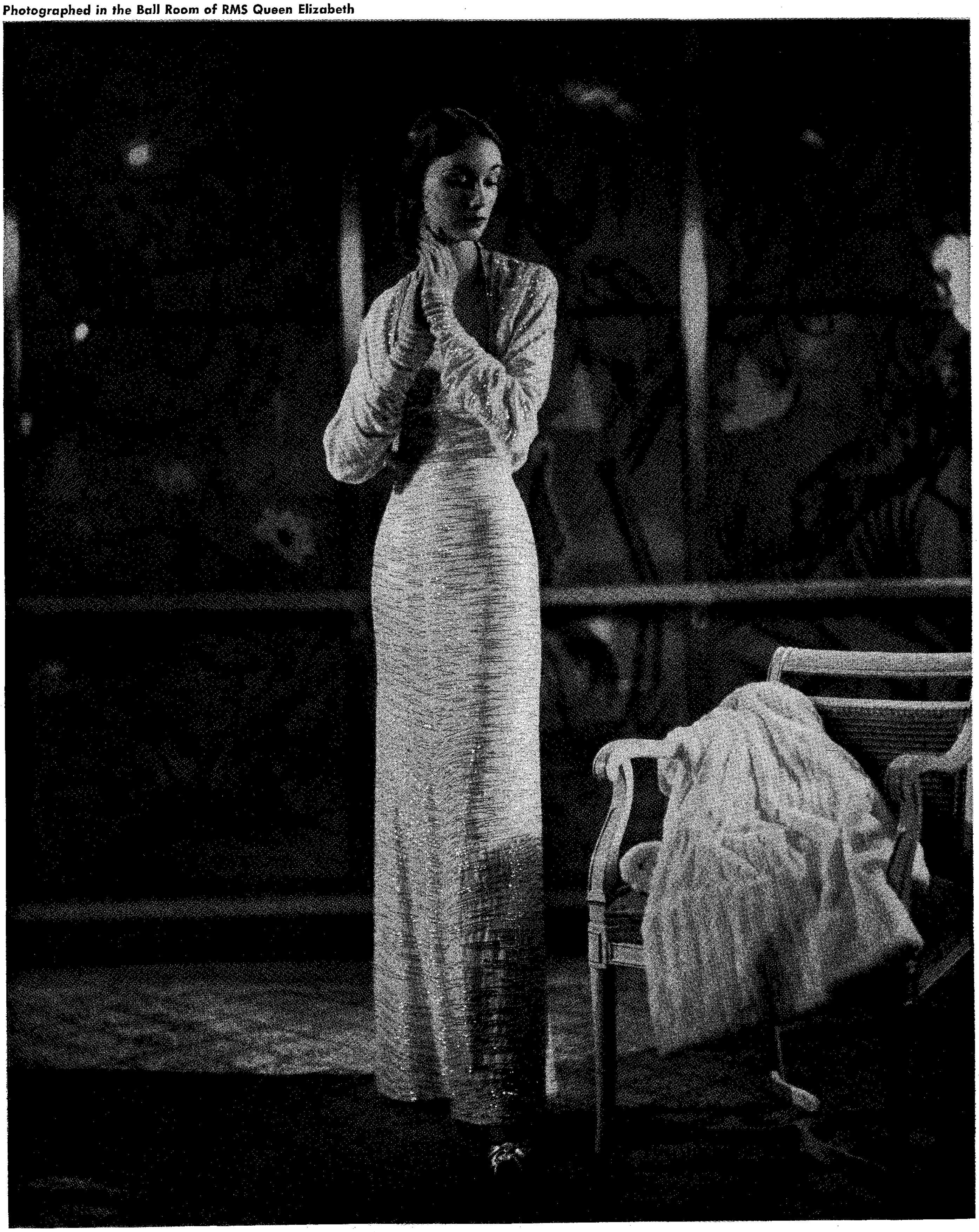


. . . and the sweetest of fashions is the giving of Rosemarie de Paris candy! A magnificent example for a gift, is the enchanting combination you find in our new cocktail bag. Every velvet-smooth morsel in that assortment is a masterpiece of candy making—each filling, tucked under its chocolate coating, pure ecstasy . . . and the bag, designed exclusively for Rosemarie by Pierre Balmain of Paris is the smartest, most exciting accessory that ever added the perfect touch to a new outfit!

Rosemarie de Paris, Inc., 664 Fifth Avenue, New York



Photographed in the Ball Room of RMS Queen Elizabeth



EHRLICH

Kiviette evening dress—a glistening prism of bugle beads on Ducharne's Lucinde, woven with Enka Rayon. Over the very formal décolletage, an extravagant lumber jacket.

Bergdorf Goodman	Blum's Vogue	Ransohoffs	Lockhart's
New York	Chicago	San Francisco	St. Louis

Enka Rayon

American Enka Corporation, 206 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sic. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 13, at 3.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Kid Gavilan vs. Tony Janiro, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 12. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

Dog Shows—Union County Kennel Club. (Elizabeth, N.J. Sunday, Nov. 7.) . . . ¶ Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia, Pa. Saturday, Nov. 13.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 6: Army vs. Stanford, at Yankee Stadium, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Western Reserve, at Providence, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Boston University, at the Polo Grounds, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Michigan vs. Navy, at Ann Arbor, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Kings Point, at New Haven, at 2 P.M. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 13:** Columbia vs. Navy, at Baker Field, at 1:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 2 P.M.

Professional Football—Dodgers vs. Buffalo. (Ebbets Field. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2:05 P.M.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2:05 P.M.) . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Los Angeles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2:15 P.M.)

Hockey—Wednesday, Nov. 10: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13: Rangers vs. Montreal. (Madison Square Garden. Games start at 8:30 P.M.)

Horse Show—The National Show. (Madison Square Garden. Daily, through Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 2 and 7:45 P.M.)

Hunt Racing—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 13.)

Racing—Empire City at Jamaica: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M. The Daingerfield Handicap, Nov. 6; the Butler Stakes, Nov. 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:20 A.M. and 1 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Daily at 8:40 P.M.; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track daily at 7:03 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas K. Scherman conducting a concert for young people. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 11 A.M. For tickets, call CI 5-5160.)

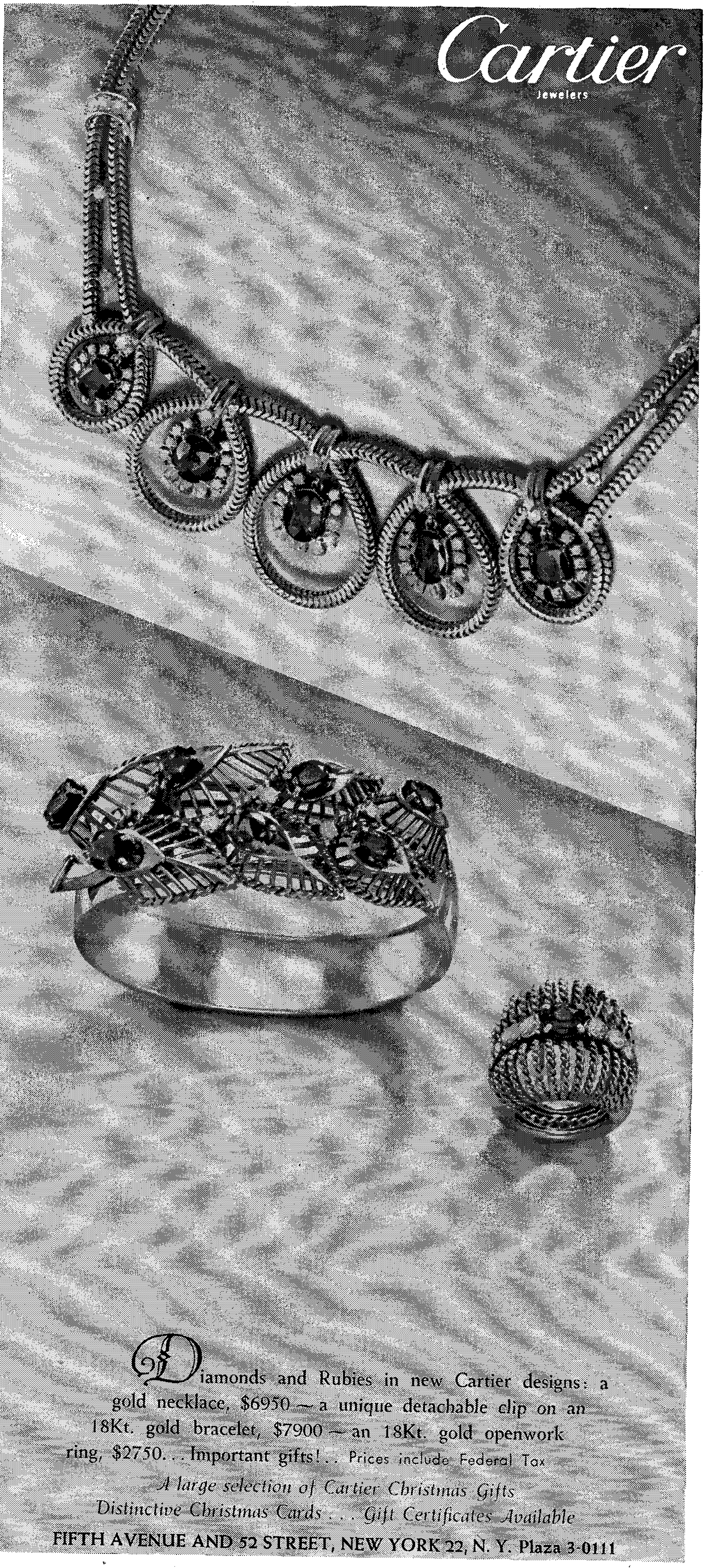
Children's World Theatre—"King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturdays, Nov. 6 and 13, at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M., and Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.)

Children's Movies—Films and short subjects of interest to small fry are shown at the Trans-Lux 85th St. Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180) on Saturday mornings at 11.

OTHER EVENTS

Flower Show—The forty-first annual exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House Hotel, Central Park S. at 59th St. Thursday, Nov. 4, from 1 to 10 P.M.; Friday, Nov. 5, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; and Saturday, Nov. 6, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.)

New-York Historical Society—"Gold Fever," a colorful exhibition of diaries, letters, cartoons, and high-pressure advertisements connected with the California gold rush. (Central Park W. at 76th St. Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5



Cartier
Jewelers

Diamonds and Rubies in new Cartier designs: a gold necklace, $6950 — a unique detachable clip on an 18Kt. gold bracelet, $7900 — an 18Kt. gold openwork ring, $2750. . . Important gifts! . . Prices include Federal Tax

A large selection of Cartier Christmas Gifts
Distinctive Christmas Cards . . . Gift Certificates Available

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. Plaza 3-0111

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

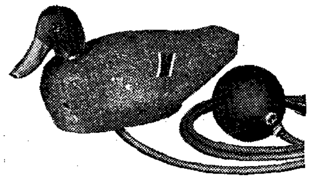
Date with ducks

This is the day. The decoys are out and they have been waiting for the ducks and geese to plane in from a gray sky. Their clothes—guns and ammunition—equipment for comfort and convenience—everything is right, for it comes from "the greatest sporting goods store in the world."

DUCK SHOOTER'S PARKA (*Attached hood, alpaca lined.*) $40.00
Wind-and-waterproof. Lined with warm alpaca pile. ¾ length, sea green color.
ALPACA LINED PARKA (*Detachable alpaca lined hood.*) $55.00
Fawn colored cotton twill lined with alpaca pile. Waterproof interlining.
Matching alpaca lined trousers, tie bottoms to go over boots $35.00

QUACKING DUCK DECOY . $13.95

Talented bird lures them into the blind or becomes a dinner or reveille call at the club. Bulb with 50′ of tubing works duck call in head of the cork decoy.



A & F GUN CLEANING OUTFIT

Everything for cleaning rifle, shotgun or hand gun in the field or at home in a compact canvas case.

Shotgun Kit (specify gauge) . . . $6.00
Rifle Kit (specify calibre) $6.00
Revolver Kit (specify calibre) . . . $6.00

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Mail-Phone Shopping Service: MUrray Hill 2-3600

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

P.M.; other days, except Mondays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5 P.M.)

MORGAN LIBRARY—Autograph letters and documents of all the Presidents from Washington to Coolidge, showing some of their more interesting personal convictions and differences of opinion. (29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 6.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Early American furniture and paintings, including works by Gilbert Stuart, Rembrandt Peale, and Grant Wood, owned by Ralph Blum. (Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, Nov. 4-5, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Renoir, Degas, Monet, Maillol, and other modern artists, collected by Joseph H. Hirshhorn and Stanley N. Barbee. (Exhibition, Saturday, Nov. 6, and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 8-9, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8 P.M.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "A Flight to the Antarctic." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Nov. 11, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

ON THE AIR

(Programs, as you know, are often changed at the last minute; your newspaper should be consulted as the final authority.)

RADIO

UNITED NATIONS—Meetings of the General Assembly in Paris are broadcast Mondays and Wednesdays at 10:30 A.M.; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 11 A.M.; and Saturdays at 10 A.M., over WNYC.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, Sunday, Nov. 7, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Nov. 6, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor, Sunday, Nov. 7, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Polyna Stoska, soprano, Monday, Nov. 8, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

DRAMA—"Little Women," with Joan Caulfield, presented by the Protestant Episcopal Church, Friday, Nov. 5, at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ "Criminal Code," with Pat O'Brien and Joseph Calleia, presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Nov. 7, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

SPORTS—Boxing: Kid Gavilan vs. Tony Janiro, Friday, Nov. 5, at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ College Football: Princeton vs. Harvard, Saturday, Nov. 6, at 1:15 P.M., WOR; Army vs. Stanford, Saturday, Nov. 6, at 2 P.M., WMGM; Georgia Tech vs. Tennessee, Saturday, Nov. 6, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Professional Football: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, Nov. 7, at 1:55 P.M., WMGM.

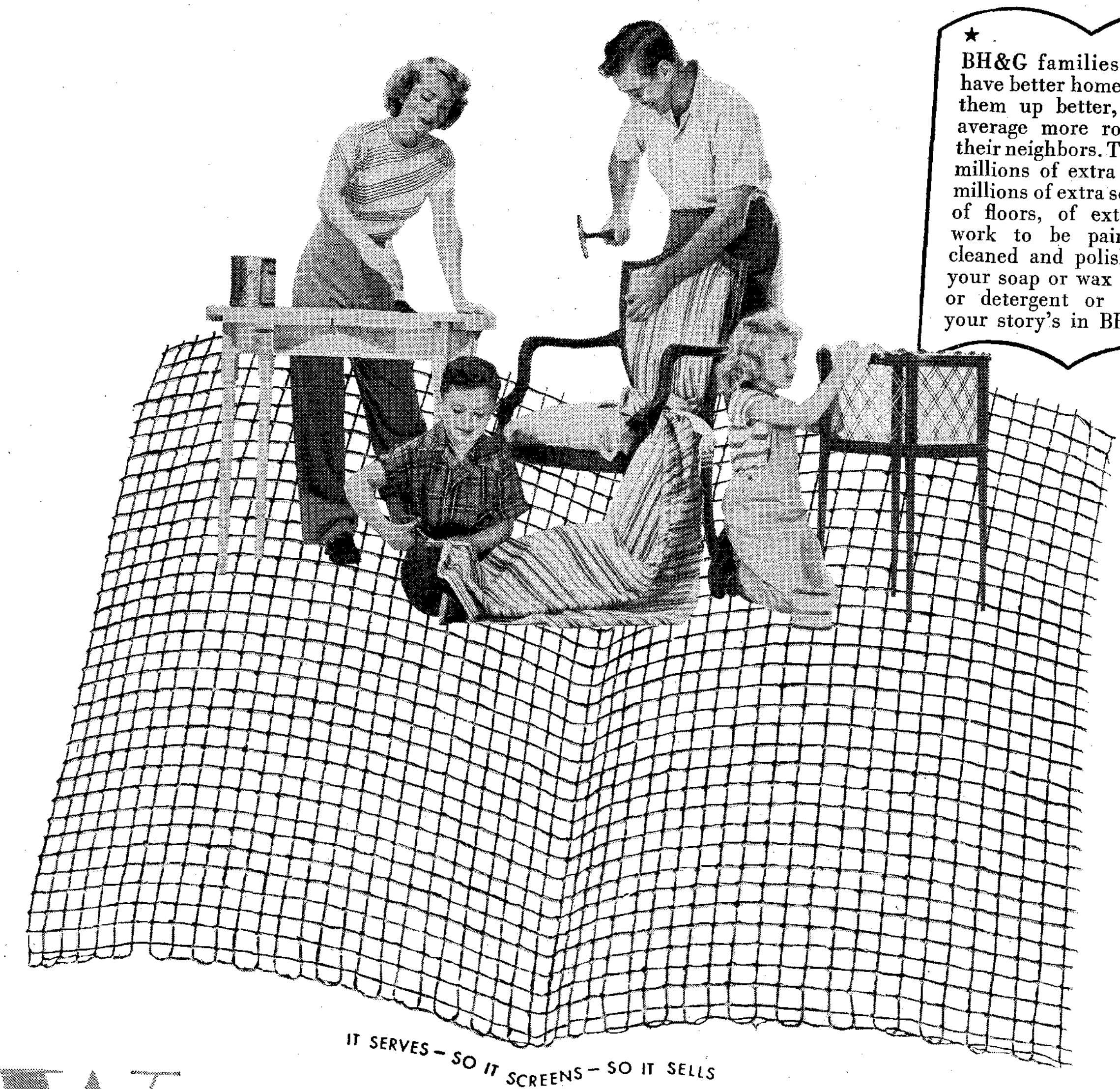
NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

TELEVISION

NEWSREELS—Daily at 7:30 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ Daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT.

DRAMA—Margaret Sullavan in "The Storm," Sunday, Nov. 7, at 7:20 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ "Ropes," with Kim Hunter and Tom Ewell, Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Ralph Bellamy in "This Thing Called Love," Sunday, Nov. 7, at 9 P.M., WNBT.

SPORTS—Boxing: Kid Gavilan vs. Tony Janiro, Friday, Nov. 5, at 9:40 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ College Football: Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, Saturday, Nov. 6, at 1:50 P.M., WPIX; Army vs. Stanford, Saturday, Nov. 6, at 1:10 P.M., WNBT; Harvard vs. Princeton, Saturday, Nov. 6, at 1:15 P.M., WABD; Rutgers vs. Lafayette, Saturday, Nov. 6, at 1:45 P.M., WCBS; a half-hour film of the Columbia-Dartmouth football game will be shown Monday, Nov. 8, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Professional Football: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, Nov. 7, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ; Dodgers vs. Buffalo, Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2


IT SERVES – SO IT SCREENS – SO IT SELLS

★ BH&G families not only have better homes and keep them up better, but they average more rooms than their neighbors. That means millions of extra windows, millions of extra square feet of floors, of extra woodwork to be painted and cleaned and polished with your soap or wax or polish or detergent or paint, if your story's in BH&G.

Want to Start Something—*in a hurry?*

WHO'S most interested in using your new cake mix? Buying your new coffee table? Using your new detergent? Buying your draperies?

If you sell anything that goes into homes, it's the families whose big interest is home, of course.

And how do you find them? That screen in our picture finds them for you. It represents the editorial job Better Homes & Gardens does — 100% service on better living screens out the casual reader, screens *in* the husbands and wives whose big interest is everything connected with home.

BH&G's 100% service is devoted entirely to showing people how to start — and finish — things: a new terrace, a new color scheme, a trip to California. Advertising that points up something new and something good finds quick takers, gets quick action.

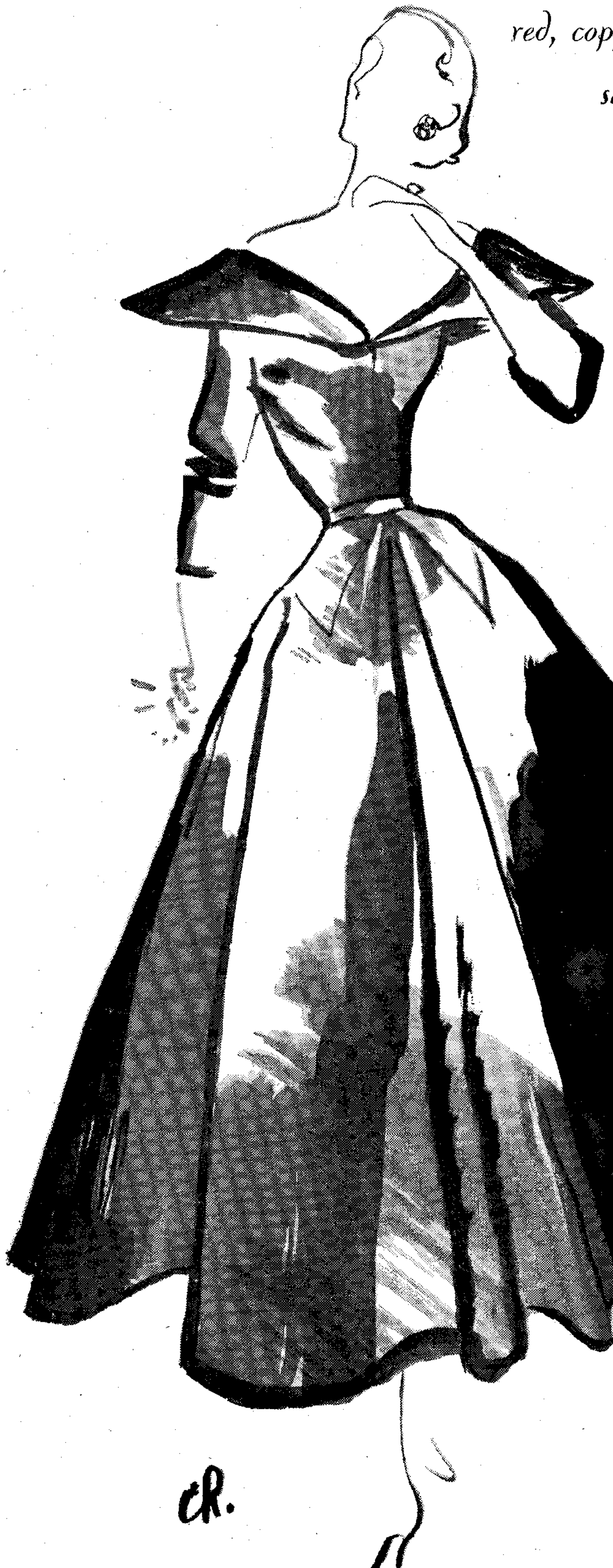
Better be around when over 3,000,000 families with *incomes among the highest for all big magazines* are making up their minds! Would you like our representative to tell you more about how editorial screening can help you sell?

Better Homes and Gardens

CIRCULATION OVER 3,000,000

America's First Service Magazine

Young-Timers take a bow to French Couture Fashion
...sport a copy of one of Jacques Fath's best.
Wing collar punctuates the gala decolletage...
deep inverted pleats insure rhythmic rustle to the skirt.
Of yarn-dyed iridescent taffeta in royal blue, green,
red, copper...
sizes 9 to 15,
$39.95



Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

P.M., WCBS; Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, Nov. 7, at 2:15 P.M., WABD. . . . ¶ National Horse Show, Thursday and Saturday, Nov. 4 and 6, at 8:30 P.M., and Monday, Nov. 8, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Hockey: Rangers vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Nov. 10, at 8:25 P.M., WPIX.

Miscellany—"Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Nov. 7, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Rembrandt," a Korda film, with Charles Laughton and Gertrude Lawrence, Friday, Nov. 5, at 8 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon and some of his musicians, Tuesday, Nov. 9, at 9:05 P.M., WPIX.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan about a month in advance.)

Boxing—Matches at Madison Square Garden, Dec. 3 and 10.

College Basketball—Season begins with games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 2, 4, 6, and 9.

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 20: Columbia vs. Syracuse, at Baker Field; Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge; North Carolina vs. Duke, at Chapel Hill; Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton; Rutgers vs. Fordham, at New Brunswick. . . . THURSDAY, NOV. 25: Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence; Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 27: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia; Boston University vs. Holy Cross, at Boston; Fordham vs. N.Y.U., at Yankee Stadium.

Professional Football—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Los Angeles, Nov. 14; Giants vs. Boston, Nov. 28; Giants vs. Washington, Dec. 12. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Dodgers, Nov. 14; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Nov. 21; Yankees vs. Buffalo, Nov. 28. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. San Francisco, Nov. 21; Dodgers vs. Baltimore, Nov. 28; Dodgers vs. Cleveland, Dec. 5.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 14 and 30, and Dec. 5 and 7.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Show. (Scarsdale, N.Y. Nov. 27-28.)

Hunt Racing—Montpelier Hunt. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 20.)

Indoor Polo—Opening game of the season at Squadron A Armory, Nov. 13.

Six-Day Bicycle Race—At the 22nd Engineers' Armory, Nov. 14-20.

Music—Metropolitan Opera season opens Nov. 29, with "Otello." . . . ¶ At CARNEGIE HALL: Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Nov. 16 and 30; Anatole Kitain, piano, Nov. 21; Robert Goldsand, piano, Nov. 22; Nathan Milstein, violin, Dec. 1; Efrem Zimbalist, violin, Dec. 4. . . . TOWN HALL: Little Orchestra Society, with Richard Tucker, tenor, Nov. 15, and Marian Anderson, contralto, Nov. 29; Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin, violin and piano, Nov. 19. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER: New York City Opera, through Nov. 28.

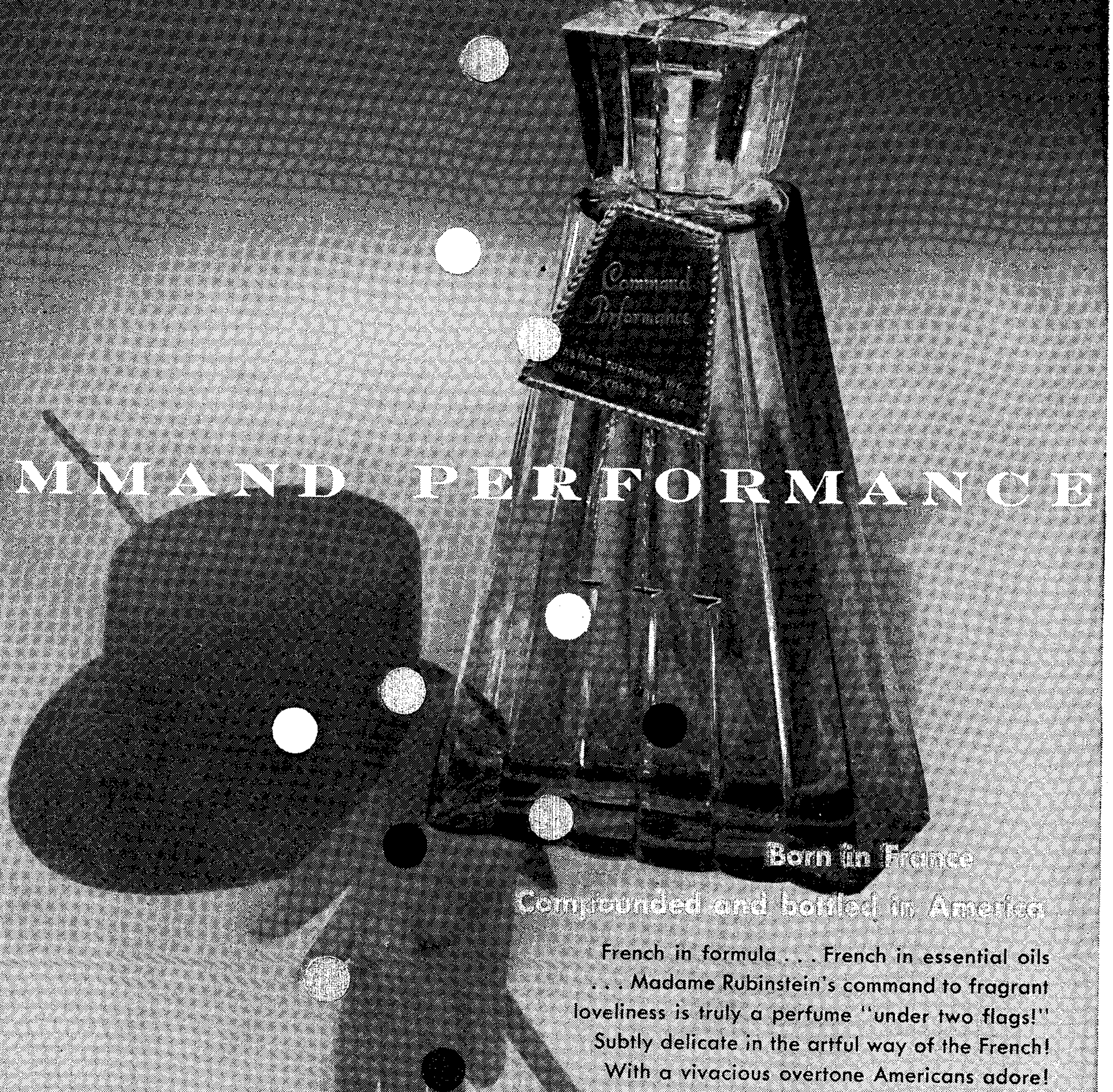
Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open in the next six weeks or so—Nancy Carroll and Molly Picon in "For Heaven's Sake, Mother," a comedy by Julie Berns. . . . ¶ Madeleine Carroll in "Goodbye, My Fancy," a play by Fay Kanin. The cast, directed by Sam Wanamaker, also includes Shirley Booth and Conrad Nagel. . . . ¶ "Light Up the Sky," a comedy by Moss Hart. Sam Levene, Audrey Christie, and Glenn Anders are in it. . . . ¶ Ernest Truex, with Vicki Cummings and Sylvia Field, in "Japhet," a comedy by Ronald Telfer and Pauline Jamerson. . . . ¶ Rex Harrison in a new Maxwell Anderson play, "Anne of the Thousand Days." . . . ¶ Charles Boyer in "Red Gloves," a translation of Jean-Paul Sartre's play "Les Mains Sales." . . . ¶ A musical revue called "Along Fifth Avenue," with Nancy Walker, Willie Howard, and Carol Bruce. The score is by Gordon Jenkins.

Ballet—New York City Ballet, at the New York City Center, through Nov. 23.

Other Dates—Ice Follies of 1949, at Madison Square Garden, Nov. 16-28. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 25.

helena rubinstein's

most dramatic perfume



COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Born in France
Compounded and bottled in America

French in formula . . . French in essential oils . . . Madame Rubinstein's command to fragrant loveliness is truly a perfume "under two flags!" Subtly delicate in the artful way of the French! With a vivacious overtone Americans adore! Then, because it was her dream to bring this rare essence within the reach of every American woman . . . she triumphantly brought the French formula and French oils to America to be compounded and bottled in the United States, with American efficiency at domestic prices! An exquisite odeur . . . haunting, long-lasting as its French counterpart!

Perfume 45.00, 12.50, 6.75, 3.75, 2.00 • Eau de Parfum 5.50, 3.00, 1.75
plus tax

helena rubinstein • 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

EXIT
COMING

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

César—The last, and probably best, part of Marcel Pagnol's French trilogy describing Marseille and some of its more entertaining inhabitants. With Raimu, Charpin, Orane Démazis, and Pierre Fresnay. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

Easter Parade—A Technicolor musical, chiefly notable for the footwork of Fred Astaire. Judy Garland and Ann Miller do a bit of dancing, too. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 5-7. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Nov. 8-10. . . . ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; starting Nov. 10.)

The Emperor Waltz—Bing Crosby, as a phonograph salesman, sauntering genially through the court of Franz Josef. Some nice songs and Joan Fontaine are big assets. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Nov. 10.)

A Foreign Affair—Playful foolery about an Army captain and a couple of ladies in occupied Berlin. Despite its grim background, a fairly pleasant item. With Jean Arthur, Marlene Dietrich, and John Lund. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; starting Nov. 10.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier and William Shakespeare in impressive collaboration. Sir Laurence plays the title role in the picture, which he also produced and directed. He is helped immensely by Terence Morgan, Felix Aylmer, and Basil Sydney. An English film. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

Johnny Belinda—Though the plot revolves around a love affair between a deaf-mute girl and a charitable young doctor, this film avoids mawkishness and achieves the level of good entertainment by treating its characters with respectful understanding. Jane Wyman is impressive as the deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford, and Agnes Moorehead are all right, too. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th St., AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Colonial, B'way at 62nd, CO 5-0484; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Nov. 10.)

Louisiana Story—Robert Flaherty at large with his ingenious camera in the bayous of the South. His account of life among the Cajuns makes for a picture on a par with the best. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

Marriage in the Shadows—A German film that, by understatement, reveals more about Nazi customs than hosts of blood-and-thunder pictures have done. As a Jewish girl married to a Gentile, Ilse Steppat is excellent, and she gets firm support from the other players. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141.)

Paisan—Six dramatic episodes that might have taken place during the invasion of Italy, pieced together by Roberto Rossellini, the director of "Open City," into an altogether remarkable film. The cast is predominantly amateur, and the dialogue is in English, Italian, and German. Produced in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Red Shoes—A first-rate ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English film that deals with life among some dancers. Moira Shearer is the ballerina, and Ludmilla Tcherina and Leonide Massine are also on hand. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30.)

The Search—A moving account of the effect of war on some of Europe's children. A small boy called Ivan Jandl gives a fine performance as a displaced child reduced to the level of a wild animal. He is assisted by Aline MacMahon and Montgomery Clift. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Nov. 5-7. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Nov. 10.)

Symphonie Pastorale—An adaptation of André Gide's story concerning a pastor who takes a blind girl into his home and presently finds himself hopelessly enamored of his ward. Enterprisingly enacted by Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. The photography is arresting. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Time of Your Life—The William Saroyan play about an assortment of derelicts in a San Francisco waterfront dive, transformed with fidelity into an amusing picture. With James and Jeanne Cagney, William Bendix, and James Barton. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Nov. 5-7.)

Tragic Hunt—A realistic Italian melodrama that is as lively as the old movies about Chicago thugs used to be. Vivo Gioi, a handsome siren, heads the cast. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

Boomerang! (1947)—A Connecticut courtroom melodrama in documentary style. With Dana Andrews and Arthur Kennedy. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Nov. 6-7. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 8-10.)

Colonel Blimp (1945)—A British biography of a professional soldier, played by Roger Livesey. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Nov. 9.)

Kiss of Death (1947)—Gangster homicide in New York. With Victor Mature and Richard Widmark. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Nov. 10.)

Life with Father (1947)—William Powell, Irene Dunne, and Zasu Pitts in a Technicolor adaptation of the play. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; Nov. 5-9. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 5-10.)

The Lost Weekend (1945)—The prize-winning temperance lecture. Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, and Howard da Silva. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Nov. 8-9.)

The Mad Miss Manton (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 4.)

The Mikado (1939)—Kenny Baker, along with Martyn Green and other D'Oyly Carte people. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Nov. 9.)

Mourning Becomes Electra (1947)—Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou in the O'Neill melodrama. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; through Nov. 5.)

This Land Is Mine (1943)—Life in a German-occupied country, with Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Nov. 7-9.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule—Through Nov. 7: "The General" (1927), with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 8: "High and Dizzy" (1920), and "The Freshman" (1925), both with Harold Lloyd. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"A Song Is Born," Danny Kaye.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"One Touch of Venus," Ava Gardner, Robert Walker.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Kiss the Blood off My Hands," Burt Lancaster, Joan Fontaine.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
Through Nov. 10: "Hollow Triumph," Paul Henreid, Joan Bennett.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Nov. 5: **MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA**, revival.
From Nov. 6: "Road House," Ida Lupino, Richard Widmark.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"You Gotta Stay Happy," Joan Fontaine, James Stewart.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Last Days of Pompeii," revival, Basil Rathbone; and "She," revival, Randolph Scott.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Sealed Verdict," Ray Milland.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Snake Pit," Olivia de Havilland, Mark Stevens.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Nov. 4: "Apartment for Peggy," Jeanne Crain, William Holden.
From Nov. 5: "Unfaithfully Yours," Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
"The Three Musketeers," Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, June Allyson.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"June Bride," Bette Davis, Robert Montgomery.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
TRAGIC HUNT.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through Nov. 10: "Back Streets of Paris" (in French), Françoise Rosay.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
CÉSAR.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"The Bells of the Old City" (in Swedish).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through Nov. 10: "Mädchen in Uniform" (in German), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"The Life and Loves of Tschaikovsky" (in German), revival.

Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
MARRIAGE IN THE SHADOWS.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
SYMPHONIE PASTORALE; and "A Visit with Henri Matisse," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
LOUISIANA STORY.

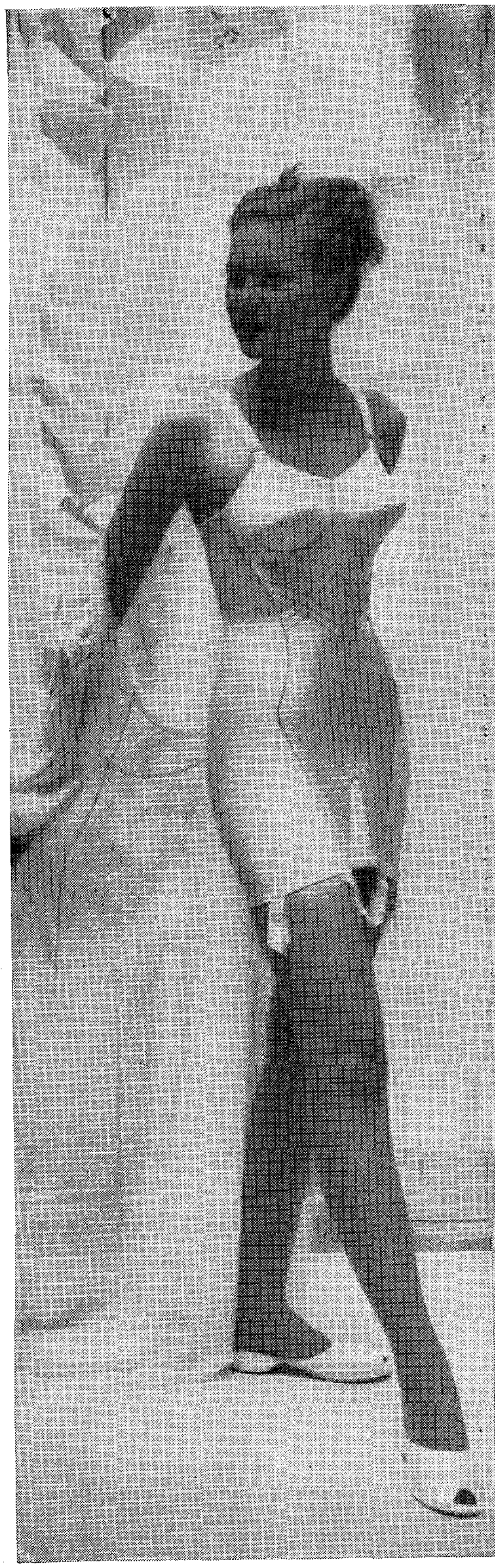
World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN.

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC . . . YOU IN YOUR PRETTIEST DRESS IN A MONTH OF SUNDAY-BESTS . . . WINNING HEARTS AND WHIRLING FROM THE BALLET TO A BE-BOP SPOT, FROM "HAMLET" TO A TEA DANCE? ROMANTIC AND A TOUCH VICTORIAN . . . THE CRISP CHECKED RAYON TAFFETA, PRETTY . . . THE INVERTED PLEAT IN BACK, THE WING COLLAR THAT FLATTERS OPEN OR CLOSED. GOLD, PURPLE OR AQUA PREDOMINATING. SIZES 10 TO 18. $14.95

"... AND I'LL BE WEARING MY NEW L'AIGLON"

LORD & TAYLOR
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

AND OTHER FINE STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.
FOR NAME OF L'AIGLON STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE
L'AIGLON APPAREL, INC., 1350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18



Le Gant corselette #3829 with exclusive "Free-Lift." $29.50

Darling, you'll never be "average" to us!

Warner's 3-Way-Sizes make standard sizing downright old-fashioned

You don't have to wait for a new moon or a falling star to make a wish.

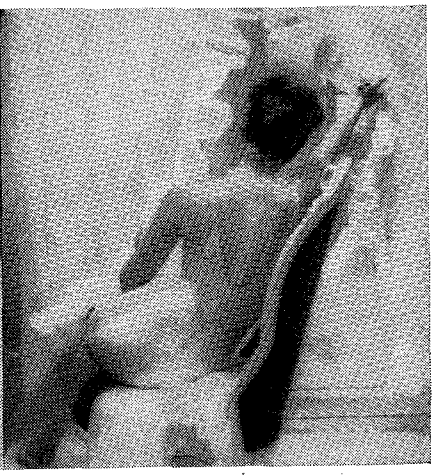
- Warner's 3-Way-Sizes can make that wish for a lovelier YOU come true in a twinkling. For Warner's know that Nature never meant women to be squeezed into "standard size" molds.
- In a Warner's girdle, you take your size, then choose your very own length . . . your very own hip size . . . and as little (or as much) control as you want. There are over 200 styles and sizes to dazzle you, too.
- And in a Warner's Corselette, like the beautiful Le Gant "Free-Lift" at the left, you have your 3-Way-Sizing *plus* your correct bra cup size and just the amount of uplift you want.
- So if you want to be an angel from every angle, look for the Warner's that's "individually yours." You'll feel as heavenly as you look.

In your size..... *your correct length*

No angel can look heavenly if she hobbles around in a girdle or corselette that's *too long*. Or shows her temper when a *too short* girdle causes runs in her stockings. You'll never lose your wings with Warner's* because they're sized; *short, medium, long* and *extra long*. Incidentally, Warner's corselettes, famous for fit, come in half-sizes, too—a blessing to short-waisted women.

...... *your correct hip size*

Is there a slight *"hip-slip"* in the foundation you're now wearing? If it's *too wide* at the hips it probably has washboard-wrinkles at the sides. If it's *too small* it's bound to bind your thighs into unlovely bulges. Warner's are "personal-sized" for *straight, average* and *full* hips . . . one just right for you.



...... *your choice of control*

From the gentle hug of light mesh elastics to the strong control of tightly woven elastics—you choose the girdle that inches you in . . . but comfortably. The "Free-Lift" feature in the Le Gant* corselette above frees the bra from the corset section, eliminating bustline drag. *At finer stores.*

Girdles · Corselettes
Pantie Girdles · Bras

WARNER'S

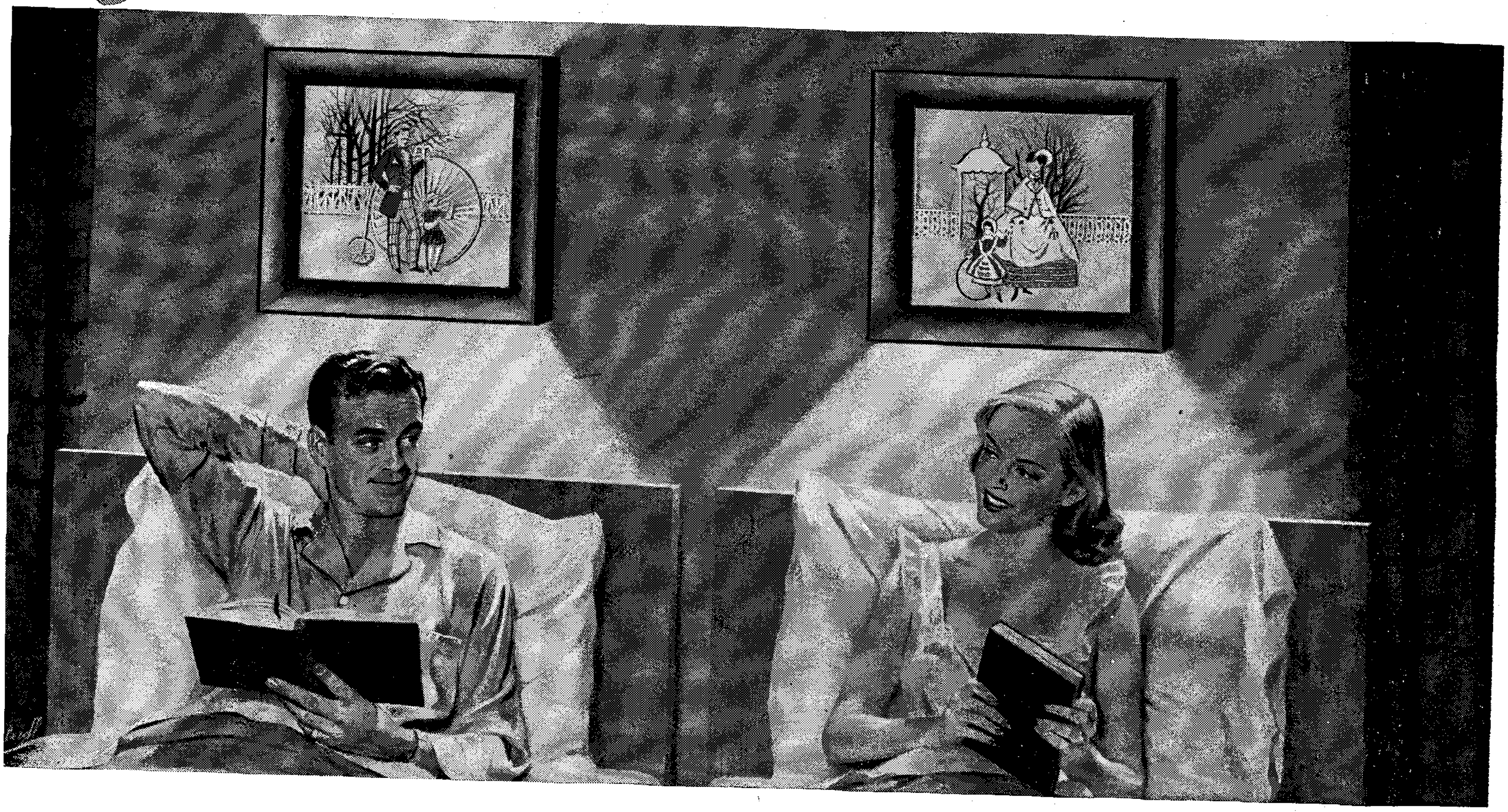
WORLD FAMOUS FOR LE GANT
STA-UP-TOP* • ABC* ALPHABET* • REDFERN*
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

3 ways to read-in-bed

1. Be a Contortionist

2. Be a Lighthouse Keeper

3. Read in Comfort with Decoralite



- Americans love to read in bed, but few of them do it in comfort. Reason—poor light. Heretofore, good bedroom reading light was either unattractive, or inefficient—or both!

But now, Lightolier designers and engineers have put their heads together and created Decoralite, the perfect light for reading-in-bed—beautiful to look at, easy to read by. Hang it like a picture—plug it in like a lamp. Handy 3-way bedside switch control.

There's a Decoralite design to suit *your* bedroom—others are perfect for hallway, foyer, dining room, living room or den. See them at better stores, from $19.95.

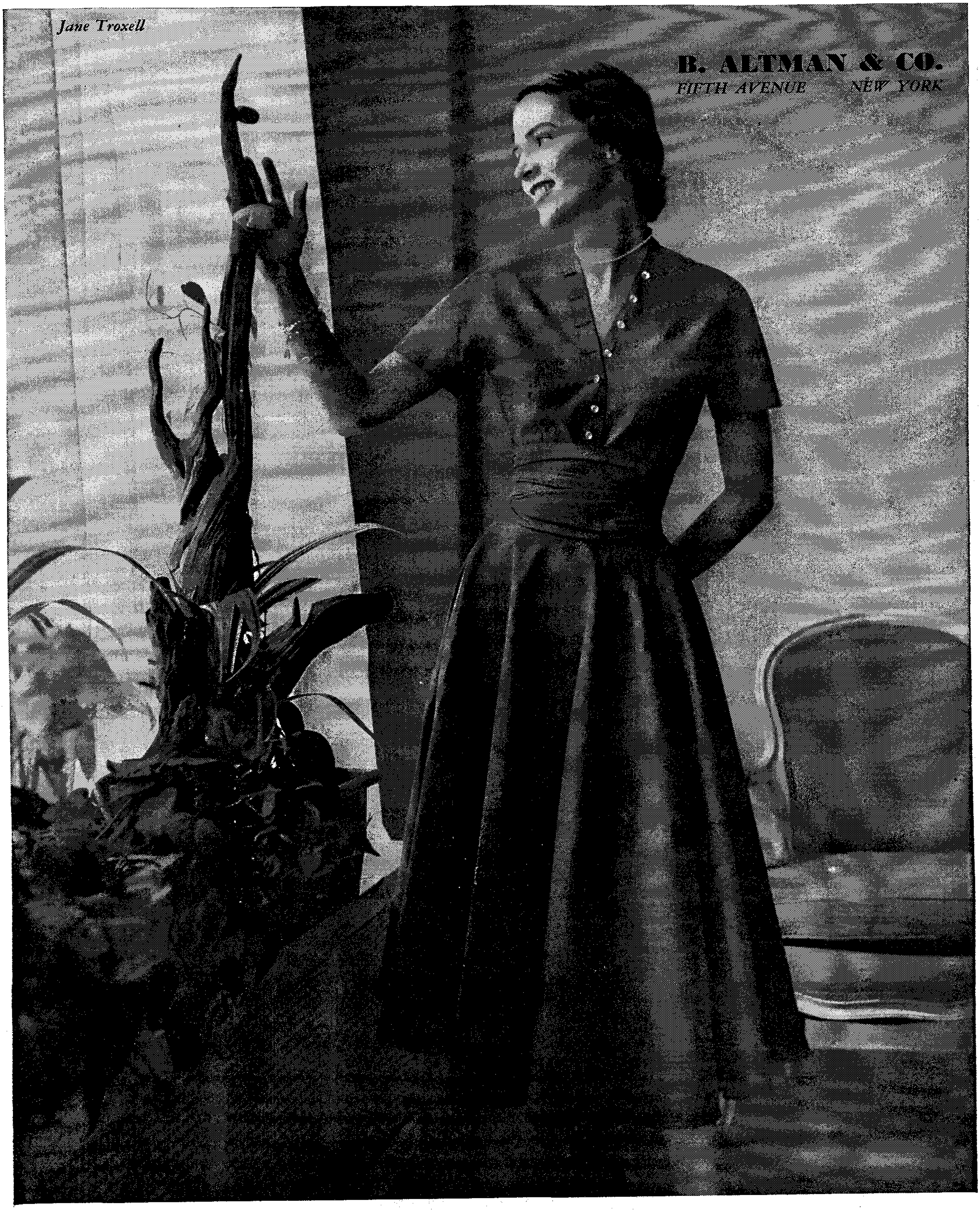
Decoralite by

The light that's a beautiful picture
The picture that's a perfect light!

Write Lightolier, Dept. N-11, Jersey City, N. J. for free full-color catalog of many handsome models...You can also buy Decoralites through your architect, decorator or electrical dealer, at Lightolier Decorator Galleries, 11 East 36th St., N. Y. C.; 1267 Merchandise Mart, Chicago; Folsom at 12th St., San Francisco.

LIGHTOLIER

Creators of Fashion-Right Fixtures and Lamps



Jane Troxell

TONI OWEN'S DAY TIME SEPARATES . . . snug little blouse that buttons from the waist . . . full flaring skirt, with a softly rounded cummerbund that ties at the waist or becomes a strapless top. Rayon-and-cotton faille in black or taupe. Sizes 9 to 15. Blouse 9.95, skirt 17.95.

Mail and phone {MU. 9-7000} orders filled

Altman Young Colony Shop, third floor . . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

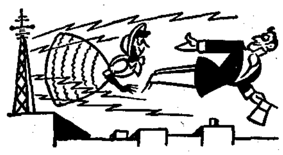
Notes and Comment

TO the President-elect of the United States (and we don't know his name at the moment of writing this) we wish health, wisdom, and courage for the next four years. And we take this opportunity to remind the President-elect (whose name we don't know) that he is already indebted to millions of his countrymen who sat dutifully at their radioside through platitude, banality, blarney, and evasion, in their attempt to render a fair decision. Only a term of unusual excellence in office can pay off this frightful and burdensome public debt.

Here at the close of the race, our thoughts return to a forecast in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* way back last spring. A contributor, writing from Surrey on 12 May, said the words that have best summed it all up: "I think 1948 will go down on record as a particularly good year for nightingales."

WE see by the paper that the London School of Economics is making a five-year study of the British middle class. A preliminary statement seems to indicate that the School is highly enthusiastic about the middle class—speaks of it as "the main repository of our cultural capital." Except for certain references in recent Presidential-campaign speeches to the "little fellow" and the "common man" and the "ordinary citizen," this statement is the first decent word spoken for the middle class in a long time. We are not happy about the prospects, though. The fate of any species that exists in large numbers (like the American bison, the whooping crane, and the middle class) is that it is taken for granted and receives no recognition until almost extinct. The London School of Economics might as well conserve its strength; all an investigation of middle-class people can possibly accomplish is to save a few mangy specimens for life on a reservation. (They should be allowed to sit under a California redwood tree and wear egret feathers in their hats.)

AT last there appears to be a means of dealing with historical novels. A new machine called Ultrafax, combining radio, photography, and television, recently sent the entire text of "Gone With the Wind" three miles through the air at the speed of light. There is your solution for historical novels: Point the thing straight up, put on a novel, and let it go. Why has nobody thought of this splendid machine before?



HARDLY a day passes that we don't thank God for the New York *Times*. We are grateful for its complete coverage and its honesty, but we are particularly grateful for its sobriety and emotional stability. A little instance of how the *Times* keeps its head when most people are nervous and jumpy came to our notice last week. One of our readers, who is in the advertising business, wanted to rent part of his office space to free-lance artists, so he composed the following ad, phoned the *Times*, and a girl took it down while he read it to her:

> Artists! Attractive modern studio space, congenial atmosphere, mid-forties, receptionist, telephone; if you have a soul and/or $27.50 per mo., call PL 7-. . .

At the end of the reading, the girl asked the man to wait a minute. There was a pause, and then she said in a quiet, dignified tone, "I'm sorry, but we can't print that ad. The New York *Times* assumes that everyone has a soul, so you will have to rephrase the ad."

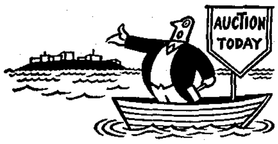
They both hung up, and a few minutes later the man was back with another try, and another girl taking it down:

> Artists, are you happy with your lot? If not, we have what will make you a lot happier: attractive modern studio space, congenial atmosphere, mid-forties, telephone, receptionist, $27.50 per mo., call PL 7-. . .

Again there was some hesitation on the girl's part, and he could hear sounds as of distant consultation. Finally she said, "The *Times* feels that since an artist's lot is not apt to be happy, it should not be referred to in jest." Our man was completely sobered up by this time. He is now at work composing a sensible, straightforward ad, has high hopes of success in the near future, and says he feels restored spiritually.

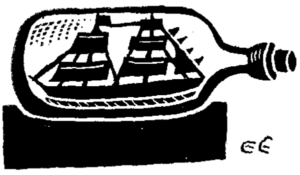
For Sale

HAVING about run out of jeeps, the War Assets Administration is getting ready to auction off a batch of islands along the New England coast that have outlived their usefulness for Army and Navy purposes. One of the choicest of these is Plum Island, which lies a mile and a half off Orient Point, at the northeastern tip of Long Island, and is the site of Fort Terry, a moldering bastion in the defense system of Long Island Sound. It will be put on the block complete with some two dozen brick buildings, eleven deep wells, and a variety of underground fortifications, and, as a service to any of our readers who may be in the market for a quiet, readily defendable retreat, we sent our man Stanley up there last week to inspect the place. He returned with the following report:



"Not for commuters. To reach island, took train to New London, ferry from New London to Fort H. G. Wright, on Fishers Island (not for sale), and Army boat to Plum Island. Total elapsed time: five hours, seven minutes. At Fort Wright, tried to learn history of Plum Island. Army captain demanded credentials. Showed driver's license, library card, three letters from Consolidated Edison. Captain satisfied, called sergeant, had sergeant unlock safe, remove large book marked 'Secret.' According to information therein, Army began taking over Plum Island in 1897; first garrison consisted of Companies E and I of the First Connecticut Infantry, U.S. Volunteers. They occupied the island on May 29, 1898. In 1899, soldiers suffering from yellow fever contracted in Cuba sent to Plum to convalesce. Captain said this information unrestricted now but rest of history still pretty secret, except that Fort Terry was named after Major General Alfred H. Terry. Captain said he didn't know anything about Major General Terry. Suggested asking colonel. Went to colonel's office but forgot to ask him. Colonel said duck-hunting excellent on Plum. Personally, he favors 12-gauge pump gun with thirty-two-inch full-choke barrel, although hasn't hit anything but a loon so far.

"Proceeded to Plum Island on L-77, a sixty-four-foot retired mine layer operated by Army. Speed, ten knots; sea, rough. Crew consisted of three soldiers, all former Navy boatswain's mates who enlisted in Army to get away from boats. Arrived Plum after crossing of one hour, fifteen minutes. Met at dock by Private Jones, one of two Army caretakers, and dog named Terry, not named after the Major General. Private Jones said Plum veritable paradise. Added that he hates islands and never wants to see one again. He and wife and dog quartered in thirteen-room brick house. Went with Private Jones for truck tour of island, which is three miles long, a mile wide, and covered with sturdy growth of pine, oak, sumac, and telephone poles. Private Jones cited as characteristic fauna gulls, muskrats, and wild cats. Not wildcats, just cats that have gone wild. Said fishing supposed to be wonderful, but he hates fishing. All main buildings, including post hospital, chapel, and guardhouse, grouped around weedy parade ground. Guardhouse substantial, with heavy steel cages for inmates. No inmates. Eastern end of island honeycombed with underground passages and rooms. Went down dark tunnel and up iron ladder to observation post, from which observed, at distance of two miles, Great Gull Island, another one the W.A.A. is going to sell. Inspected setup called Battery Stoneman, where Private Jones said ten-inch disappearing guns used to be mounted. These completely disappeared now. Drove back toward dock along bumpy dirt road called Hamilton Avenue. Stopped off to visit beach. Private Jones expressed belief beach wonderful for swimming. Added that he hasn't been in, doesn't care if he never swims again. Returned to L-77, said farewell to Plum Island, sailed away into sunset, like James FitzPatrick. Not a plum on whole island."



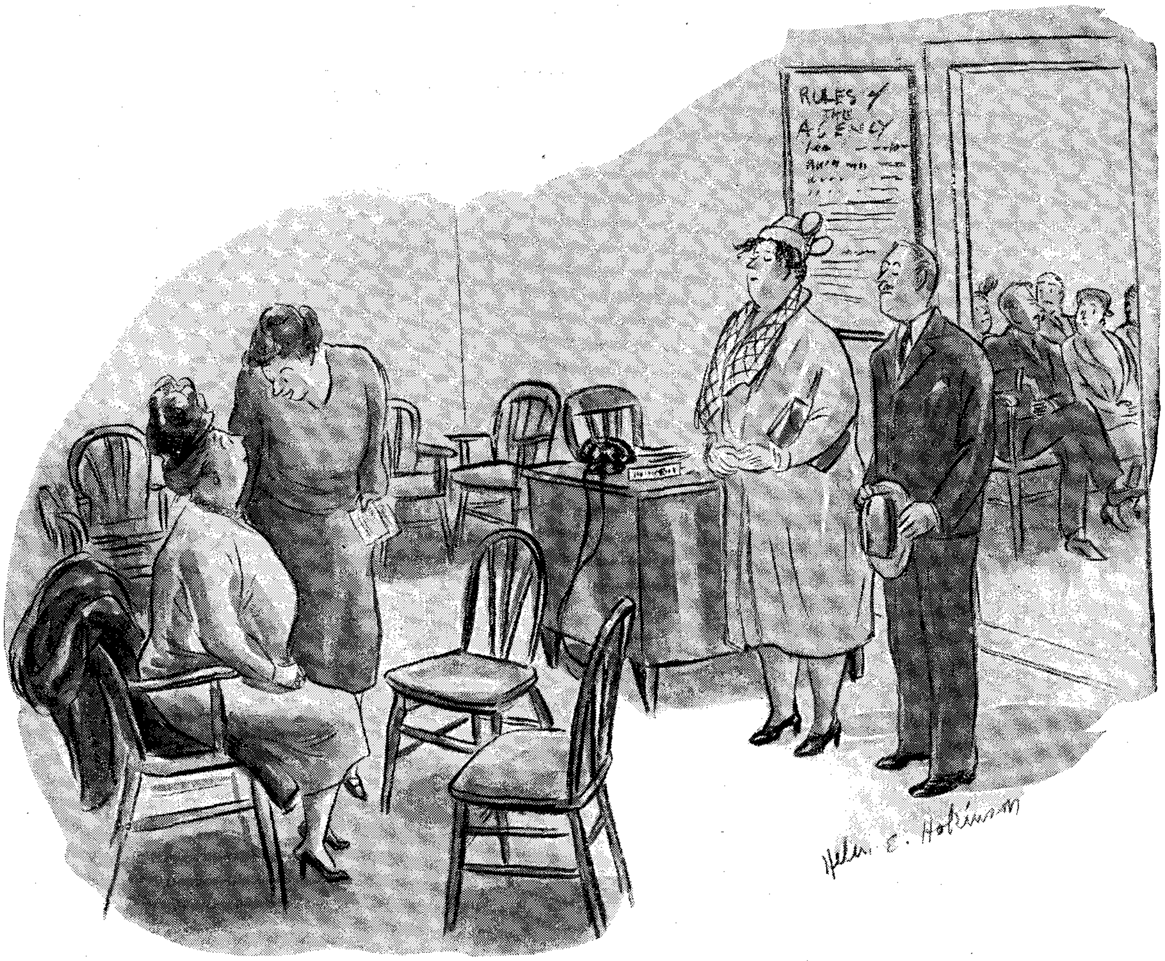
•

INTELLIGENCE PARISIENNE: Alex's Bar, on the Rue des Carmes, is displaying an interesting sign: "Five o'clock tea à toute heure."

Out of the Parlor

ABE BURROWS, the author of ninety-five provocative ballads, ranging from "I Looked Under a Rock and Found a Rose" to "If You Were the Only Girl in the World and I Were the Only Boy—O.K., But Right Now Let Me Alone," is a man who has been so beset by frustrations that it has taken a psychoanalyst two years merely to skim the surface of his psyche. Burrows, who only recently was singing his songs gratis in Hollywood salons, has now assumed a professional status that warrants his doing two forty-minute turns nightly at Le Directoire, but this has merely added to his worries. "I'm an anomaly," he told us last week. "Other performers got born in trunks backstage, got hard knocks in the theatre, got memories of Miner's and the Bowery. Me, I got memories of Wall Street, working as a customers' man for Phelps & McKee." Even when Burrows was a customers' man, in the early thirties, he had his troubles. "I come up from board boy," he said, "figuring when I get a few accounts, I'll be a suave counsellor to elegant types. So what customers do I wind up with? Every retail butcher in town. While the other Phelps-McKee men are calling yachtsmen, I'm calling the chuck-steak department of Washington Market." Burrows, now a bald thirty-seven, was born on the East Side, where, as a small boy, he demonstrated what his mother considered a flair for medicine by removing a cinder from his grandmother's eye. When his family moved to Brooklyn, after a short stopover in the Bronx, he entered New Utrecht High School and became a Latin scholar, so he could write prescriptions. The only male in a class of seven, he was sure he'd win a university scholarship offered to Utrecht's best Latinist, but a girl walked off with it. "The whole business still preys on my mind," he told us. "Was I gypped or just inadequate? I can't make up my mind. I brooded about losing that scholarship all the two years I spent at C.C.N.Y., after leaving Utrecht. One thing Latin did for me, though—it gave me Rome as a mental home. I'm still as sore at Mark Antony for knocking off Cicero as if he'd up and garrotted a pal of mine yesterday." While at C.C.N.Y., Burrows decided that being around sick people would make him morbid. When he mentioned this conclusion to his mother, she begged him to at least be *something*. Thereupon he became a board boy, and studied accounting at the N.Y.U. School of Commerce on the side.

Burrows' career in Wall Street ended in 1934, when his accounts grew hopelessly torpid. He went on to selling maple syrup and woven labels, and working with his father in the wallpaper-and-paint business. Every now and then he cracked a joke. In 1938, he resolved to try gag-writing as a career. With a collaborator, he put together a radio script for a mimic called Eddie Garr, and soon went onward to working for such people as Colonel Stoopnagle, Ken Murray, and Ed Gardner. He helped Gardner create the radio program "Duffy's Tavern," and spent five years in New York and Hollywood with the show. Then he began to find the barroom confining and joined Paramount as a writer-producer. The day he turned up at Paramount, the man who had got him the job was fired. "Who do I talk to when I'm in trouble?" Burrows asked his sponsor in passing. "Nobody," his sponsor answered. "And you're *really* in trouble." Paramount gave Burrows an office with a bathroom, a secretary, a typewriter, several buttons to push, plenty of copy paper, and a beautiful desk set, ignored him for three months, and then fired him. While on the payroll, Burrows began to make up parodies of popular songs, to tease his songwriting friends. "All of a sudden, to my horror," he said, "I find myself that dreadful thing called the life of the party. I play the piano by ear and got a voice frequently referred to as horrible, but I'm asked to every Hollywood drawing room. You tell people you've been to a lot of Hollywood parties and they look at you as though you'd had the pleasure of kicking the gong around with Nero, but the parties I went to included roast beef, baked ham, and ordinary Scotch, just like most parties, and the cigarettes contained nothing but tobacco. People at these outings used to ask me why I didn't perform professionally, and I'd explain how I wanted to be dignified and a writer. But when they offered me a radio contract, after Joan Davis let me give a show for her studio audience, I said 'Dignity shmignity' and signed up in two seconds." Burrows' radio program lasted until about a month ago, when his sponsors cut down on expenses. He's appeared since in night clubs in San Francisco, Hollywood, and Chicago. Besides doing his night-club stint now, he is working on a book. It will contain, he says, songs, comments, recipes, and a reasonable amount of soft underbelly for the critics to get at.



"I thought of you at once for this couple. They're so easy to please."

• •

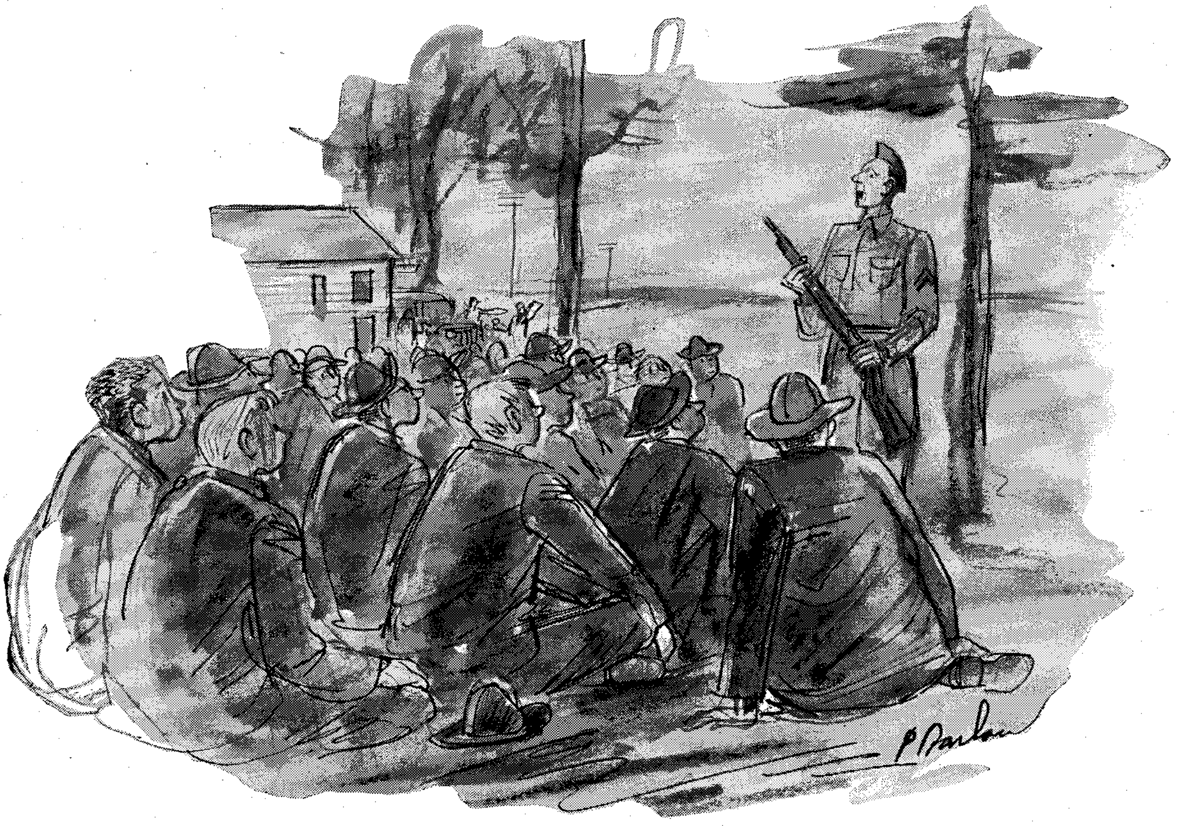
Melancholy

THE Haynes-Griffin phonograph store, on Madison Avenue, is featuring an album of recordings taken from the sound track of the Olivier "Hamlet," and a window display built around this item includes, appropriately, a metal film container labelled "Hamlet." Emerging from this, and artfully entwined about a number of the new records, is a long strip of film on which, a sharp-eyed Shakespearean scholar informs us, are discernible the glowering features of another Shakespearean scholar, John L. Lewis.

Cents

OUR recent visit to the money room of the Board of Transportation prompted us to look into the subject of pennies, which are currently in heavy demand, because of the institution of bus-subway transfers, the rise in bus fares, the six-cent candy bar, and other nagging manifestations of inflation. There's no local shortage of pennies, we find, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York having had the foresight to lay in twenty million new ones last summer, half of which have been put into circulation so far. The word "penny" is, strictly, a colloquialism, the technically proper word being "cent," which dates back to 1782, when Robert Morris, as Superintendent of Finance, proposed the minting of a silver coin with a value of a hundred quarter-grains of silver. Hence cent. Morris's plan fell through, but the name was given to the first coin struck by authority of the United States government, in 1787—a copper coin known as the Fugio cent, of which Congress ordered three hundred tons from a contractor. It's known as the Fugio cent because the reverse bears a semi-rebus consisting of the Latin word "*fugio*," a sundial, and the salty-sounding motto "Mind Your Business." The sense intended was, roughly, "Time flies, so mind [attend to] your business." The device is attributed to Benjamin Franklin—as what isn't?—and the coin is therefore occasionally called the Franklin cent. Its obverse shows a chain with thirteen links, each bearing the name of a state.

The first United States Mint was established in Philadelphia in 1792 and started coining money early the following year. The first cents it produced were supposed to contain their actual worth in copper and were mighty cumbersome, weighing 264 grains, as compared to the 192.9 grains of our present half dollar. The weight was decreased from time to time, and pennies of pure copper went out in 1857. Save for the 1943 ersatz ones, all pennies minted since 1864 have been of bronze, which is ninety-five per cent copper and five per cent tin and zinc, and have weighed exactly 48 grains. The diameter has not changed since 1857, but some pennies turned out between 1857 and 1864 are thicker than the others minted then and since. Indian-head pennies were first minted in 1859, and the Lincoln penny, which was the first United States coin to portray an individual, came along in 1909. It was de-



"First of all, let's forget all those push-button weapons we've been reading about in our comic books."

• •

signed by Victor David Brenner, and the earliest specimens struck off bore his initials. The public objected to them so strongly that within a week the Secretary of the Treasury promised that no more Lincoln-cum-Brenner pennies would be minted. By then, however, 22,350,000 had been shipped out, and one is still seen from time to time.

Numismatists disagree as to what is now the most valuable United States cent. Probably it's the 1793 design, known as the "strawberry-leaf variety," examples of which bring up to five hundred dollars, depending on their condition. (Collectors classify coins sternly, and one that looks in excellent shape to a layman frequently isn't worth much of anything numismatically.) There are four comparatively rare Indian-head pennies, worth several dollars apiece if they're in good shape: the 1864 L ("L" for James B. Longacre, the chief engraver of the United States Mint, who also designed the first double eagle and the first three-dollar gold piece), the 1872, the 1877, and the 1909 S ("S" for the San Francisco Mint). All others are plentiful and command no premium. Every so often, a rumor gets about that the Ford Motor Company will give a new convertible to anyone who sends in a copper cent minted in 1943. The gimmick is that no copper cents were minted in 1943; all pennies were of zinc-coated steel that year. The only year that no pennies were minted at all was 1815. This was because the Philadelphia Mint had burned down. As of July, 1946, the Bureau of the Mint, which came into being in 1873, after a number of mints had been built, figured that 15,632,923,079 pennies had been put in circulation. Its records showed 118,000,000 of the ancient, solid-copper variety still outstanding. Some of these may be concealed in old socks and mattresses, but a reasonable assumption is that most of them have returned to the ground whence they came or that they have been melted up, through the decades, by manufacturers of copper articles, for there have been periods when pennies were worth more as metal than as money and were committed to the caldrons by the caskful.

The words "In God We Trust" first appeared—on a bronze two-cent piece —in 1864, at the suggestion either of the Reverend M. R. Watkinson, of Ridleyville, Pennsylvania, or of an old farmer in Maryland. Many historians give credit to Mr. Watkinson, since he wrote to Salmon P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, urging that our coinage "declare our trust in God." Chase referred the letter to James Pollock, Director of the Mint, who discussed the proposal in his annual report for 1862. Chase and Pollock were for a quick adoption of such a motto, but Congress, with whom the decision lay, hesitated. Pollock prepared two possible mottoes for Chase: "God Our Trust" and "Our Country, Our God." Chase modified these to "In God We Trust" and "Our God, Our Country." Congress chose the former.

Relief

A NORMAL-SCHOOL teacher in an upstate town, having just moved into the community and being in the anxious process of establishing his reputation, made a deal with his eleven-year-old daughter whereby he'd take her to a double bill in return for her forgoing this year her usual Halloween activities. Saturday evening, she stood at the living-room window, intently watching groups of the neighborhood children as they scampered by, presumably after having rung a doorbell or snatched a gate. Only an occasional, gamely smothered sigh indicated her wistfulness, until she turned suddenly and headed for the back porch. She returned obviously much relieved, and announced, "I let the air out of my bicycle tires."

The Sitwells

WE have had a talk, in their sitting room at the St. Regis, with Edith and Sir Osbert Sitwell, two of the three writing Sitwells. They are here to give three or four joint readings of their works, and a far larger number of separate lectures—on modern English poetry, "King Lear," and Shakespeare in general by Miss Sitwell, and on Dickens, Meredith, the modern novel, and personal adventures by her brother. Sir Osbert is a tall, ruddy, friendly, informal man, who lounged on a sofa during our visit and told us that he was here twenty-two years ago—"purely fun and to see the New World"—but that he has come this time to see the future. "It's either here or in Russia," he said. "I'm fearfully interested in politics. There's been a vast increase in the grasp of power and responsibility in America the last two years. A most inspiring thing." Miss Sitwell, whose appearance was characterized by a marble complexion, lively, squinty eyes, a Plantagenet nose, a red velvet turban, and considerable stature (five feet eleven), advised us that she had a backache. "I moved a heavy suitcase on the ship and cricked my back good and proper," she said. Sir Osbert said that he felt grand and that he had seen a number of old friends here, among them Tchelitchew, the painter, and Michael Arlen, about whom, in 1931, he wrote a portrait in verse. "I was in financial hot water at the time," he said. "I advertised in the London *Times* that I would do portraits, in poem form, for a fee of fifty guineas, and Arlen commissioned me to do one. I asked him how it felt to be young, rich, and famous—he wrote 'The Green Hat' before he was thirty—and he said, 'It's absolutely heaven,' and showed me a big yellow car he had just bought. Very refreshing." "It's usually fatal when people become famous very young," said Miss Sitwell. "After that, often, there's nothing." "It's good to make a success after you've been batted over the head at first," said Sir Osbert. "My sister, my brother Sacheverell, and I for a long time sustained a rain of brickbats—except from writers. I think writers are kind to one another." "Mr. Shaw has been chivalrous to a degree," said Miss Sitwell. "A few years ago, when someone wrote that we had been forgotten as writers, he came to our defense in a paid advertisement." "He just gave the critic blazes," said Sir Osbert.

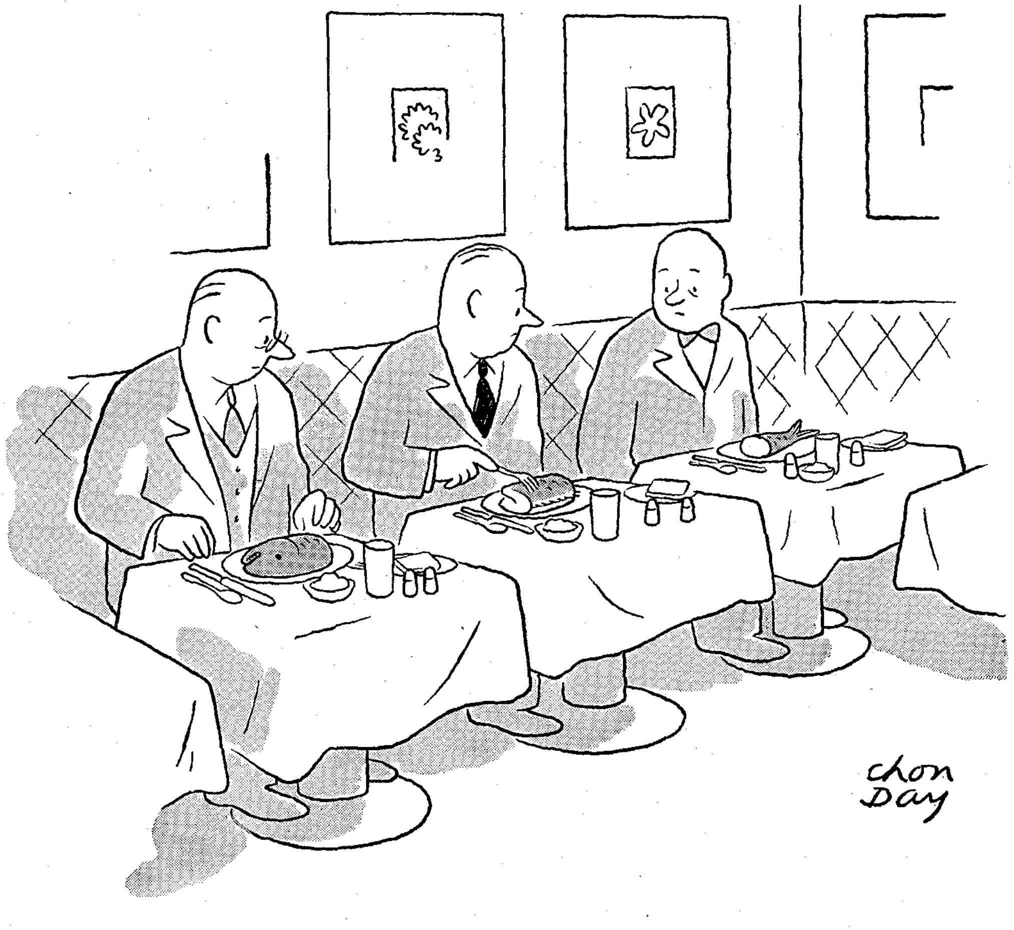
Sir Osbert generally writes most of the day, either at Renishaw Hall—an inherited country place—or in his London house, taking time off for an occasional walk. "I detest walking more than anything in the world," said Miss Sitwell. "I read the whole time when not working at poetry. I have two four-guinea subscriptions to the London Library, and they permit me to take out twenty-five books at a time." "The London Library got a bit bombed in the war, but fortunately only the drier religious works were destroyed," said Sir Osbert. "I'm a walker, and I've just been to Central Park. Delicious to see the bears exhausted by the sun, lying on their backs."

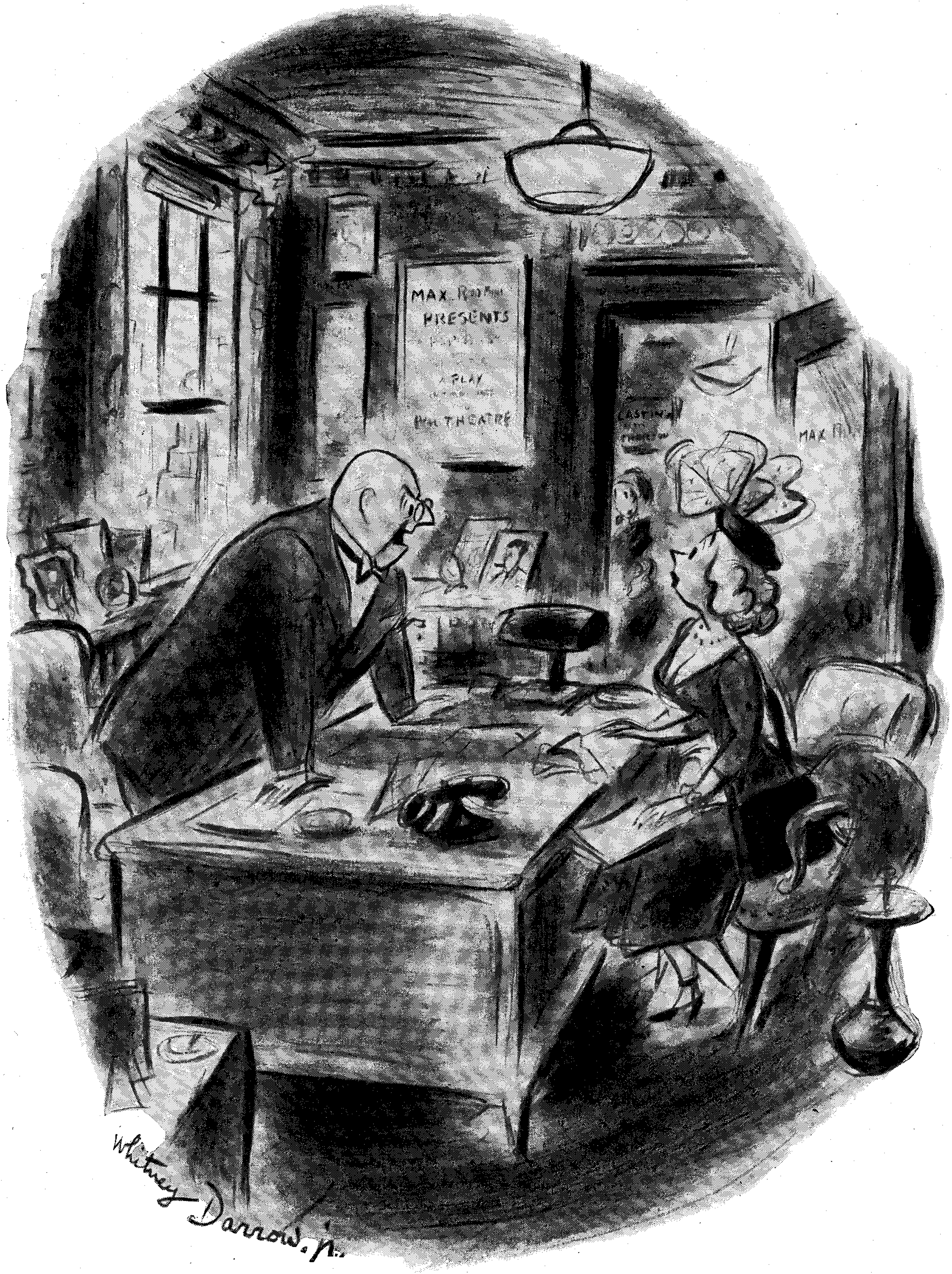
Both Sitwells are having a good time here, and they agree that this stems partly from the relative absence of mail. "England's plagued by writers," said Miss Sitwell. "The kind of people who used to write letters write books. They send them to us for our opinion, and in the hope that we will help get them published. We just say 'Our compliments' and '*Much* too busy.' The Indians don't bother us so much." "It's more the Egyptians," said Sir Osbert. "I've had translations of Omar Khayyám sent me from Egypt. When the Indians *do* send something, they always wait for a plague. Packets come to me from Bombay during epidemics there. All this writing is part of being public-spirited. The Anglo-Saxons are the most public-spirited people in the world." "England is full of old ladies who write poetry and are full of grievances," said Miss Sitwell. "Once, while staying at a club, I was awakened at four in the morning by a noise as of rustling serpents. A member had pushed the manuscript of a long poem under my door, for my opinion."

In the British *Who's Who,* Miss Sitwell lists "silence" as one of her recreations, and Sir Osbert lists "not receiving, or answering, unnecessary correspondence on at least one day in the week." The entries have availed them nothing. "It was a hint to people to talk less nonsense," said Miss Sitwell, "but they persist." Sir Osbert gets more letters than ever, many asking what he means by his entry. "It sounds as though I were buttering up the American critics," he said, "but the only helpful reviews I've had have been American ones. In England, versatility stands against a writer. The critics want you to develop a trick and repeat it. If I find something too easy, I give it up. I've never written two books of the same kind running—if you count my autobiography as one book." He's on the fifth volume of the autobiography now. Edith Sitwell and Sir Osbert will be here until March, and they hope that Sacheverell Sitwell will join them before then. "My brother is very learned, in anything but a boring manner," said Sir Osbert.

Basic Requirement

AN ex-soldier who until lately was stationed in Japan with the Army of Occupation has received a long communication from a Japanese with whom he struck up an acquaintance while over there—a letter indicating that General MacArthur has managed astonishingly well to inculcate into the Japanese an understanding of the American way of doing things. "I wish you will send for me," the letter says, in part, "a second-hand cravat—a showy cravat. My eldest son, age twenty-five, is a member of the commercial firm in Osaka City. He want a showy cravat. He is hope to go to U.S.A. to engage in trade."




MAX
PRESENTS
A PLAY
THEATRE
CASTING
MAX
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"What I tell you now will save you heartbreak later, Miss Foster. You have no voice, no stage presence, you can't read a line, and your emotional expression is nil. My advice to you is to give up entirely any aspirations for the stage, and stick to radio and motion pictures."

MIDDLE AGE

TWO nights a week, he *had* to be home for supper, and some weeks, when his conscience was especially uneasy, he turned up three or four times. Tonight, she had a dish of string beans, cooked with cured side meat, on the table when he came in. The smoky odor of the fat struck him when he opened the front door, but he couldn't believe it until he went back to the dining room and saw the dish on the table. "Good God!" he said to himself. "That's fine. Where did she get fresh beans at this time of year?"

Presently his wife, who was, like himself, past fifty, came through the swinging door from the pantry.

"Ah," she said, "my husband is right on time tonight." She came to him and undid the buttons of his overcoat, as she used to undo the children's. It was his lightweight "fall coat," which she had brought down from the attic only two weeks before. She took it and folded it over the back of a dining-room chair, as she would have a visitor's. She knew that he would be leaving right after coffee.

He leaned over the dish and smelled it, and then sat down at the place that was set for him. It was directly across the round dining-room table from her place. She stepped to the pantry door and called, "Cookie, we're ready when you are." She pulled out her chair and sat down.

"Shall we have the blessing tonight?" she said, with some small hope in her smile.

"Oh, let's not." He smiled back. It was a cajoling smile.

"All right, then." She smoothed the tablecloth with her fingers.

He served himself from the dish of beans and selected a piece of the side meat. He bent his head over and got one whiff of the steaming dish. "You're too good to me," he said evenly. He pushed the dish across the table to within her reach.

"Nothing's too good for one's husband."

Cookie came through the swinging door with a vegetable dish in each hand. She was a brown, buxom Negress, perhaps a few years older than her mistress. She set the dishes on the table near her mistress's plate.

"Good evenin', Cookie," he said to her as she started back to the kitchen.

"Yessuh," she said, and went on through the doorway.

His wife was serving herself from a dish. "Here are some of your baked potatoes," she said.

"Ah!" he said. "You *are* too good to me."

She passed him the dish. "And here are simply some cold beets."

"Fine . . . fine . . . fine."

"Do you think we would like a little more light?" she said. She pushed herself back from the table.

"We might. We might."

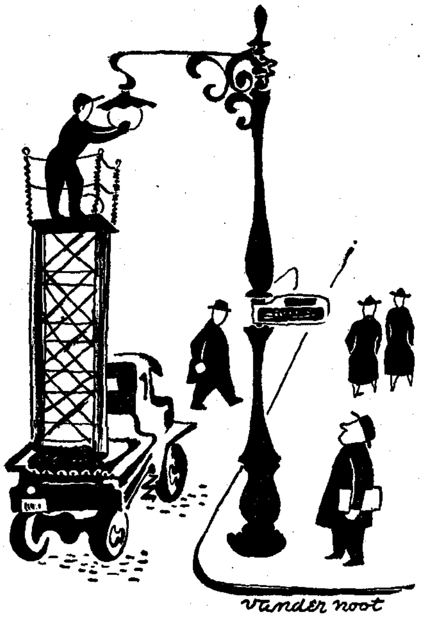
She went to the row of switches by the doorway that led to the hall. She pushed the second switch, and the light overhead was increased. She pushed the third, and the wall lights by the sideboard came on. With each increase of light in the room her husband said, "Ah . . . fine. . . . Ah . . . fine." It was a small dining room—at least, it seemed so in the bright light, for the house was old and high-ceilinged. The woodwork was a natural pine, with heavy door facings and a narrow chair rail. The paper above the chair rail was a pale yellow, and no pictures were on the walls. There were two silver candlesticks and a punch bowl on the sideboard. Through the glass doors of the press the cut-glassware showed. The large light fixture, a frosted-glass bowl, hung from a heavy "antiqued" chain low over the table, and the bright light brought out a spot here and there on the cloth.

She was taking her seat again when Cookie pushed through the door with the meat and the bread.

"What's this? A roast? You're outdoing yourself tonight, Cookie," he said.

"Y'all want all iss light?" Cookie said, blinking, and she set the meat down before him.

"Well, it's— Well, it's cold-water cornbread!" He took two pieces of bread from the plate that Cookie held to him.



"Y'all want all iss light?" Cookie said to her mistress, who was choosing a piece of bread and smiling ingenuously at her husband.

"Yes, Cookie," she said, "I think so. I thought I'd turn 'em up some."

"Wull, I could a done it, Mizz."

"It's all right, Cookie. I didn't want the bread burned."

"Wull, it ain't Judgment Day, Mizz. Y'all could a waited. I'd a done it." She put the bread on the table and covered it with the napkin that she had held the plate with.

"It's all right, Cookie."

Cookie opened the door to go back to the kitchen. As she went through, she said, "Lawd a *mercy!*"

HIS wife pushed her plate across the table, and he put on it a slice of roast that he had carved—an outside piece, because it was more done. He cut several slices, until he came to one that seemed rare enough for himself. "Any news from the chillun?" he said.

"Only postcards." She began to taste her food.

"Now, that's just rotten!" He brought a frown to his face. "They ought to write you letters. They ought to write you at least once a week! I'm going to write the boys tomorrow and tell 'em."

"Now, please, honey! Please, honey! They're well. They said so, and that's all I need to know. They're just busy." She eased her knife and fork down on her plate.

He went on eating and talking at the same time. "These beets are fine," he said. Then, after swallowing, "I won't have that! They ought to write their mother once a week. When I was in med school, you know how much I wrote Mama. Father would have beaten me, I believe, and taken me out, if I hadn't. I ought to take them out just once." He stopped eating for a moment, and shaking his fork at her, he spoke even more earnestly: "And just one month I should forget to send *her* that check."

His wife sat, somewhat paled, making no pretense of eating. "Now, please, honey," she said. "She has two little children and a husband who is far from well. I had a letter from her last week, written while the children were taking a little nap. Remember that she has two little children to look after." Her lips trembled. "There's nothing for the boys to write. They say on every single card they miss being home.”

He saw that her lips were quivering, and he began eating again. He frowned. Then he smiled suddenly and said, as if with relief, “I’ll tell you. Yes. You ought to go up and see ’em. You haven’t been up since they were *both* in med.”

She wiped her mouth with her napkin and smiled. “No, no,” she said. And she began to eat her dinner again.

Cookie came in with a small pan of hot bread, holding it with a kitchen towel. She uncovered the plate of bread on the table and stacked the hot bread on top of what was there. With her free hand, she reached in front of her mistress and felt the untouched piece of bread on her plate. “ ’S got cole on ya,” she said. She picked it up in her brown hand and threw it on the cooking pan. She placed a piece of hot bread on her mistress’s plate, saying, “Now gwine butter’t while ’t’s hot.”

Her mistress pushed the bread plate across the table toward her husband. She said to him, “Cookie and I are going to get a box of food off to ’em next week, like we used to send ’em in military school. Aren’t we, Cookie?”

“Fine . . . fine . . . fine,” he said. He took a piece of bread and began to butter it.

Cookie nodded her head toward him and said to her mistress, “*He* hear fom ’em?” Then she took several steps around the table, picked up the bread plate, and returned it to its former place. She was tucking the napkin about its edges again.

“No, I have *not!*” He brought the frown to his face again. “They ought to write their mammy, oughtn’t they, Cookie?”

“Sho ought. ’S a shame,” Cookie said. She looked at her mistress. And her mistress put her knife and fork down again. Her lips began to quiver. She gazed tearfully at her husband.

He looked away and spoke out in a loud voice that seemed almost to echo in the high-ceilinged room: “What are you goin’ to send ’em? What are you goin’ to send them youngons, Cookie?”

Cookie looked at him blankly and then at the butter plate, which was in the center of the table. “Whatever she say.”

“Well, what do you say, Mother?”

She cleared her throat and ran her hand in a series of pats over her thick and slightly graying hair that went in soft waves back over her ears. “I had thought that we might get hold of two fat guinea hens,” she said.

“Fine . . . fine.”

“I thought we might get some smoked sausage, not too new, and—”

“Ah . . . fine.”

“And we might spare one of the fruitcakes we’ve got soaking.”

“How does that suit you, Cookie?” he said.

Cookie was on her way toward the kitchen again. “Yessuh,” she said.

He ate in silence for several minutes, took a second helping of string beans, and another piece of bread. She nibbled at a piece of bread. She put more salt and pepper on her meat and ate a few bites. And then she arranged her knife and fork on her plate. Finally, he put his knife and fork down on his empty plate and, with his mouth still full, said, “There’s not more, surely?”

She smiled, nodding her head. “Pie.”

“No! What kind?”

“I cooked it myself.” She picked up a little glass call bell beside her plate and tinkled it. He sat chewing his last bite, and presently Cookie appeared in the doorway with two plates of yellow lemon pie topped with an inch of white meringue.

“This is where she can beat you, Cookie,” he said as the cook set the piece of pie before him.

Cookie made a noise that was somewhat like “Psss.” She looked at her mistress and gave her a gold-toothed smile. She started to leave with the dinner plates.

“Wait a minute, Cookie,” he said. She stopped and looked at him, with her lower lip hanging open. He was taking big bites of the pie. “Cookie, I’ve been wantin’ to ask you how your ‘corporosity’ is.”

“M’ whut, Boss-Man?”

“And, furthermore, I understand from what various people are saying around that you have ancestors.” He winked at his wife. She dropped her eyes to her plate.

“Whut’s he mean, Mizz?” Cookie asked, standing with the two dinner plates in hand.

“Just some of his foolishness, Cookie,” she said, with her eyes still on her plate.

He thought to himself that his wife was too good to tease even a Negro. He said to himself, “She doesn’t realize that they really eat it up.”

“M’ coffee’s bilin’,” Cookie said, and she went through the swinging door.

His wife looked up from her plate. “You know Cookie never has liked to joke. Now, please, honey, don’t tease her. She’s

getting along in her years now. Her temper's quicker than it used to be."

HE had finished his pie when Cookie brought in the coffee. She brought it on a tray—two cups and a kitchen pot. She set a cup at each place, filled them, and set the pot on the tablecloth.

"How's that church of yours comin', Cookie?" he said.

"It's makin' out, Boss-Man."

"Haven't you-all churched nobody lately?"

"No, suh, not us."

"How about Dr. Palmer's cook, Cookie? Is she a member in standing?"

"Sho. Mean 'at gal Hattie?" She looked at her mistress and smiled.

He looked at his wife, who he thought was shaking her head at Cookie. Then he looked at Cookie. "Yes," he said, almost absent-mindedly. "He brought her in from the country. That's it—Hattie! That's her name."

"Yessuh. She's fom out on Pea Ridge."

"She's givin' 'im some trouble. Drinkin', ain't she, Cookie?"

" 'Cep' *he* didn't get her fom Pea Ridge."

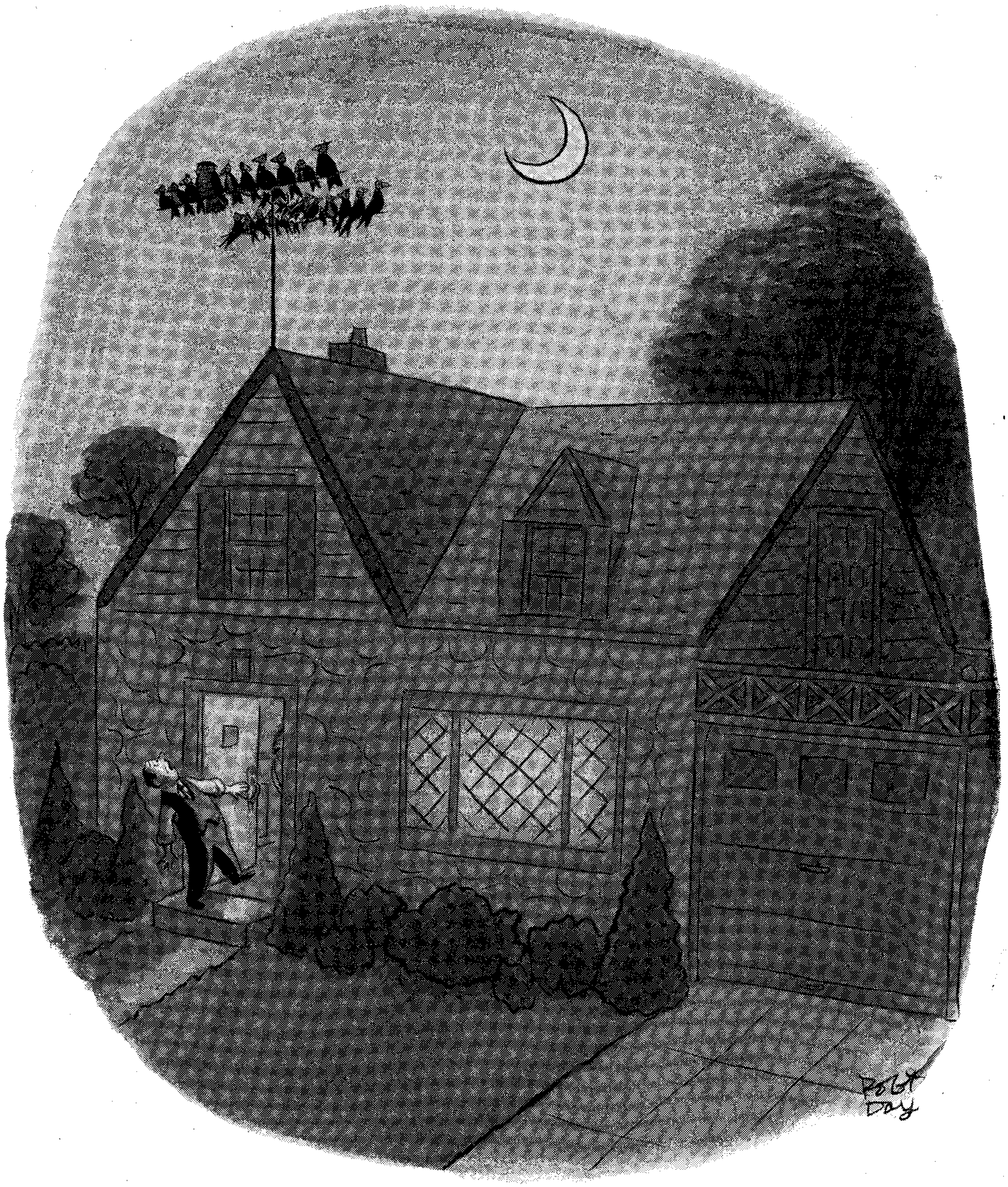
"No, Cookie?"

"She put in a year for some ladies he know out near the sandbanks, and—"

"She's a drinker, ain't she, Cookie?"

"Yessuh. I *reckon* she is." She tilted her head back and gave him her gold-toothed laugh, which ended in a sort of sneer this time. "She uz dancin' roun' outside chuch las' night an' say to me she want to teach me how to do dat stuff. I tell huh she's drunk, an' she say, 'Sho I is. I teach you how to hit de bottle, too!' "

He pushed his chair away from the table, still holding his coffee, and laughed aloud. He saw that his wife was looking threateningly at Cookie. "What else did she say, Cookie?" he pressed her.



"I think I've located the trouble."

"Oh, dat gal's a big talker. De way she talk 'bout huh boss-man's terble. She talk 'bout anybody and everybody in town. She call names up an' down de street."

"What sort of talk?" He leaned forward, smiling, and winked at his wife.

"Them ladies from the sandbanks—she say they's in an' out his place mos' any night. Doc Palmer's a bachlorman, sho, but Hattie say hit ain't jus' Doc Palmer! They comes there to meet the ladies—all sorts of menfolks, married or not. She say she see 'em *all* 'bout his place sooner later."

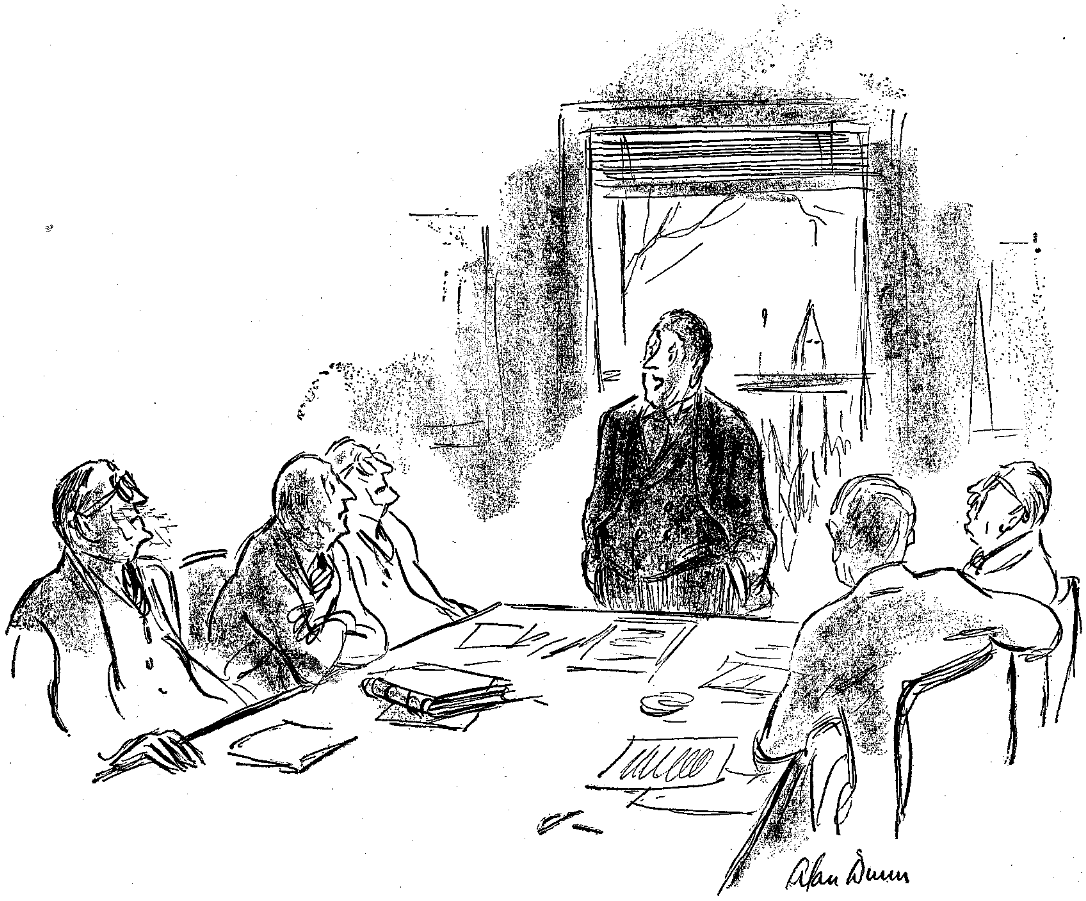
His wife had quit sipping her coffee and was staring at Cookie.

"Who, for instance, Cookie? Let us in on it," he said.

The cook turned to him and looked at him blankly. "You, Boss-Man."

His wife stood up at her place, her napkin in her hand. Her eyes filled with tears. "After all these years!" she said. "Cookie, you've forgotten your place for the first time, after all these years."

Cookie put her hands under her apron, looked at her feet a moment, and then looked up at him, her own eyes wet. Her words came almost



"The way I see it, Russia thinks we think they think we're not willing to go to war."

• •

like screams. "Hattie say she *seen* ya!"

Her mistress sat down, put one elbow on the table, and brought her napkin up to cover her face. "I'm disappointed in you, Cookie. Go to the kitchen."

Cookie went through the swinging door without looking at her mistress.

In a moment, his wife looked up at him and said, "I'm sorry. I'd not thought she was capable of a thing like that."

"Why, it's all right—for what she said. Doctors will be talked about."

His wife seemed, he thought, not to have heard him. She was saying, "A servant of mine talking to my husband like that!"

"It's only old-nigger uppitiness," he reassured her.

"I shall speak to her tonight," she said. "I promise you."

"Oh, I suppose you'll think you have to fire her."

She looked at him, her features composed again. She ran her hand over her hair in a series of pats. "No, no," she said. "I can't fire Cookie. I'll speak to her tonight. It'll never happen again."

"Now I think of it, perhaps she ought to be given her walking papers."

"I'll look after the matter."

He poured himself a second cup of coffee and, as he drank it, he watched his wife closely. He frowned again and said, "She might talk to *you* that way someday. That's all I thought."

She smiled at him. "There's no danger. I'll have a talk with her tonight."

She helped him on with his overcoat. He said, "Got to see some country people tonight. Might even have to drive over to Murfreesboro." She was buttoning his coat. "There's a lot of red throat over there."

"I can't have her talking that way to my husband," she said aloud, but to herself. "But I won't fire her," she said to him. "She's too much a member of the family, and I know she'll be full of remorse for speaking out of turn like that."

He looked directly into her eyes, and she smiled confidently. She told him she would leave the back light on, because lately the nights had been cloudy and dark. As he stopped in the hall to pick up his hat and his case, he heard Cookie come through the swinging door.

"Now, Cookie, I want to have a little talk with you," his wife said, and Cookie said, "Yes'm, Mizz."

He went out, closing the door softly behind him, and as he crossed the porch, he could still hear their voices inside—the righteousness and disillusion of Cookie's, the pride and discipline of his wife's. He passed down the flight of wooden steps and stepped from the brick walk onto the lawn. He hesitated a moment; he could still hear their voices indistinctly—their senseless voices. He began walking with light, sure steps over the grass—their ugly, old voices. In the driveway, his car, bright and new and luxurious, was waiting for him.

—PETER TAYLOR

• •

FOR THIS, HERODOTUS

For this, for this, Herodotus, despite
Snow, rain, or gloom of night,
Or cold that chills or tiger heat that parches,
Or predatory dog, or falling arches,
Some courier undismayed
(I'm quoting rather loosely from the Grecian)
Took his appointed round and was not stayed
Until its swift completion:

That I might find delivered to my door
A catalogue, a card
Announcing shantung selling by the yard
At something-eighty-four,
A notice that on Thursday I am due
For dental prophylaxis,
Two charity appeals, one copy of *Cue*,
A bill from Saks's.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

FAILED ANC. HIST. BUT SAW TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

IN my family, I enjoy quite a reputation as a song-and-dance man. This is not to say that anyone thinks I ought to go on the stage. The song-and-dance at which I excel is the rhetorical kind, not the theatrical—the art of Alibi Ike rather than of George M. Cohan. I am, at least in my admiring wife's opinion, a very fancy operator in the field of the cock-and-bull story. So she has me do all her work in this line.

"Do me a favor, will you, dear?" she may say when she has an assignment for me. "Call up Aunt Lucy and give her a song-and-dance about Wednesday night. Tell her we'd love to come but we just can't possibly make it."

"Holy Ned, what can I say to her this time?" I protest. "You put us in a hole by bragging to her about how well the children are—I heard you do that myself. And she knows we're not going anywhere else—I heard you admit that, too. And you're always telling her how happy the kids are to stay with Gertrude. You'd think excuses grew on trees, the way you fling them away. If you'd keep quiet about these things, you'd keep us out of trouble. I don't want to go, either, but I can't see how I'm going to kiss her off this time."

I protest too much, of course. The idea is to draw a compliment. I know perfectly well that I can, without greatly extending myself, work out a lallapalooza for Aunt Lucy. After such a recital of the difficulties, my wife may say, "Don't give *me* the song-and-dance. Give it to Aunt Lucy. Just work out something good. You do it so nicely, and I do it so wretchedly. I blush right over the telephone. Now run along and call her before she orders a lot of expensive food for us."

With the job thus forced upon me, I go to work. Riffling through my mental notes, I come on one about Aunt Lucy's fondness for dogs. "With Aunt L., dog with sniffles worth two children with pneumonia, either virus or lobar," it says. A quick cross-checking shows that the dog angle has not been used for eighteen months. This means that it can safely be used again. I clear my throat, call Aunt Lucy, and tell her that we have had distressing indications that our dog may be coming down with a serious dog disease. Lest Aunt Lucy come over to minister to the animal herself, I assure her that we are standing by night and day and that the moment things take a turn for the worse, we will call in a veterinarian whom I know she regards as the Mayo Brothers of canine medicine.

I always have to cope with the corollary problem of why I, rather than my wife, am handling our social arrangements, but it's never a very serious problem. Sometimes a clue may be found in the nature of the alibi. In the case of the dog story, what could be more natural than that my wife should be keeping the vigil at the dog box? For general summertime use, I always have her hay fever. There are times when she can hardly get a word out without sneezing. At other times, I can say, winning myself a small dividend of approval while I sell my bill of goods, that, as a considerate husband, I insisted upon her going to bed immediately after supper, because she looked so tired and drawn. This goes down particularly well with relatives on her side of the family.

In a normal household, there is always plenty of work for a really capable song-and-dance man. I am, for example, in charge of negotiations with all difficult tradespeople. After Christmas and other holidays, I am kept busy composing letters, to be copied and signed by my wife, that say pleasant things about handkerchiefs, compotes, and illustrated editions of "Green Mansions," a book that is, by my reckoning, the most widely reprinted, reillustrated, given-away, and unread book of our time. Every so often, there are sudden emergencies, such as those provided by the appearance of Jehovah's Witnesses at the front door or *Rural New-Yorker* salesmen at the back door. On these occasions, my wife calls for me and explains to the visitor that she has a cake in the oven and it's at a critical stage and requires immediate attention. (She has a fair talent for the alibi herself. She hasn't baked a cake since Girl Scout days, and it shows remarkable presence of mind on her part to remember, after all these years, that cakes have critical stages.) In any event, it is always up to me to dispose of solicitors as rapidly and as graciously as possible, and I have grown rather proud of my ability to do so. The art of the verbal

Hot Fresh
Roasted
JUMBO
Peanuts
10¢
a bag
FEED the SQUIRRELS

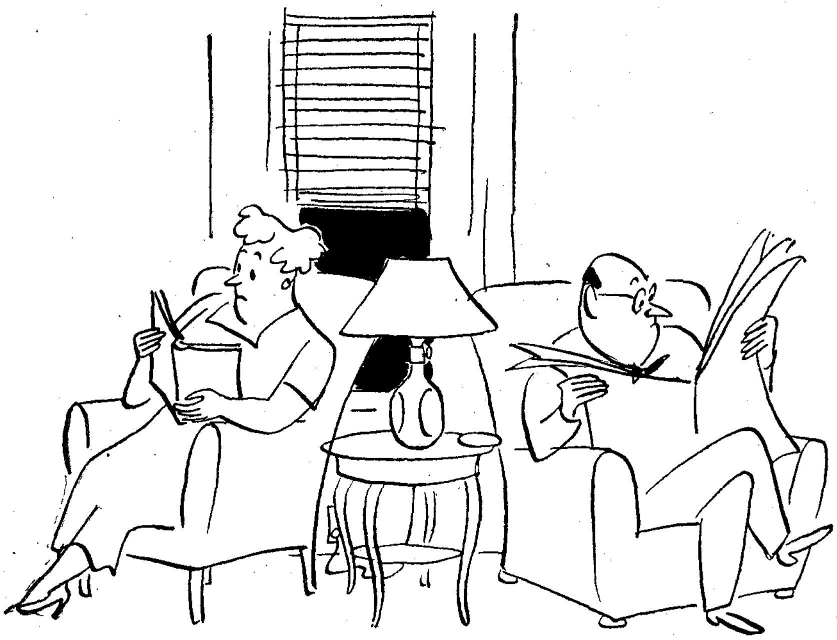
song-and-dance is, I know, a base one and would have no place in the Good Society, but in a world full of injustice, Aunt Lucys, and Jehovah's Witnesses, it helps to make existence a bit more tolerable.

I BRING up the matter of my prowess in this line, however, not to boast about it but to introduce some documents that illustrate the early development of talents such as mine. The documents are letters I wrote to my parents when I was fourteen and fifteen, at which time I was an enrolled but not a practicing student at a boys' preparatory school on Long Island. They came to light recently, in the course of a general house cleaning conducted by my mother. Reading them over with the insight of a mature and seasoned song-and-dance man, I have found that they contain some extraordinary examples of precocious talent in the genre.

A little background will help. At fourteen, an age I reached in the year of the great stock-market collapse, I was sent away to boarding school by my father. He chose a place where he thought I could get a solid grounding in Latin, algebra, ancient history, and some of the other traditional disciplines, and it was his hope that I would eventually qualify myself for a good university. My father shared the boundless faith of his generation in the Higher Learning, but he differed from most of his contemporaries in one significant way. He did not believe that everyone was educable. He was willing to entertain the thought that God might have intended me, even though I was his own flesh and blood, for one of the humbler pursuits in life, and he felt that if he was ever convinced that this was the case, he would, regretfully, abandon his efforts to provide me with access to the wisdom of the ages.

"It wouldn't shame me to have you become a ditchdigger, son," he told me just before I went away to school. "It wouldn't shame me in the least. The world needs ditchdiggers. But if that's to be your future, there's no use in my spending my money having you taught French." He gave me to understand, in a firm but friendly way, that if I did not make what he regarded as suitable progress in my studies, he would withdraw me from private school, send me to public school until the law allowed me to quit, and then see what he could do about finding me a place with some reputable ditchdigging concern.

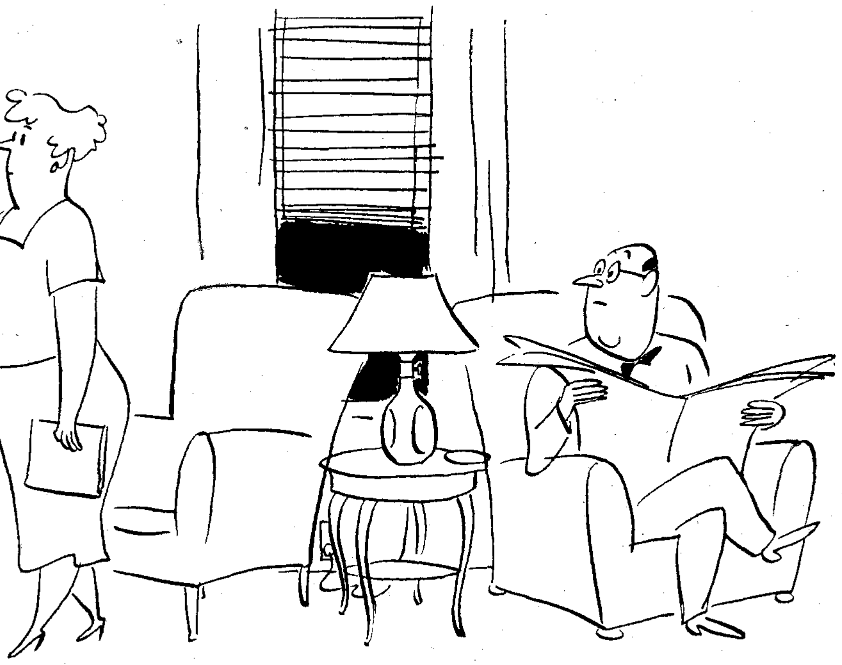
①



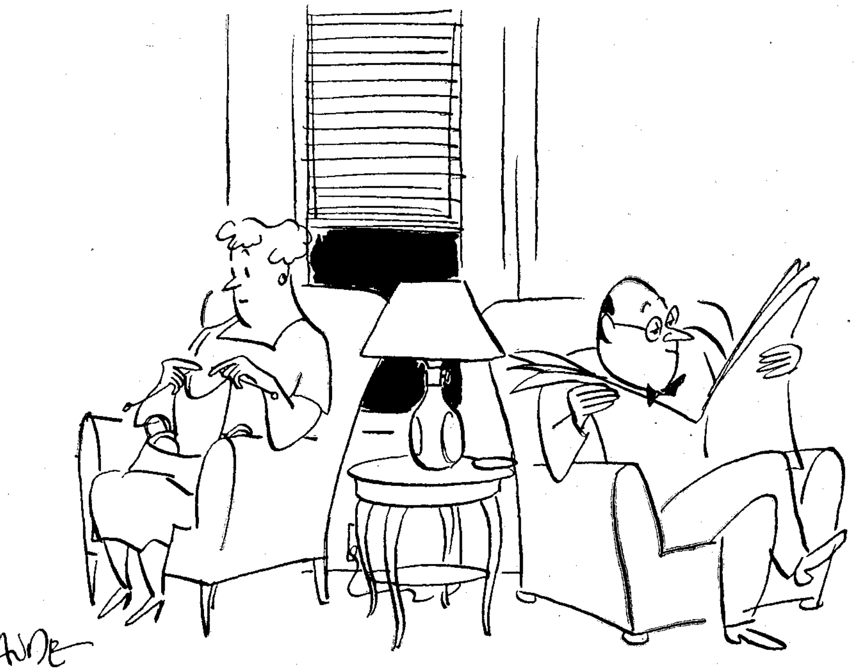
③

In general, I was in thorough accord with my father's hope that I would spend four years in boarding school and then four more in college. I expected to enjoy boarding-school life, and, from what I had heard about it, college life sounded as if it would be even more enjoyable. Ditchdigging, on the other hand, was not to my taste. As it happened, though, I failed to make the academic progress my father had hoped for. I didn't come anywhere near it. My first two years were particularly bad. I compiled what I imagine still stands as the lowest all-round record ever made at the institution I attended. There were two schools of thought on the cause of my difficulty. The first, to which the majority of my teachers subscribed, was that mv trouble was the result of a simple deficiency of intelligence. My father—largely, I take it, because of my successful song-and-dance work—never wholly aligned himself with this group, but a good part of the time he leaned toward it more than toward the other school, which was militantly led by my mother and me. According to our view, the real trouble lay with my teachers, my textbooks, the state of my health, the fact that the average day was so short, the congenital left-handedness that made it burdensome for me to work in class-

②



④



room chairs designed for right-handed students—in short, every imaginable cause except a weak brain and an indolent nature. Indeed, my mother and I even went so far as to evolve the theory that my poor showing was, in fact, an optical illusion. I was actually, by this reasoning, so much brighter than my fellow-students that I was in the position of a distance runner who has got a lap ahead of the others in a race: Although he appears to be bringing up the rear, he is really far out in front.

My father never found himself able to accept this theory. He complained of lack of evidence. Most of the time, he felt that he should take the grades the school authorities sent him each month as a fairly accurate representation of my attainments, and it was because of this stubborn literal-mindedness on his part that I was forced into thinking up ways and means of persuading him that the grades *weren't* reliable indicia. Once a month, I would write home an elaborate commentary on my grades. Since these were posted on the school bulletin board a day or so before they were sent out to my parents, I was generally able to see to it that my analyses reached home slightly in advance of the official reports.

As I now study and classify my various techniques, I see that one of my commonest devices for averting a ditch-digging career was the attribution of mathematical error to my instructors. Here is a sample of that approach, drawn from a letter written in my sophomore year:

> Dearest Folks: You'll notice when you hear from the school that they gave me a 37 in English and a 24 in Bible. Well, that's wrong. You see they gave us monthly tests on Monday, and most of the teachers were in a hurry to make up their marks, so they made them up before they read the tests. Now you see the tests count for ⅓ of the monthly grades. So if you get good marks in the tests and they don't figure them in, it brings your month's marks way down. They should never figure up the marks without the tests because they're bound to be wrong that way. I don't know why they do things like that out here. It seems very stupid of them, doesn't it. My English and Bible marks are really going to be pretty good when they count those tests in. . . .

And another:

> The School is probably sending you a notice that I'm on Probation. Well, that's wrong. I'll tell you what happened. When they brought my marks before the Scholarship Committee, they read them all 10 points lower. I called their attention to this fact, and I am soon getting off. They said they were sorry when I pointed out this dumb bunny thing to them. They probably sent you the wrong marks, too, so pay no attention to them. As a matter of fact, I failed in only one subject this month, and that was Latin. So my marks came up. . . .

The unquoted portion of this letter throws no light on how it could happen that persons equipped to educate me could misread a whole series of figures and, still more remarkable, misread them all by exactly ten points. Nevertheless, dodges of this sort must have proved serviceable, for I used them often. As I recall it, I banked heavily on the fact that my father had obtained his own secondary education in Swiss boarding schools, where, he had told me, they didn't go in for the sort of complicated grading systems—one-third for the monthly test, and so forth—used in American schools. I reckoned, therefore, that I was able to count on a large reservoir of paternal gullibility when dealing with percentages.

Another approach I used was the relativist one. I insisted that grades had meaning only when compared with other grades:

> Don't be astonished by the Math. mark I got as it really doesn't mean a thing. You see you have to compare these marks with one another. My Math. mark was really a very good mark compared with the others. He gave us a long test to be

> done in 45 minutes and hardly anyone finished. (I think one did.) He admits that it was too long and that my mark is really a lot better. The same thing is true about my Latin mark. It looks discouraging, but it really isn't. 53 is quite good. Charlie Gremmels got 7.

A variation on the same theme:

> Am now banking everything on the Finals in June. Most masters think that is best because if I pull through those decently, I'll get by for the year. Am pretty sure to come out okeh that way instead of bothering to work for monthly marks, which don't mean much in my case.

Why monthly marks should mean much in anyone's case if not in mine, I left to my parents' imagination. I suspect that it boggled my father's imagination and that he asked me to explain this point the next time he saw me, but I have, unfortunately, no recollection of the oral song-and-dance I gave him over that.

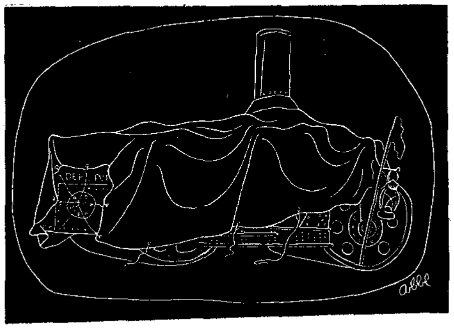
Although the teacher's-error and the relativist approaches were both good, I evidently understood that they would lose force if used too often. Sometimes I accepted the accuracy of the school reports and admitted that my grades were poor by any standards. I went on, though, to make the point—a perfectly legitimate one—that I had fallen behind schedule and, like a train delayed at one station, was finding it tough going all along the line:

> My marks this month are not good. I admit that. Don't fret, though, as I am making them up and will get the made-up list sent to you. You see, Mother and Dad, I spent so much time last week making up the work of the week before that my last week's marks dropped some. However, I'm working hard on those right now. I just hope I don't miss any of this week's work because I have to work so hard doing last week's things.

AS a dutiful son, I wrote home to my parents on an average of once a week, so three letters out of four contained no comment on the reports my parents got. In these interim communiqués, my strategy was to call my parents' attention to any little scholastic triumphs I enjoyed, and also to assure them that I was steadily applying myself to my education. Here is a batch of excerpts from these in-between letters:

> Well, folks, I'm feeling great and will continue to do so, also getting good marks. Today even the Dean admitted that my Latin was improving.
>
> I'm deep in my work now. It's awfully trying. It's nothing but study, study, study. Tonight there's some musical concert we all have to go to. This guy whoever he is (probably some second-rate radio squawker) will strut his stuff. I wish I didn't have to go and could study Anc. Hist. instead. [The contemptuous reference to the recitalist was a low appeal to my father's prejudices. He loathed radio singers. I must have figured that if I got a low Anc. Hist. grade the next month, he would blame it partly on the squawker.]
>
> I am working and playing very hard. Mr. Isham says he thinks I have a good head for Math. Sure hope he's right, don't you?
>
> They sure do keep us working hard these days. But I seem to be able to hold up under the strain. Just imagine, I got an 82 in a Caesar test. That's very high for Caesar.
>
> We had another English test today, and I think I got a good mark. My English certainly seems to be coming up by leaps and bounds.

At the close of each month, though, I had to deal not in leaps and bounds but in cold, dispiriting percentages, which, regardless of the heights to which they rose in the middle of the month, always seemed to taper down to 40 or 50 by the month's end. Sometimes there just weren't any suitable excuses, and when this was the case, I resorted, often brilliantly, to the ancient technique of the quick switch. I think that in many respects my work was best when my desperation was greatest. The idea was to break the bad news in as casual and unobtrusive a manner as possible and then—a difficult thing for any prose artist—jolt my readers suddenly from morbid affairs to joyous, sunshiny ones. For example:



> My month's marks are not quite all they should be, as you will see. I think that by working hard I'll be able to do something about that 47 in English next month. SAY, I HAVE A SURPRIZE I'M GOING TO PULL ON YOU FOLKS NEXT WEEK. I WON'T TELL YOU A THING ABOUT IT NOW, BUT YOU JUST BETTER BE READY FOR SOMETHING BIG.
>
> Flunked Fr. again. Say, this ought to interest Dad. There's a new kid here who is supposed to be a scientifical genius.
>
> As you will observe, I could be doing much better than I am in Bible and Chem. And I think I will do better, too. Sorry to say I failed Anc. Hist. Wait till you hear what I did yesterday. I saw the total eclipse of the sun. I smoked a hunk of glass and looked through it. You certainly learn a lot that way.
>
> Darn it, I failed three subjects. Say, won't you folks be glad to see

---

TO THE MEMORY OF THE CIRCUS SHIP EUZKERA, LOST IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA, 1 SEPTEMBER 1948

The most stupendous show they ever gave
Must have been this *bizarrerie* of wreck.
The lion-tamer spoke from a green wave
And lions slithered slowly off the deck.

Amazing! And the high-wire artists fell
(As we'd all hoped, in secret) through no net
And ten miles down, a plunge they must know well,
And landed soft, and there they're lying yet.

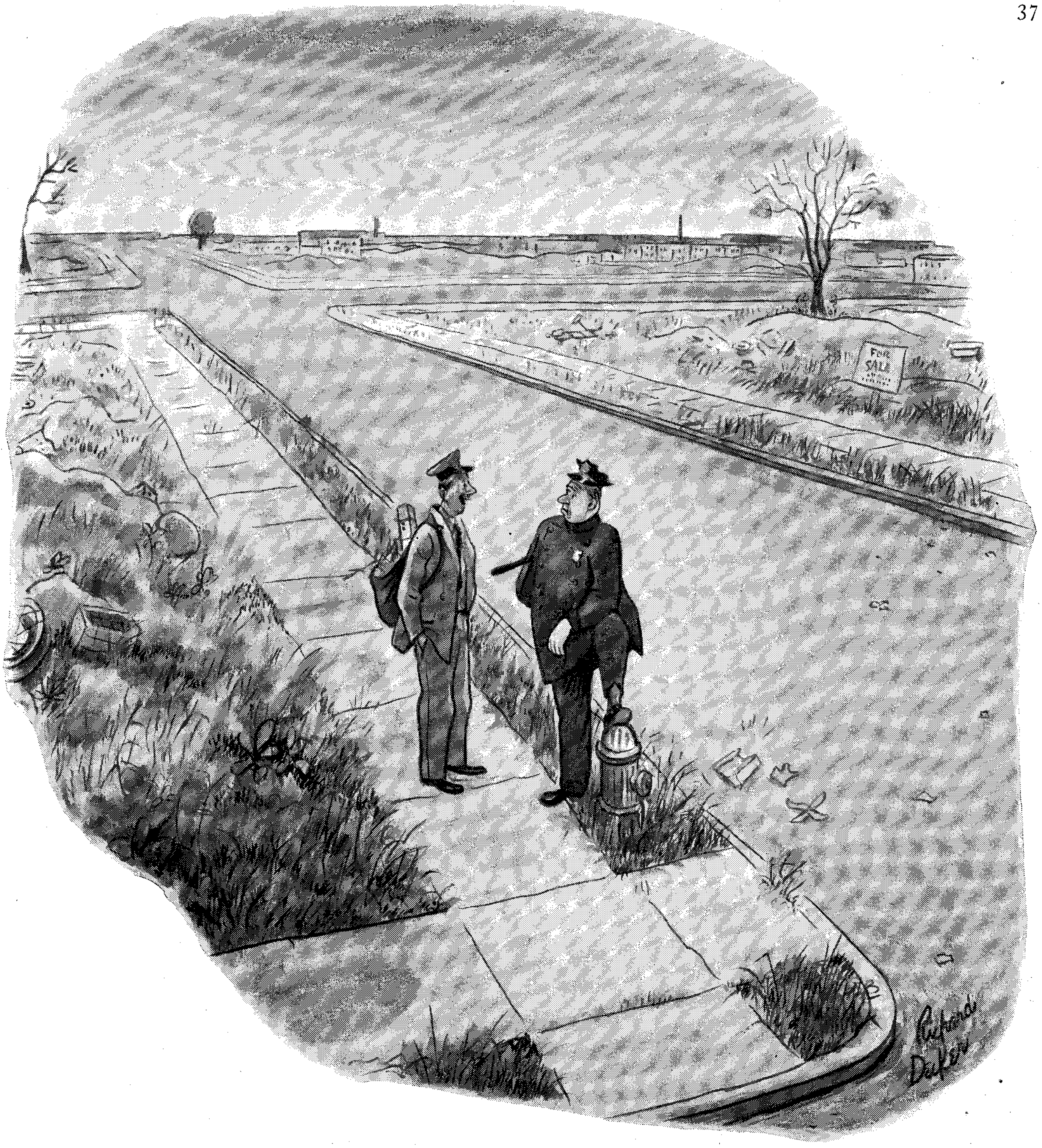
Then, while the brass band played a languid waltz,
The elephant, in pearls and amethysts,
Toppled and turned his ponderous somersaults,
Dismaying some remote geologists.

The tiger followed, and the tiger's mate.
The seals leaped joyful from their brackish tanks.
The fortune-teller read the palm of Fate—
Beware of ocean voyages—and sank.

Full fathom five the fattest lady lies,
Among the popcorn and the caged baboons,
And dreams of mermaids' elegant surprise
To see the bunting and the blue balloons.

—WALKER GIBSON

• •



"You sure had your nerve to tell a sergeant off like that. What did he say?"

• •

me next week. Just think, I haven't been home since Feb. I sure will be glad to see you.

My English is below passing, I think. Did I ever tell you that Mr. Ruffner is a great friend of Harold Lloyd's? He said he'd tell me all about him some day. When he does, remind me, and I'll tell you.

I'm working hard on Bible and Fr., which I failed. Well, look for a little package in the mail soon. I'm sending Mother a Mother's Day present. I bought it from a boy here for $0.50. Great bargain. He was a dumb twitch to sell it. You'll like it, I think.

They only gave me a 48 in Math. By the way, Emma the maid does up laundry very nicely and for much less than the laundry. Shall I give her my shirts. It would save money.

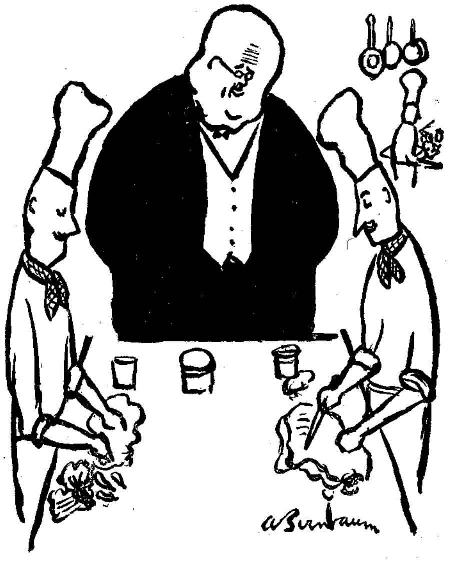
I think next month's marks will be higher than this month's marks. I'm taking an eggnog a day. That's what Mother said she wanted me to do.

Pretty low marks coming up in Chem. and Eng., folks. Also Bible and Fr. Ok with you if I bet this week's allowance on the Athletics. I changed my underwear Wednesday.

As I said, in my Aunt Lucy's system of values a sick dog is better than two sick children. In my mother's, fresh underwear and daily eggnogs far outranked high marks in Chem. and Eng. If I didn't have a song-and-dance to give my father, I relied on my pleased mother to give him one. It's no wonder I'm pretty good at this game now; I've been at it for almost twenty years. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A BALATONI FOGAS TO START WITH



THERE are still a few places on the Continent where people with enough money, especially American money, can get pretty good food, but since the Nazis started wrecking Europe, almost none of them have been able to carry on along the lines of the highest gastronomical tradition. No meal can be perfect if the ingredients that go into it aren't, and in most European countries it is quite difficult to obtain perfect ingredients. Besides, the number of potential patrons for such food is steadily diminishing. Europe's gourmets have always belonged to what were once the privileged classes—aristocrats, capitalists, diplomats, and prosperous artists and professional people—all of which have been hard hit by war, taxation, and socialization. As for the inevitable new rich, they don't seem to care or know anything about truly good food. Consequently, that formerly great epicurean institution, the European restaurateur who made an art of his profession, creating new dishes and inspired variations of old ones, is now almost extinct. One of the last practicing representatives of this art is Charles Gundel, a sixty-five-year-old Budapestian who has contributed more to the fame of Hungarian cooking than any other man and who is ranked by connoisseurs all over the world in a class with such restaurateurs as Escoffier and Voisin.

I met Gundel—the name is pronounced "Goon-del," with the accent on the first syllable—one evening not long ago when I had dinner at Gundel's Restaurant, in Budapest's Városliget, or City Park. The restaurant, one of two he operates in Budapest, occupies the ground floor of a solid two-story building surrounded by a garden that in summer is used for outdoor dining. Cream-colored curtains in the windows, plain white lights, an inconspicuous entrance, and soft music convey a nostalgic sense of Old World atmosphere rather than of contemporary flashiness. As I entered, an elderly doorman with a bushy hussar mustache uttered a reverent "*Alázatos szolgája. Jó napot kívánok*" ("Your humble servant. Good day"), which is still a familiar greeting in Budapest, Communists or no Communists. He apologized for his awkward bow, explaining that this was one of his rheumatic days, and led me to a patriarch in charge of the cloakroom who seemed to have trouble keeping his eyes open. This old man was apparently too decrepit to do any work, but he had two assistants, agile boys of a mere seventy years or so, who relieved me of my hat and topcoat and wished me good appetite. I was then taken in tow by a faultless maître d'hôtel, for whom a small army of no less faultless captains, waiters, and busboys stood aside. He guided me to a table not far from a seven-man gypsy band—two violins, a viola da gamba, a cello, a bass fiddle, a *tamboura* (big bass guitar), and a *cimbalom* (dulcimer). The *primás*, by way of tuning, expertly gave his men the D, not the A, as do the phony, Westernized gypsies in Paris and New York night clubs. Food and music don't ordinarily mix well, I think, each being too important in its own way, but as the evening progressed I found that Gundel's gypsy band did not intrude upon my enjoyment of what was served me. The musicians played their rhapsodic songs in a hauntingly soft way, ending each piece with a sad, lingering instrumental outcry. They seemed as essential a part of the Gundel establishment as the little busboys, the faint scent of wine and good food, the comfortably spaced tables, the mirrors and lights, the gleaming silver, and the fresh flowers on the tables.

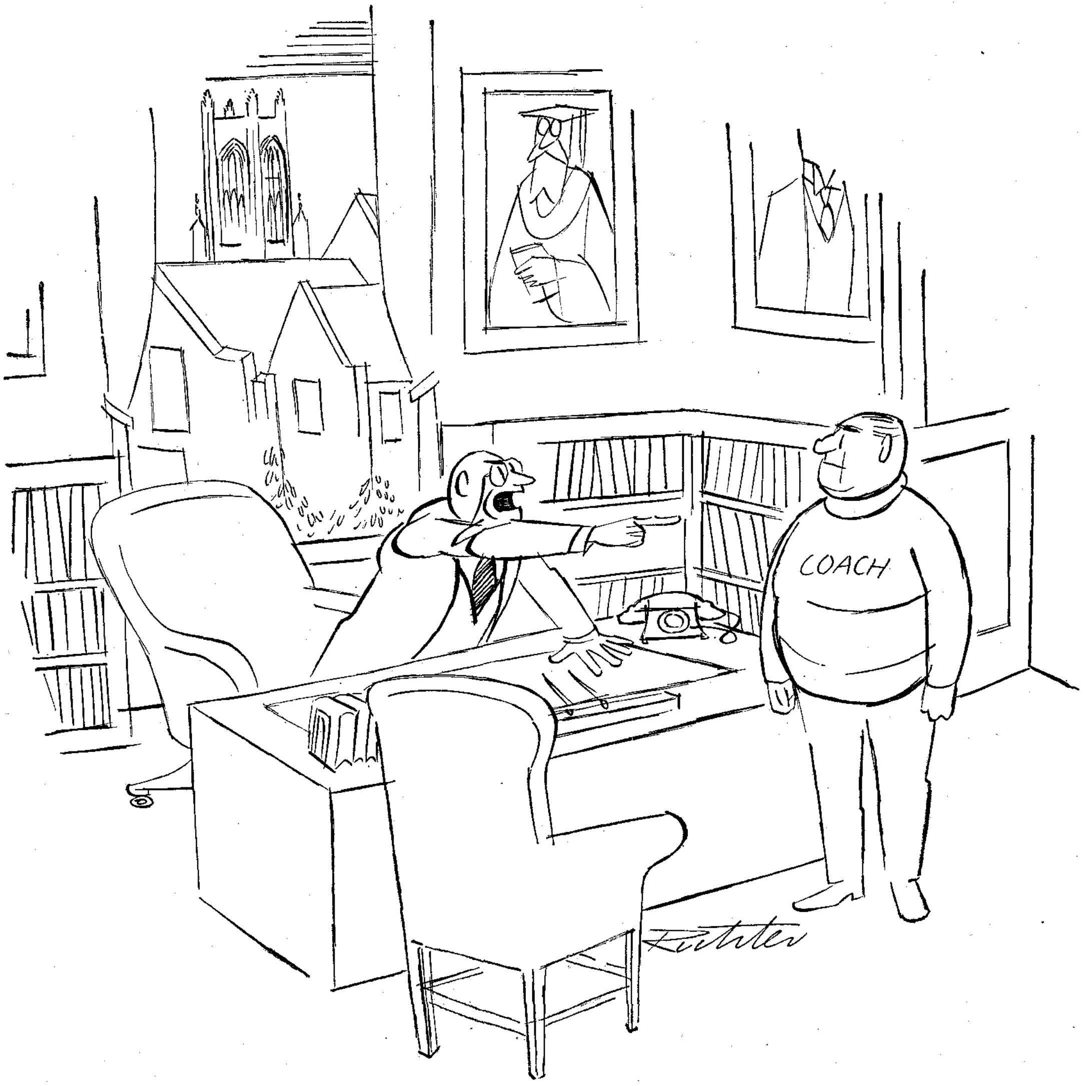
The maître d'hôtel handed me the menu. It was printed in Hungarian and French, except for one line of English in small type along the right-hand margin. This read, "12% will be added to the amount of the bill, and 10% taxes, and in the evening 5% music." While I was pondering this, a heavy-built man appeared, bowed in a courtly, though not at all deferential, manner, introduced himself as Charles Gundel, and welcomed me to his restaurant. He looked just like the description of him given to me by some Hungarian friends of mine who are now living in New York and who become melancholy at the mere mention of his name—a massive, towering, oaklike man of great dignity, with a deeply lined face, a bald head, and an enormous double chin that half covered his black butterfly tie. He wore thick-lensed glasses, a black single-breasted suit, and an old-fashioned silver-gray waistcoat. I introduced myself, in turn, and said that I brought him greetings from my friends, who had been faithful clients of his for many years. He smiled benevolently at this and said that he would be glad to help me choose my dinner. My friends had warned me expressly against ordering dishes that were listed on the menu. "If you want to be respected, ask for something that's not on the bill of fare," one of them had said.

Gundel discreetly inquired about my health, digestion, and eating preferences, and then suggested that I start with *Balatoni fogas à la Rothermere*, made after a recipe that he created in honor of Lord Rothermere. "Just the filet of the fish, boiled in a court bouillon made with white wine, then covered with *sauce hollandaise* and topped off with a crayfish pörkölt, a ragout in a thick paprika sauce," he said. He made a circle with thumb and forefinger, closed his eyes, and shook his head slowly, and for a moment there was an expression of ethereal delight on his face. "You can't get a better *fogas* than the one that comes from our Lake Balaton," he went on. "This fish, called *Lucioperca sandra*, is white and more tender than its brother in the Danube. Life is easier for the *fogas* in the soft, calm waters of the lake than in the swiftly flowing Danube, where he has to fight against the strong current and so develops his muscles. And the velvety sand of the lake whitens his skin." Gundel gave me a questioning look. I nodded, overwhelmed by the avalanche of information. "Afterward, how about a filet of hare?" he asked. "Larded with bacon, grilled *à l'Anglaise*, and served with *sauce béarnaise*? Or perhaps the national specialty, breaded goose liver?" Before I could answer, he shook his head and said, "Might be too heavy for you, though. Let me order you a veal cutlet done in the Pittsburgh style. We call it that because we first made it for the Mayor of Pittsburgh, when he came here some fifteen years ago. A cutlet of veal filled with a purée of foie gras and served with *sauce Périgueux*. A little rice to go with it, and perhaps an endive salad sprinkled with fresh chopped chives and tarragon leaves, which I was fortunate enough to find in the market this morning."

I murmured assent to all this, at which Gundel turned to the maître d'hôtel, who had been standing respectfully a short distance behind him, and gave him the order, speaking softly in the technical jargon of his profession, like one doctor conversing with another in front of a patient, and underscoring a few fine points with gestures of his big, expressive hands. The maître d'hôtel hurried away. "Suppose you try one of our Hungarian wines with your meal," Gundel said to me. "Egri Bikavér, perhaps—Bull's Blood, that is. It is a red, tart, mellow, aromatic wine, *genre de Bordeaux*, with just the right proportion of tannin." He wished me good appetite and said he would like to talk to me later. "I am particularly glad that you are from New York," he told me. "My oldest son is a neighbor of yours there. He is in charge of the restaurant in the Great Northern Hotel." I asked him to sit with me while I dined, but he refused. "Please enjoy your dinner in solitude," he said. "I'll be back."

TWICE while I was enjoying my dinner, Gundel came by, and both times he stopped to inquire whether everything was all right. He nodded in a matter-of-fact way when I replied that this was the best meal I had had during six months of travelling about the Continent. For dessert, he suggested fresh peach compote or pancakes filled with ground walnuts, sugar, and raisins and covered with chocolate cream, and I chose the latter. He sat down at my table while I was having a *barack* (dry apricot brandy) and *espresso* coffee, strong and black, served in a small glass. It was past ten o'clock now, and hardly a third of the tables had been occupied. Gundel sighed deeply. "Our prices are regulated by the government, and we don't charge more than the other comparable places in town," he said, "but there just aren't enough people left here who can afford to spend the money it takes to buy a good dinner." A complete meal at Gundel's, with a bottle of wine, will run to about a hundred forint, approximately eight and a half dollars at the official rate of exchange, or about half the weekly salary of a run-of-the-mill white-collar worker. Gundel's guests these days are mostly government big shots, foreign diplomats, hard-currency tourists, and local black-marketeers. Occasionally, one of the former habitués of the place—an impoverished bank manager, possibly, or a dismissed government minister—sells one of his last Persian rugs or paintings and spends a good share of the money on an evening at one of Gundel's restaurants, pointing up the old Hungarian proverb "We are poor, but we live well." Such fleeting indulgence in high life is not without danger. An agent of the recently organized Gazdasági Rendőrség, the feared Economic Police, may happen into the restaurant, in which case he will almost surely visit the lavish spender the following morning and inquire about the source of his sudden wealth. No matter how reasonable the explanation, there is always the chance that it will be considered unsatisfactory, and, if so, serious charges will almost certainly be laid against the splurger.

"It's getting so I'm always amazed when anybody comes in at all," Gundel said. "In time, I suppose, there won't be any guests, and that will be the end of it." He gave a resigned shrug. Thirty-eight years of violent ups and downs have given him a philosophical attitude toward the vicissitudes of life. Since 1910, the year he became a full-fledged restaurateur in Budapest, Gundel has been, as he put it, "through two world wars, two inflations, two occupations, two revolutions, and one counter-revolution." In 1918, he was catering, in the grand manner, to a Hapsburg archduke, and the following year he was serving the wild-eyed followers of the Communist Béla Kun. "They would eat only the white stems of asparagus, because they considered the green tips inedible," Gundel said. "After them came Horthy and the White Terror, and we had guests who ordered roast goose and ate only the wings and legs,



"Now go out there and win!"

because they thought the breast wasn't good enough." During the Horthy regime, Gundel became what amounted to official caterer to the Hungarian government. Ten years ago, he was catering to the then King Carol of Rumania, and last winter to Ana Pauker, Rumania's Strong Woman, as well as to Marshal Tito and Georgi Dimitrov, the Prime Minister of Bulgaria.

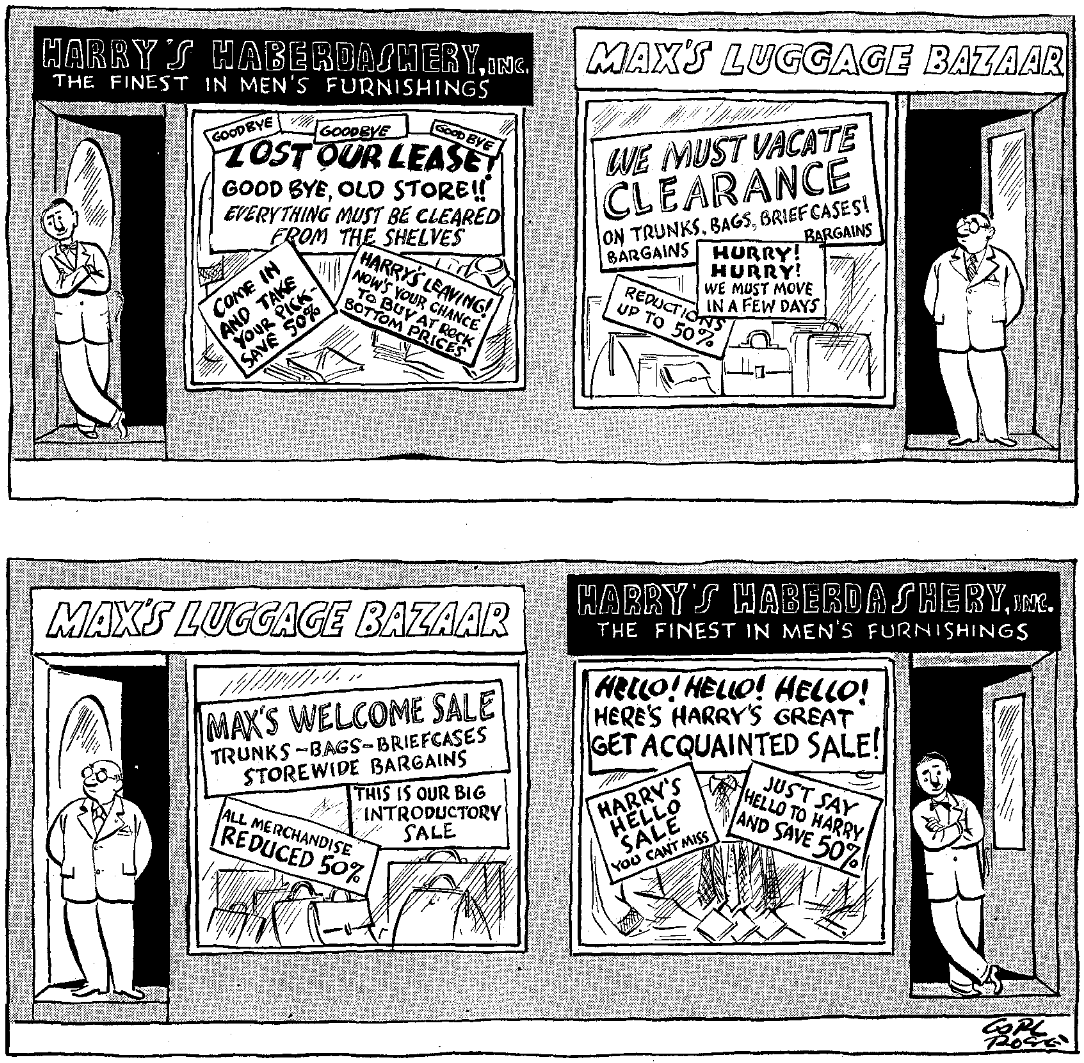
"I've been called a symbol of continuity through chaos," Gundel said. "Only a little over three years ago, during the three-month battle for Budapest, this place was a stable for Wehrmacht horses. Where we sit now, I saw a horse fall down and die. Practically everything I owned vanished—rugs, mirrors, curtains, linen, glassware, silverware. Shameful! I used to own enough gold plates and gold knives and forks and spoons to serve a hundred and twenty people. Where are they today? Only the chinaware was left. My great collection of rare cookbooks was burned. Some of them were five hundred years old, and contained the oldest known Hungarian recipes. Also among them was a very valuable cookbook of Roman times, in an English translation by a physician of Queen Elizabeth. But the worst loss of all was the wines."

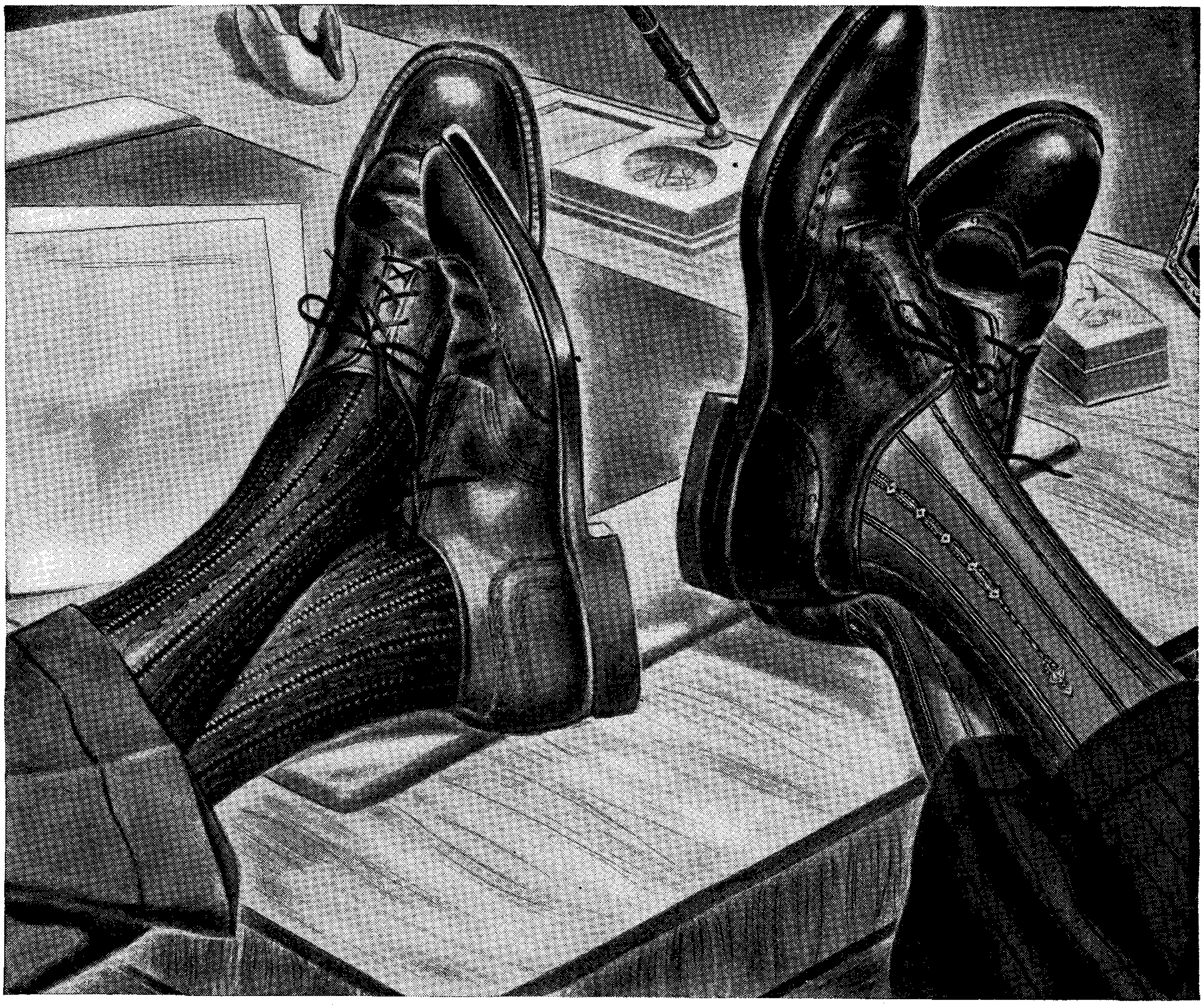
Gundel's eyes grew moist. He called a captain and asked him to bring one of the establishment's prewar wine cards. It was an eighteen-page booklet on parchment paper, arranged by categories—wines *en carafe*, *vins blancs du pays*, *vins rouges du pays*, Bordeaux wines, Burgundy wines, Rhine and Moselle wines, Tokay wines, dessert wines, Hungarian *vins mousseux*, French champagnes, cognacs, and liqueurs, as well as beers and mineral waters. Next to the name of each of the Hungarian wines were some numerals and letters, which, Gundel explained, were for the guidance of his foreign guests. A key card with corresponding numerals and letters accompanied each wine list, and from it a customer could ascertain the precise degree of sweetness or dryness, fullness, and flavor of the wines offered. A white wine from the Badacsony district, for example, called Badacsonyi Kéknyelü, was marked "7.III.a.," meaning that it was extra-dry, full-bodied, and aromatic, and a white wine called Kecskeméti Édes Furmint, from the Royal Hungarian State Cellars in Budafok, bore the marking "1.III.a.b.," meaning that it, too, was full-bodied and aromatic, and, in addition, *fin*, but sweet.

I asked about the Tokay wines on the list. Gundel took off his glasses, closed his eyes, and rubbed them with the palm of his hand, as if he were trying to bring back memories. "Here we say that Tokay is the wine of kings and the king of wines," he told me gently. "It has nothing artificial in it. You drink it just as it comes from grapes grown in the volcanic soil of the Tokay district, in the northeastern part of the country—an ideal natural blend of bouquet, alcohol, and sugar. There are four principal kinds of Tokay wine. Tokay Aszu is a wine that is graded on a basis of how many butts of dried-on-the-vine grapes went into its making. The more dried grapes, the sweeter the wine, and the types are numbered from one all the way to six. Next comes Muscatel Aszu, made of muscat grapes. Then there is Szamorodni—the name meant 'born by itself' in ancient Hungarian—a wine with a sugar content that varies according to climatic conditions. Thus there are both dry and sweet Szamorodni. Finally, there is Essence of Tokay, the rarest of them all. To make Essence, one must wait until the grapes are dry on the vine. The grapes must never be pressed. The sheer weight of them brings forth just a little juice, which in due time matures into a heavy, sweet, liqueur-like wine that makes one think of honey. It is a wine that can be kept almost forever. At the time of the war, we still had a few bottles labelled 1811, the year Napoleon Bonaparte prepared to march on Moscow." He fell silent.

"How much did a bottle cost?" I asked.

"About twenty dollars a half litre," he replied. "I recall, too, that we had some other choice vintages—1815 and 1866, and an especially fine one of 1854. That must have been one of the greatest wine years. Who drank those wines that


HARRY'S HABERDASHERY, INC.
THE FINEST IN MEN'S FURNISHINGS
GOODBYE GOODBYE GOOD BYE
LOST OUR LEASE!
GOOD BYE, OLD STORE!!
EVERYTHING MUST BE CLEARED FROM THE SHELVES
COME IN AND TAKE YOUR PICK SAVE 50%
HARRY'S LEAVING! NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO BUY AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES
MAX'S LUGGAGE BAZAAR
WE MUST VACATE CLEARANCE
ON TRUNKS, BAGS, BRIEFCASES!
BARGAINS BARGAINS
HURRY! HURRY! WE MUST MOVE IN A FEW DAYS
REDUCTIONS UP TO 50%
MAX'S LUGGAGE BAZAAR
MAX'S WELCOME SALE
TRUNKS - BAGS - BRIEFCASES
STOREWIDE BARGAINS
THIS IS OUR BIG INTRODUCTORY SALE
ALL MERCHANDISE REDUCED 50%
HARRY'S HABERDASHERY, INC.
THE FINEST IN MEN'S FURNISHINGS
HELLO! HELLO! HELLO!
HERE'S HARRY'S GREAT GET ACQUAINTED SALE!
HARRY'S HELLO SALE YOU CAN'T MISS
JUST SAY HELLO TO HARRY AND SAVE 50%
CARL ROSE



here's a New Angle on ankles!

Something new's been added to male ankles. It's color—and lots of it.

Socks with bright clocks, vivid stripes or brilliant all-over designs are being sported by our most sedate citizens these days.

That's where rayon comes into the picture. Its affinity for color . . . its smooth luster makes it a natural for smart, new designs.

Add superior moisture absorbency and strength to these decorative qualities and it's easy to see why long-wearing rayon socks are the mainstay of many a man's hosiery wardrobe.

These qualities aren't the result of chance. Being man-made the characteristics of rayon can be controlled. Avisco research in cooperation with hosiery manufacturers adapted rayon to fit the needs of hosiery.

Just add socks to suits, underwear, shirts and slacks—rayon's other contributions to making the human male better, more economically dressed. American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Avisco®

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

AMERICA'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RAYON

Leland Hayward presents
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
(Based on the novel by Thomas Heggen)
Directed by Joshua Logan
NEW YORK CITY • ALVIN THEATRE
Starring HENRY FONDA
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
CHICAGO • ERLANGER THEATRE
with RICHARD CARLSON
JAMES RENNIE • ROBERT BURTON • MURRAY HAMILTON

"Enormously enjoyable"—ATKINSON, Times
ARTHUR SCHWARTZ presents
BEATRICE LILLIE JACK HALEY
IN THE NEW MUSICAL SMASH
Inside U.S.A.
Lyrics & Music by HOWARD DIETZ & ARTHUR SCHWARTZ
Dances & Musical Numbers by HELEN TAMIRIS
"Inside U.S.A." suggested by John Gunther's book
MAJESTIC, West 44 St.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
SEATS NOW FOR NEXT 16 WEEKS
Mail Orders Filled

"Broadway's Newest Sweetheart!" —WINCHELL
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
LOVE LIFE
A New Musical
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by KURT WEILL
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
with
NANETTE FABRAY RAY MIDDLETON
Settings: Boris Aronson. Costumes: Lucinda Ballard
46th STREET Theatre
W. of Broadway. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
BROADWAY Thea., B'way at 53rd St.
Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

"ANNIE REMAINS THE ACE."—Winchell
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
ETHEL MERMAN
in The World-Wide Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with MILTON WATSON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

were in our cellars? A lot of soldiers, I would guess, who were already intoxicated before they broke the heads off those precious bottles." He sighed and put his glasses back on. "I'm sorry," he said. "The memory of those old treasures always makes me sentimental. You know what Pope Benedict XIV wrote about some casks of Tokay that had been sent to him by Empress Maria Theresa? 'Blessed is the soil which produced thee, blessed is the queen who sent thee, and blessed am I who may enjoy thee.' " Gundel turned the pages of the old wine list. "We also had some fine Bordeaux and Burgundy wines," he said. "I remember a Château Cos d'Estournel 1928 and a great Puligny-Montrachet 1929." Gundel and I counted up and found forty-eight liqueurs listed, among them Dreher's cherry brandy, Gessler's Altvater, Zwack's Unicum and Paprika, Fratelli Branca's Fernet Branca, Campari Bitter, Jourdes' Cordial Médoc, and Pernod's absinthe. For abstainers, there were twenty-six mineral waters—Vichy, Karlsbader, Salvator, Apollinaris, Biliner, and so on.

GOOD food and good drink have been Gundel's chief interest in life for as long as he can remember. He was born in Budapest in 1883, and his first recollection is of hanging around the kitchen and wine cellars of the Erzherzog Stefan, a hotel that was owned by his father. In his middle teens, he set out to learn the profession of hotel-and-restaurant management in the famous cities and resorts of western Europe. He worked in Neuchâtel, and then in Frankfurt am Main, where he met the famous hotelman César Ritz, who was impressed by his ability and took him on to Paris and then London. "Monsieur Ritz was a great man," Gundel said feelingly. "He always used to tell me, 'Charles, be creative and inspired about new sauces and new ragouts but remain old-fashioned about your table arrangements.' "

Two or three years later, Gundel was home on a visit when his father became ill, and he felt that he ought to remain in Budapest to help out at the hotel. Its restaurant was noted for its cuisine, and with reason; Gundel, who remembers in detail the menus of distinguished dinners he has served the way Toscanini remembers scores, told me with particular enthusiasm about a luncheon party given there on his parents' wedding anniversary in 1903, when he was twenty. The meal consisted of *potage Windsor*, cold sturgeon with *sauce remoulade*, saddle of venison with *sauce Cumberland*, *punch à la Romaine*, Styria capon *à la broche*, salad, compote, *parfait de noce*, *pâtisserie*, fruit, and cheese. One of the jobs entrusted to the young Gundel was doing the daily buying at the market. There he frequently met another young hotelman, Josef Marchal, whose father, Edouard Marchal, had once been *grand chef* at the court of Napoleon III. In 1860, the elder Marchal had been sent by Napoleon as a "present" to Alexander II, Czar of Russia; he had later made his way to Budapest, where he bought the Hotel Queen of England and settled down. "Edouard Marchal deeply influenced a whole generation of Hungarian chefs," Gundel told me. "He taught them to use fewer spices and fewer fats, and, in general, how to make lighter dishes, which would please an international clientele. When his son became manager of the new Palace Hotel in Lomnicz, a resort in the Tatra Mountains that was fashionable among Austrian aristocrats and British and American millionaires, I became his assistant. The hotel had an annex a few kilometres away, which was managed by Margaret Blassutigh, the sister of Josef Marchal's wife. Everybody assured me that she was an energetic and pretty girl, just the right wife for me. I replied that I wouldn't go near the place. I didn't like the idea of other people picking out a wife for me. Well, you know how it is. One Sunday afternoon, I sneaked over, because I was so curious. I had to admit that the place was in first-class shape. I talked a little shop with Margaret, and, first thing I knew, we were engaged. We got married in 1907. Then I took the Palace Hotel over and we stayed on running it for three years, until our third child was born."

In 1910, Gundel and his family moved to Budapest, where he bought a once well-known but by then run-down restaurant called the Wampetits. It was in this restaurant that I was dining. Gundel renamed it after himself, and hired musicians and singers, and, later, whole symphony orchestras and opera companies to entertain his guests. There were partitioned sections in one part of the garden for private open-air parties and a terrace for socially and otherwise prominent folk. "People with good food and wine manners would in due time graduate to the terrace," Gundel said. He seems to look back on this era as the golden period of his life. The end came abruptly when the first World War broke out. Gundel, after engaging a

The lovely nuances of hand needlework transform the shirt into such feminine graces as these: Shimmering petal appliqués, 18.50. Line on line of fagotting, 16.50. Both of rayon crepe, 32 to 40.

VERONICA

MADE-BY-HAND

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills, Detroit

Other fine stores throughout the country

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
NEW YORK • BARRYMORE THEATRE
JESSICA TANDY
Marlon Brando • Kim Hunter • Karl Malden
CHICAGO • HARRIS THEATRE
UTA HAGEN • ANTHONY QUINN
Russell Hardie • Mary Welch

"WONDERFULLY FUNNY."—Chapman, News
JOSEPH M. HYMAN presents
Make Mine Manhattan
The Gay New Musical Revue
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
Sketches & Lyrics by ARNOLD B. HORWITT • Music by RICHARD LEWINE
BROADHURST, W. 44 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

OSCAR SERLIN presents Clarence Day's
Life with Mother
A New Play by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
with DOROTHY STICKNEY | HOWARD LINDSAY
EMPIRE, B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

JOHN C. WILSON presents
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
in NOEL COWARD'S Comedy
"PRIVATE LIVES"
with DONALD COOK
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th St. West of B'way
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees WED. and SAT., 2:40

"A VIBRANT WORK OF ART."
—ATKINSON, TIMES
MARGO JONES presents
Summer and Smoke
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
MUSIC BOX, 45 St., West of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

small wonder
"THE NEW HIT MUSICAL! DELIGHTFUL! AS NEW YORKY AS NEW YORK!"
—WALTER WINCHELL
CORONET, W. 49. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

manager to help his wife run the restaurant, served forty-four months in the Army, most of the time with the rank of captain and as executive officer of a battalion. He now feels that through inattention to his duties he may have contributed to the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, for he spent most of his time in the kitchen of the officers' mess, trying to drill some sense into the cook, a stubborn Czech who before the war had been a taxidermist in Prague. "That's the way he cooked, too," Gundel said, shuddering at the recollection.

Gundel returned to Budapest after the war and guided his restaurant through the various revolutions that swept the country. In 1926, while continuing to operate the City Park establishment, he took over the restaurant in the St. Gellért Hotel, at the foot of St. Gellért Mountain, on the opposite side of the town. The St. Gellért was a vast complex of thermal springs, parks, gardens, terraces, playgrounds, and two big swimming pools, one enlivened by artificial waves, the other by invigorating air bubbles that were forced up through the floor of the pool. The restaurant itself contained spacious banquet rooms for large gatherings, small chambers for private parties, a beer tavern, and two public dining rooms, one with a dance orchestra and the other with a gypsy band. Gundel called in a brother of his named François and his old friend Josef Marchal to assist him with this huge enterprise. At the St. Gellért, he often had as many as twenty private parties and two or three banquets a night. A banquet might be served for as many as nine hundred people. Importers of sea food sold more of their wares to Gundel's restaurants than to all the other restaurants in Budapest combined.

Within a few years, Gundel's reputation had become international. When King Victor Emmanuel of Italy visited Hungary in 1937, the government opened up the banquet hall of an old castle for him in the ancient coronation city of Székesfehérvár and asked Gundel to equip and staff it and to provide a meal there. This association with royalty made Gundel sought after by nearly all Hungarian aristocrats who could afford entertaining on a feudal scale. Gundel emphasized to me that in spite of the volume of his business in those years he never lowered his standards. "We were lucky in having first-class personnel," he told me. "Every once in a while, I would send my chefs, *sous-chefs*, and maîtres d'hôtel to France to

MAX GORDON presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The LAUGH HIT
by GARSON KANIN
with JUDY HOLLIDAY • JOHN ALEXANDER
EVGS. INCL. SUN., 8:40. MATS. SAT. & SUN., 2:40.
NO PERFORMANCE MONDAY
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way

"FOUR ORCHIDS"—Walter Winchell
GILBERT MILLER & HENRY SHEREK present
ROBERT MORLEY • PEGGY ASHCROFT • IAN HUNTER
EDWARD, MY SON
A NEW PLAY
by ROBERT MORLEY and NOEL LANGLEY
with LEUEEN MACGRATH
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:25 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

New Stages, Inc. presents JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S
The RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE
CORT THEATRE • 48th St. E. of B'way • CI 5-4289
Evgs. 8:45. Matinees WED. and SAT. 2:45

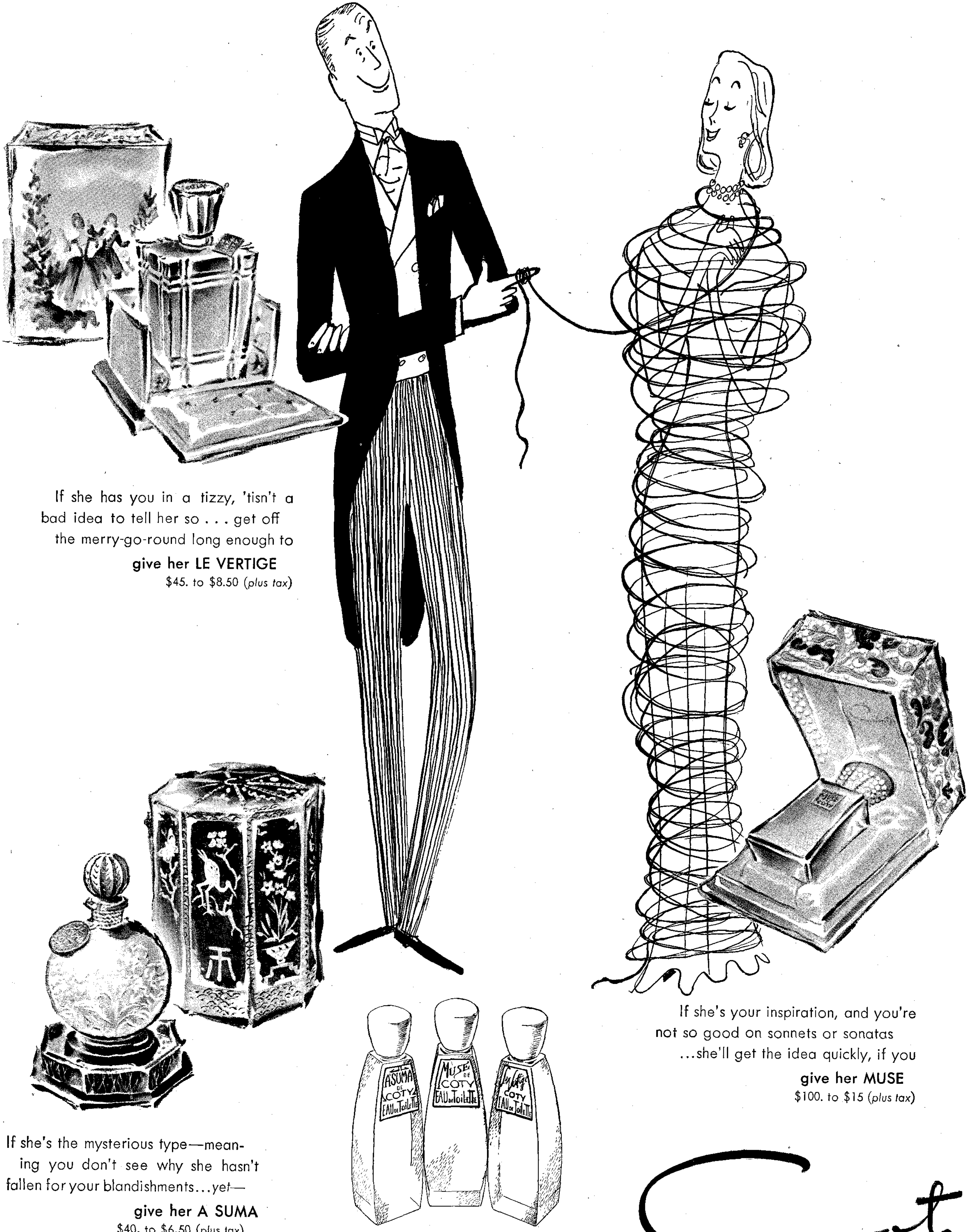
"A MUSICAL IN A MILLION"
—GARLAND, Journal American
MAGDALENA
Starring IRRA PETINA • JOHN RAITT
DOROTHY SARNOFF • HUGO HAAS
Music by HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS
ZIEGFELD Theatre, 54th and 6th Ave.
EVGS. 8:30. MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

MOTION PICTURE

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
DANNY KAYE
VIRGINIA MAYO
A SONG IS BORN
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
ASTOR BROADWAY AT 45th ST.

Increase your grasp and enjoyment of good music
THE JUILLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC
(Extension Division)
invites you to join
"Rehearsals for Listening",
conducted weekly by Barbara Lee Chadwick, associate of the late Olga Samaroff Stokowski,
Saturday mornings from 11 to 12:30,
Recital Hall, 120 Claremont Avenue.
These lectures, like Mme. Samaroff's Listeners Music Courses at Town Hall, employing records and modern visual aids, offer an opportunity to develop your active artistic listening and give classical and modern music greater meaning in your life. Various "Rehearsals for Listening" are linked with concert and operatic events of the Juilliard School. For details, telephone MOnument 3-7200; write Extension Division, 120 Claremont Avenue, New York 27; or come to Saturday's lecture.

WIND THE LADY AROUND YOUR FINGER!


A SUMA DE COTY EAU DE TOILETTE
MUSE DE COTY EAU DE TOILETTE
le Vertige COTY EAU DE TOILETTE

If she has you in a tizzy, 'tisn't a bad idea to tell her so . . . get off the merry-go-round long enough to

give her LE VERTIGE
$45. to $8.50 (*plus tax*)

If she's your inspiration, and you're not so good on sonnets or sonatas ...she'll get the idea quickly, if you

give her MUSE
$100. to $15 (*plus tax*)

If she's the mysterious type—meaning you don't see why she hasn't fallen for your blandishments...*yet*—

give her A SUMA
$40. to $6.50 (*plus tax*)

TOILET WATERS, TOO!

And if you want to make the same *grand gesture* at a fraction of the perfume price ... give her these lasting, yet refined fragrances in Toilet Water... now available for the first time! 2 oz. - $2.75 · 1 oz. - $1.50 (*plus tax*)

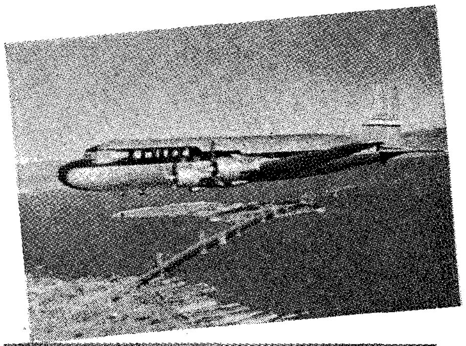
Coty

Compounded and copyrighted by Coty, Inc. in U. S. A.

TO HAWAII only $270 ROUND TRIP

from San Francisco or Los Angeles

(plus 15% Federal Tax)



Having left New York at midnight, you wing out over the Pacific from San Francisco at 10:30 next morning in your magnificent DC-6 Mainliner 300.

Before you know it, it's noon and you're feasting on the taste-treat of the airways — a sumptuous Mainliner *steak* dinner.

In the spacious stroll-about cabin, congenial traveling companions, imbued with the holiday spirit, relax over an afternoon card game.

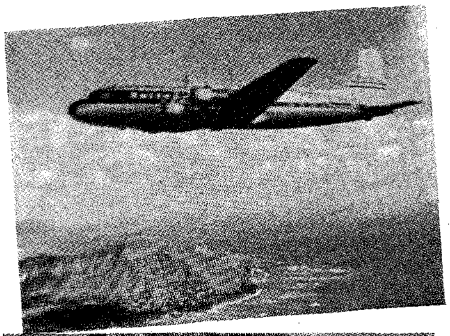
As you draw nearer to Hawaii, the *pièce de resistance* — luscious delicacies from the buffet, informally shared by all aboard.

Glamour Flight to the Glamour Isles

LESS THAN 24 HOURS TO HAWAII

No airline service in the world surpasses the luxury of United's DC-6 Mainliner 300 flight "the Hawaii." In this luxuriously appointed Mainliner, you'll find added service features that make your flight all-too-short and a memorable part of your Hawaiian vacation. For speed, luxury and economy, fly United to Hawaii.

UNITED AIR LINES



Only 9½ hours out of San Francisco you soar in over Diamond Head and get your first magnificent view of these gorgeous flowered islands.

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL UNITED OR AN AUTHORIZED TRAVEL AGENT

See beautiful Hawaii in "Million Dollar Weekend"

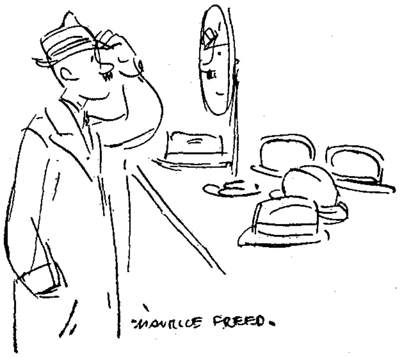
Bright and early next morning you're strolling on Hawaii's golden beaches as the strains of native Hawaiian music drift through the palms.

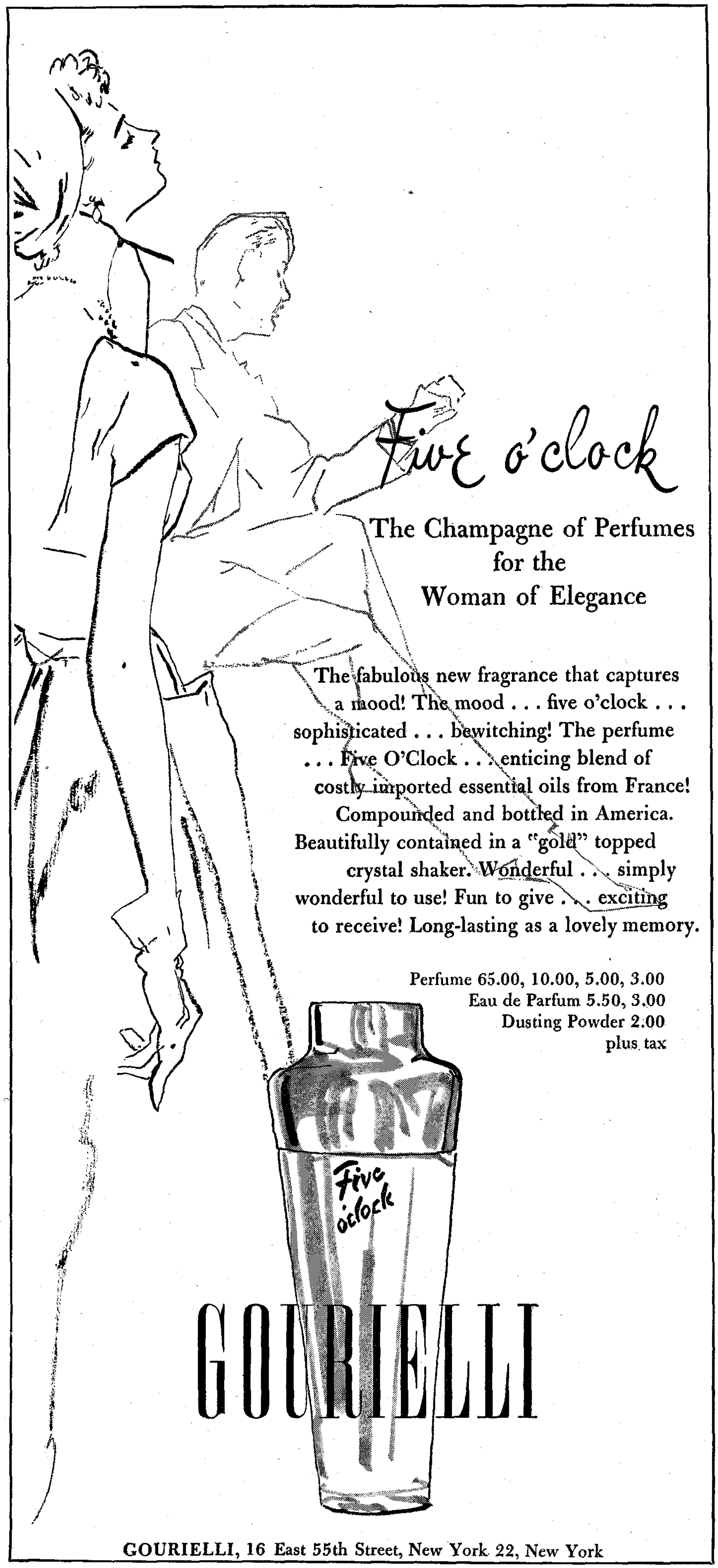
You'll find endless fascination in watching bronzed figures skim shoreward on surfboards. Azure waters invite you, too, to swim.

Aloha Week—November 14 to 21—is a Hawaiian hit. During this gay festival of pageantry everyone on the Islands wears a flower lei headdress.

brush up a little. The French are our masters, unsurpassed. Our payroll was quite large for a place like Budapest, which, after all, has never been a very big city. Here at the City Park restaurant alone I had a steady crew of sixty-five waiters and busboys, and the basic crew in the kitchen consisted of a head cook, two butchers, two cold men, three pastry cooks, a roast man, a *saucier*, an *à-la-minute* cook, and two specialists in Hungarian dishes. We also had a few women working here, one specializing in Wiener schnitzel, one in hot pastry and strudel, a vegetable woman, a cheese woman, and, during the summer months, two girls for fruit. Of course, there would always be a number of apprentice cooks and various other helpers around, too."

GUNDEL thinks diligence, a little luck, and a continuous study of what people like are responsible for success in the restaurant business. "The work of a competent restaurateur doesn't begin with keeping an eye on the kitchen," he said. "He must go to the market himself to get the best there is. Even then the outcome is often doubtful. It is difficult to make something good out of second-class materials, but it is also quite easy to spoil first-class ones. People often appreciate a superb meal without quite realizing what makes it better than another meal of apparently much the same sort. You can't distinguish between fresh fruits and the very freshest ones unless you have eaten, let us say, wood strawberries newly picked in a sunny glade or tasted a ripe apricot straight from the tree. Yet it is this almost imperceptible difference between fresh and freshest that is all-important. That is why even during my most prosperous years I made it a habit to do all the marketing myself. Every morning at eight, I would go to the market with a list of our needs that my chef had compiled the evening before. In addition, I would always buy whatever seemed to be exceptionally good that day—new asparagus, perhaps, or some outstandingly beautiful apples, or





The Champagne of Perfumes
for the
Woman of Elegance

The fabulous new fragrance that captures a mood! The mood . . . five o'clock . . . sophisticated . . . bewitching! The perfume . . . Five O'Clock . . . enticing blend of costly imported essential oils from France! Compounded and bottled in America. Beautifully contained in a "gold" topped crystal shaker. Wonderful . . . simply wonderful to use! Fun to give . . . exciting to receive! Long-lasting as a lovely memory.

Perfume 65.00, 10.00, 5.00, 3.00
Eau de Parfum 5.50, 3.00
Dusting Powder 2.00
plus tax

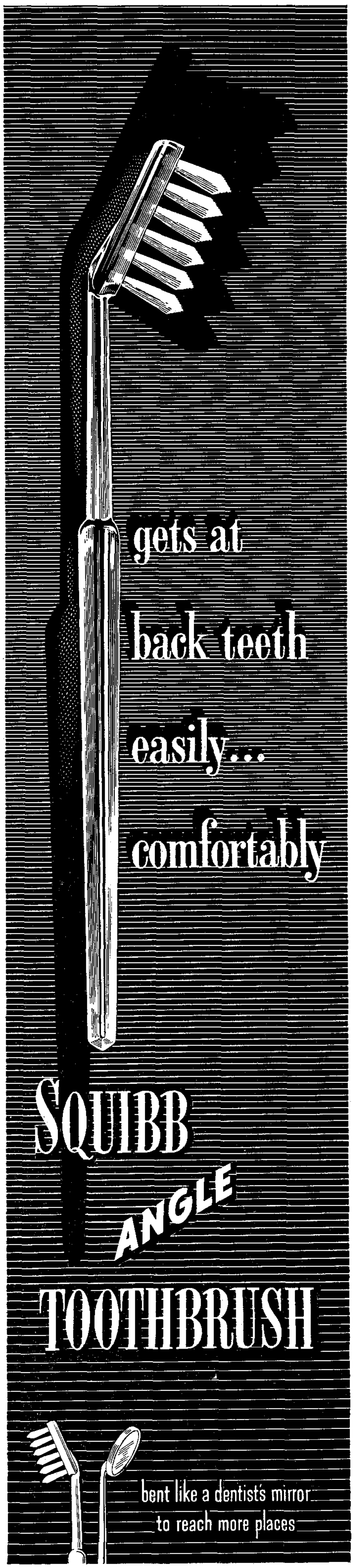
GOURIELLI

GOURIELLI, 16 East 55th Street, New York 22, New York

fresh *süllő*, as young *fogas* is called, or *kecsege*, a fish that looks something like sturgeon and is very tasty, hot or cold, and has no bones at all. Beef is always a problem for the one who buys. It must be aged, but it mustn't be frozen. Did you ever take meat from a freezer and watch it thaw out? The little bit of pink juice that has formed under it is now lost, and that little bit makes so much difference in the taste! We used to get beef from steers that had been fed on sugar-beet mash, but they aren't feeding cattle that way any more."

His marketing done, Gundel would proceed to the St. Gellért and busy himself in his office until noon. Then he would make the rounds of the kitchens and dining rooms. At one-thirty, he would drive over to inspect his City Park place. "Your customers should always know that you are on hand," he said to me. At three o'clock, he went on, he would sit down to lunch with his family, and then, after a short nap, spend the rest of the afternoon at a business meeting or a funeral. He has always been a zealous pallbearer. "In the years just before the second war, it seemed to me that almost every day one of my old guests was buried," he said. By six o'clock, Gundel would be back at the St. Gellért, and later in the evening he would go to the City Park restaurant. It was a busy life, but he found time for discussions with his chefs, in the course of which many new delicacies were developed. "Only a genius like Escoffier actually invented dishes," he said with what I gathered was excessive modesty. "You don't *invent* a dish by spreading mint sauce over a pork roast. All we did was make new variations on classical recipes."

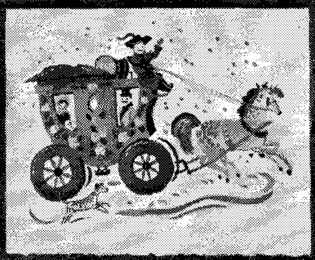
Most people associate paprika with Hungarian cuisine, but I noticed that there were only two or three paprika dishes on Gundel's menu. "The French influence," he said when I asked him about this. "For years now, we have been using fewer and fewer condiments. Above all, we have cut down on the use of paprika. Few Hungarians today realize that paprika, the Hungarian national spice, was hardly used at all in this country a century ago. In Hungarian cookbooks of the early nineteenth century, there is scarcely any mention of it. It isn't a *native* Hungarian plant, either. Columbus brought one variety of it to Spain from America. When the Turks overran Hungary, early in the sixteenth century, they brought with them another variety, some think from India. Today, in our cooking, we use



for one hundred and nine years:

Patek Philippe
—the world's
foremost
watch

The Henri Stern Watch Agency, Inc., 587 5th Ave., N. Y. 17



Christmas Cards
It's Christmas Card time and Jensen's are wonderful, as always. Modern and traditional designs—a wide variety including our famous Lunning Collection. Come see them. Order them early. Prices from 5¢ to 1.00

SEND FOR YOUR COPY OF OUR
CHRISTMAS CARD CATALOGUE—NY-1

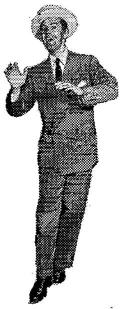
GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., New York 22

paprikas that aren't too hot but are sweetish and piquant rather than sharp, and much milder than cayenne pepper or curry. Good paprika has a certain sugar content. It mustn't be overheated or the sugar content will turn too quickly into caramel and both the color and the flavor will be spoiled. Most foreigners call all dishes that contain paprika *gulyás*. We Hungarians divide paprika dishes into four varieties—*gulyás*, *pörkölt*, *tokány*, and *paprikás*." He looked at me inquiringly through the thick lenses of his glasses and said, "I am not boring you?"

I assured him that I was glad to learn about paprika dishes from the greatest living authority on the subject. He nodded absently. "*Gulyás*," he continued, "is prepared by cooking together finely chopped onions, cubes of potatoes and meat, green peppers and tomatoes, caraway seeds, garlic, salt, and paprika, and sometimes a dough that is nipped off, bit by bit, between the forefinger and thumb. The meat used is beef, and there is plenty of gravy, almost like a soup. *Pörkölt* also contains finely chopped onions, paprika, and meat, but in bigger pieces and from fatter animals—veal, mutton, game, pork, goose, and duck. For *tokány*, the meat is usually cut in lengthwise pieces. It may contain sweet or sour cream, or no cream at all, mushrooms, asparagus tips, and parsley roots. As for *paprikás*—the finest of them all, to my taste—it is made of fish, fowl, lamb, or veal, and either sour or sweet cream, or a mixture of both."

TWO men and a woman came in and were seated at a table near us. They were, Gundel said, Americans, and one of the men was with the United States Legation. He rose, went over to greet them, and asked what they would like. The woman said, "Oh, a steak, I suppose, medium rare," and one of the men said, "Same for me. French fries, please, and a couple of vegetables." The other said, "Same here." Gundel recoiled, but only slightly, and relayed the order to a captain. Then he came back to my table. "They're fine people, generous and kind," he said. "Unfortunately, they never learned to eat. They just feed themselves. I must say, though, that I did have some American guests here occasionally, between the two wars, who appreciated good food. In fact, one of the great banquets of my career was given on June 12, 1931, in honor of a number of American businessmen, or maybe they were hotelmen. I have forgotten which, but I

Bates FABRICS

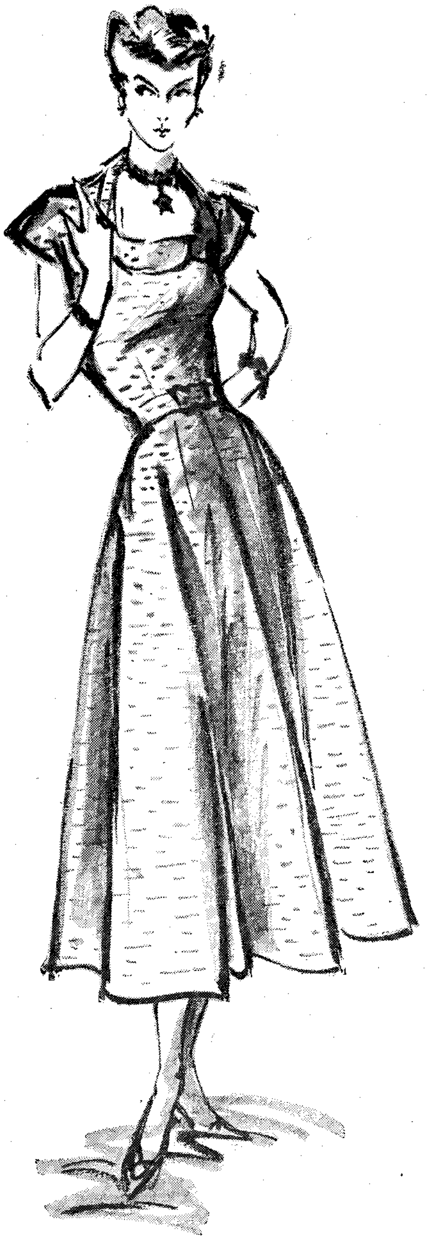


BATES FABRICS
presents
"Girl About Town"

EVENT OF THE WEEK ON TELEVISION!

Kyle MacDonnell, sweet singing star of "Girl About Town," takes all comers to important places, introduces important people ...and wears important new fashions in Bates beautiful winter cottons and rayons. Don't miss television's gayest new program! Bates Fabrics, Inc., 80 Worth St., N. Y. 13

starring
KYLE MacDONNELL
with Johnny Downs
Norman Paris Trio • Guest Stars
WNBT *(Channel 4)*
EVERY WED. at 8 P. M.
over entire NBC television network



TINTS AND GLINTS—
OUR COCKTAIL DRESS
OF PALEST HUED WOOL
WOVEN WITH GOLDEN THREADS
VAPOR PINK, ABSINTHE,
ICE BLUE, OR CREAM,
SIMPLY CUT, WITH A
SIMPLY DIVINE NECKLINE.
SIZES 10 TO 16. **39.95**

Jane engel
Madison at 79th New York 21

have not forgotten the menu." Gundel stared up at the ceiling, like a high priest summoning divine inspiration, and said, "Cantaloupe, chicken consommé *au tokaj*, *vol-au-vent Aurora*, saddle of venison *rôti à l'Anglaise* with *sauce béarnaise*, a salad *des primeurs*, strawberries *à l'Anthéor*, hot savories, *petits fours*." He lowered his eyes and came back to earth. "Don't be deceived by the simple names. I've never been in the habit of giving fancy names to dishes. The chicken consommé, for instance, had nothing in common with the chicken consommés that one finds on most menus. A classic chicken consommé must have a distinctive flavor, and it takes a good chef to prepare one. The *vol-au-vent Aurora* was made with a ragout of crayfish and *sauce Cardinal*. Only a thoroughly trained chef can do it properly. And the salad *des primeurs!* Americans would probably call them fresh young garden vegetables. My son Charles sometimes sends me menu cards from New York, where, it seems, they use the word 'fresh' with everything. As if in a good place it should be considered necessary to point out that the food is fresh! Also, I am told, 'fresh' does not necessarily mean fresh in America. Here, when we say 'fresh,' we mean, of course, vegetables that are served the very same day they come out of the garden. But I am becoming garrulous. Believe me, that banquet was one of those memorable affairs that don't happen any more. I can only quote from Berchoux:

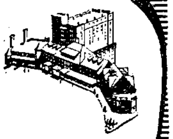
Il se mettait à table au lever de l'aurore.
L'aurore en revenant l'y retrouvait encore."

Gundel raised his hands in a gesture of despair and said, "People are too busy in these times to care about good food. We used to spend months working over *bonne-femme* sauce, trying to determine just the right proportions of paprika and fresh forest mushrooms to use. And take carp. Over in America, carp isn't too popular a fish. People don't like that muddy taste. Well, I've always maintained that carp can be very good. We would put live carp taken from still lakes into screened tanks and lower them into the Danube and leave them there for two weeks. The current would wash away that muddy taste, and in the end the carp were delicious."

GUNDEL got up, and came back after a while with a photograph of a group of youngsters—six boys and five girls. "My children," he said, and for the first time I saw real pride on

the magnificent
Magnavox
radio-phonograph
+ television

Radio-Phonographs $179.50 to $895
Television Receivers $299.50 to $750
(may be added at any time)
The Magnavox Co., Ft. Wayne 4, Ind.

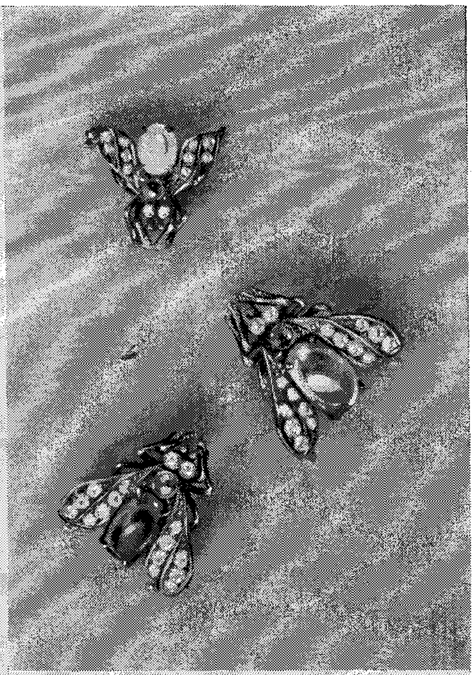


Pocono Manor
"Highest in the Poconos"
Gain new zest with a fall vacation at Pocono Manor. Delicious meals. Always a planned program of entertainment. Friendly atmosphere. 98 miles from N.Y.C. and Phila. *Write for special Honeymoon folder.*
New York: 301 Roosevelt Hotel — VA 6-3154
POCONO MANOR
Summit Road, Pocono Manor, Pa.

Louis Sherry
769 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK
ICE CREAM
CHOCOLATES
COFFEE PRESERVES

his face. "Eleven of them, and I also have seventeen grandchildren. You must go and see my son Charles when you get back to New York. He used to help me here. He was expert at making, among other things, a delicious dessert called *rètes*, a strudel with extremely thin dough. In 1939, he went over, accompanied by a staff of four cooks and five waiters, to manage the Hungarian Pavilion at your World's Fair. I understand they did quite well, although they served a number of strange concoctions, like a drink they called a Pishta. They made it of blackberry liqueur, brandy, orange juice, lemon juice, and seltzer. And then there was another something, called the Attila Cup, made out of Hungarian *mousseux*, Bull's Blood, curaçao, fruit, mint, and sugar." Gundel reflected gloomily on these formulas, and then shook himself like a wet dog. "When war came," he said, "Charles and his nine companions stayed on in New York. They found good jobs there, all of them. Charles later managed a restaurant called Hapsburg House and then one called the Caviar. You must go and see him at the Great Northern when you get back.

"Two of my other sons were not so fortunate. Franz was taken prisoner by the Russians. He did not return home until last year, and then I put him in charge of the St. Gellért restaurant. Josef, after being taken hostage by the Germans, was confined for many months in a displaced-persons camp in Germany. He now hopes to join Charles in America. Stephen and Emery are with me, learning the trade, and Andreas works at the Hungarian Tourist Office in Budapest. Of my daughters, Elizabeth is living in Venezuela with her husband, and the four other girls—Margaret, Katherine, Anna, and Pálma—are all married, too, and living here in Budapest. People sometimes ask me whether my children were brought up on fancy Gundel food. Naturally, they were not. They had to



To Give Your Heart Wings

Our bejeweled busy bees will make a bee-line to your heart. Golden wings, sparkling with diamonds accentuate the ruby head and colorful body. Small, with turquoise . . . $265.* Medium, with sapphire . . . $500.* Large, with ruby . . . $575.* These exquisite pins may be ordered in sets. Other designs with emeralds, diamonds, pearls, etc.

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World famous designers of precious jewelry
744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK · PARIS · LONDON · PALM BEACH

*Prices subject to Fed. Tax
Pat. Pend.

Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS

☆

NEW 1948 COLLECTION
now showing.

Personal representatives
in most important social
centers.

HENRI FAYETTE, Inc.
1616 North Mozart Street
Chicago 47

☆

A Bride sits before the Bachrach camera

...for a portrait that captures her natural loveliness—and every detail of her gown and bouquet.

Sit Now for Christmas

Bachrach

Bradford Bachrach
PHOTOGRAPHER OF WOMEN
54 EAST 52ND STREET
PLaza 5-6233

FABIAN BACHRACH, PHOTOGRAPHER OF MEN

BOSTON • WASHINGTON • HARTFORD • BALTIMORE
EAST ORANGE • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA • PROVIDENCE

eat whatever came to the table, and most of the time the food was strictly middle-class. Only once in a while, on Christmas or Easter, there would be something special. It's nice to have so many children, but in times like these I worry about them."

DURING the German occupation, Gundel's City Park place was patronized almost exclusively by generals and colonels of the Wehrmacht and the S.S. at lunch and dinner, but late in the evening some of his many Jewish friends who were hiding out would sneak in through a back door for a quick meal in the kitchen. (Almost half of Budapest's prewar Jewish population has survived—a larger percentage than in any other big Middle European city.) In the course of the Russian siege, the St. Gellért Hotel, which had also been a favorite of Hitler's officers, was bombed and partially burned out, while the City Park restaurant underwent its conversion into a stable. Gundel and his wife were permitted to stay on in a tiny room in the cellar of the City Park place. Gundel lost eighty pounds during the siege and came, he said, to look "almost normal." While the battle of Budapest was still going on, he began talking to contractors about yanking the horse stalls out of his City Park restaurant and making it into a dining room again. He also set about collecting glassware, mirrors, and pots and pans wherever he could find them, and succeeded in reopening both his restaurants not long after the Red Army marched in.

Hungarian government officials immediately found Gundel's establishments highly acceptable places for the entertainment of their Russian liberators. The people of Budapest were near starvation; in the last weeks of the siege they had grown so hungry that they ate some of the animals in the Municipal Zoo. It was impossible to get much food in the city. The peasants in the surrounding countryside didn't want to sell what little they had in return for badly inflated paper money. Gundel hired a cart and drove out to their farms to bargain. He traded the few shoes, shirts, and bits of jewelry he had left for butter, flour, eggs, and meat. His lifetime savings, two and a half million pengö, which had made him a rich man, had disappeared. The only guests in his restaurants were Russian officers and, later, a sprinkling of British and Americans. By February 1, 1946, a not very lavish meal at a Gundel restaurant cost over a million pengö, or what it would

CARR & CO., LTD.
CARLISLE, ENGLAND
fine biscuits since 1831

EXCITING SNACKS

Crisp, tasty biscuits made with the skill that comes from more than a century of experience in baking fine biscuits. Packed in sealed tins to retain full flavor.

TABLE WATER
GINGER NUTS
PETIT BEURRE
SHORTCAKE
BRITISH ASSORTED

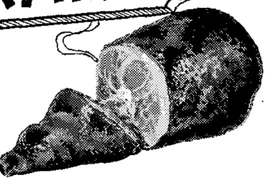
AT FINE FOOD SHOPS

Sole Agents for U.S.A.
Peabody American, Inc.
535 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Tennessee Hickory Smoked
COUNTRY HAMS

A taste thrill at Christmas Time

CHOICEST HAMS
CAREFULLY CURED



Country ham and red gravy . . . Southern cooking at its best! Now you can enjoy the real country goodness of hickory-smoked Tennessee hams. Flavored with the aromatic smoke of hickory embers and slowly aged to give you the taste thrill of a lifetime. You won't forget the mouth-watering treat of a WHITE ROSE COUNTRY HAM. Only 95c per pound. SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY!

WHITE ROSE FARMS
Shelbyville, Tennessee, Route No. 6
Please send________hams, approximately________pounds each @ 95c per pound. (Hams weight 16-25 pounds.)
Name ________________
Address ________________
City____________ State________
NOTE: Hams weigh 16-25 lbs. Please specify weight desired. We attempt to fill your order closely as possible.

Nick and Arnold present
EDITH PIAF
FRANCE'S GREATEST CHANTEUSE
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
Versailles
151 E. 50TH • PL 8-0310

take a Budapest worker a month to earn. (For an American, it was only $1.66.) On the City Park restaurant menu of January 6, 1946, a cold *fogas* with *sauce tartare* was listed at 80,000 pengö; on February 3rd, at 130,000; on May 12th, at 350,000; on July 15th, at 26,000,000. On August 1st, the day the currency was stabilized and the forint was introduced as the new unit of currency, at the rate of one to 400,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 pengö, Gundel customers were charged twelve forint, or a dollar, for a *fogas*. Today the price has gone up to fifteen forint.

"Our bookkeeper, poor fellow, almost went crazy," Gundel told me. "Here, let me show you." He called a captain and instructed him to bring one of the ledgers that showed the firm's financial transactions during the inflation period. Gundel opened the book at random. On June 24, 1946, the restaurant had taken in the improbable amount of 30,382,752,000,000,000 pengö, and at that, Gundel said, he was going farther and farther into the red. The value of the pengö dropped so rapidly that frequently he lost a small fortune between eight in the morning, when he bought food at the market, and early afternoon, when he sold it. Perfidious customers would come in, enjoy a good meal, and then "discover" that they didn't have enough money with them to pay for it. "They would pay the bill three days later, when the amount wouldn't buy a ride on a streetcar," Gundel said. "We'd always thought the inflation was bad after the first World War, when English workers and clerks could and did come to live at the St. Gellért like millionaires on their old-age-pension checks, but during that period prices went up only twelve thousand per cent. This time, it was astronomical."

GUNDEL closed the book and asked the waiter to bring him the guestbook. It was a bright, leather-bound volume that might well have served as the basis for a *Who Was Who* of Europe between the wars. It seemed as if every tourist, painter, banker, singer, diplomat, king, ex-king, musician, politician, and fellow-restaurateur on the Continent, and many from elsewhere, had been a Gundel guest. Gundel is most impressed by the tributes and signatures of playwrights, poets, and novelists. Like a great many other Hungarians, he likes to think of himself as something of a writer. He has written essays on Hungarian food and Tokay wines, a highly diverting cookbook, and

Great Symbols of France...

...Statue of Napoleon I
Erected in Paris, France in 1810
A Great Symbol of France—the Place Vendome with its historic column surmounted by a statue of Napoleon I. The formation of the Place Vendome was begun towards the end of the 17th century.

...The House of Martell
Founded in Cognac, France in 1715
For 233 years the House of Martell has been under the personal direction of the Martell family. Its great heritage of pride, tradition and skill is the world's assurance of Cognac quality without peer. It is this unequalled excellence that has made Martell Cognac a Great Symbol of France, and the choice of those who always insist on the *best.*

MARTELL Cognac Brandy

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK • 84 PROOF

love-is-a-wonderful-thing department

And who couldn't help but love you madly in our very own rustle-bustle dream. Holiday-whirl gown with tucked bosom, yards of dancing skirt. Femme fatale black, angelic white, cherry, emerald or peacock rayon taffeta. 10-16. . . . . **25.00**

DE PINNA

FIFTH AVE. AT 52nd ST., N. Y. 19

two other books—"The Art of Entertaining" (1938), a practical guide for hostesses, and "The Profession of Entertaining" (1940), a compendium of tips for the ambitious restaurant owner. Perhaps the most notable of all the scribblings in Gundel's guestbook is a poem that John Galsworthy wrote one night after a dinner at Gundel's. It is called "The Prayer" and reads:

> If on a spring night I went by
> And God were standing there,
> What is the prayer that I would cry
> To him? This is the prayer:
>
> O Lord of Courage grave,
> O Master of this night of spring,
> Make firm in me a heart too brave
> To ask Thee anything!

A distinguished-looking elderly man in a shabby suit entered the dining room, and Gundel excused himself and hurried over to him. As the newcomer sat down at a nearby table, Gundel remarked that it seemed like ages since he'd seen him there. The man nodded sadly, saying something about the bad times, and Gundel agreed, nodding equally sadly. Both men sighed, and then Gundel said, "And now may I ask what will be your pleasure? A pheasant *aux choux rouges*? Or a veal cutlet, as in the old days? Dipped in egg and flour, covered with mushrooms and finely shredded ham, sprinkled with . . ." —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

●

Featuring full-length twin beds in all sedan models, the new 1949 Nash went on display today at dealers' showrooms throughout the city. Boasting a new "teardrop" design, the car's twin-bed arrangement can be converted into a single bed while the car is in motion.—*The Post.*

Somebody grab that wheel!

●

Moulton bought a run-down farm, uses four heavy oxen, keeps only four cows from which he raises calves, sheep, pigs, young cattle, and last year gathered 500 bushels of corn and 1,000 bushels of potatoes.—*Hampton (N.H.) Union & Rockingham County Gazette.*

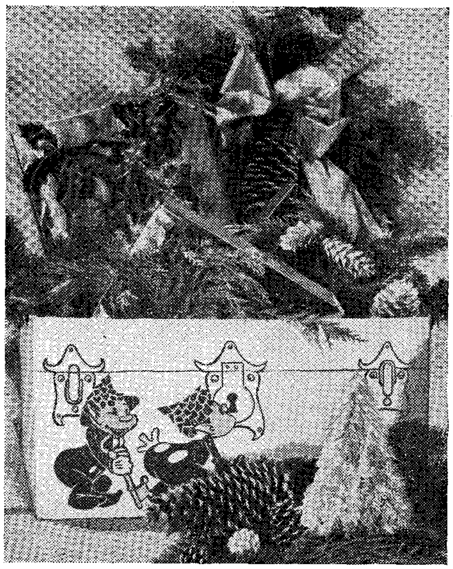
He better forget corn and potatoes, and concentrate on those four cows.

●

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
(ART FOR ART'S SAKE DIVISION)

[*Hedda Hopper in the News*]

Montgomery Clift took off for New Orleans with a trunkful of scripts before deciding what picture he will do next. Clift isn't interested in money—only in good screen parts. "I don't care if I make no more than $30,000 a year," says he, "as long as I do a good job."



BIG "TREASURE CHEST" OF AROMATIC EVERGREENS

Decorative chest chock-full of selected evergreens . . . Ideal for gifts . . . grand for your own Christmas use.

- 30-inch "Door Charm" with red ribbon and huge cone.
- Selected English Holly sprays with natural red berries.
- Miniature "snow white" Christmas tree; painted cones.
- Choice assortment of pine, fir and cedar boughs.
- 2 wreaths expertly made of fragrant cedar.
- 12 feet of lacy cedar garland.

Complete "Treasure Chest" prepaid in U. S. . . $9.85

OTHER GIFT-PACKED KIRK'S EVERGREENS

"Home Decorator" box of hand-made decorations and loose greens, chosen for beauty. Box 6x16x26. . . .	$6.85
English Holly with bright green leaves and brilliant red berries. Box 3½x12x24	$2.95
Large "Door Charm" (described above)	$3.50

Send names and money order or check (no C. O. D.'s) to

KIRK'S EVERGREENS, Dept. 3-K Tacoma, Washington

America's largest shipper of Christmas Trees and Florists' Greens

Madame Veuve Clicquot 1777-1866

Founder of the Champagne which still bears her name

CLICQUOT YELLOW LABEL

Agents since 1859 • The Jos. Garneau Co., Inc., New York

Lexol
LEATHER CONDITIONER

SMART, GOOD LOOKING LEATHER

deserves care to keep it fresh and new. Shoes, bags, luggage, books, leather upholstery retain their softness and fine appearance through frequent applications of

LEXOL
LEATHER CONDITIONER

Easy to use, self-penetrating, no rubbing. Get Lexol at shoe, luggage, sporting goods, camera, and department stores, or remit direct. Pt. $1.25, Qt. $2, Gal. $5.

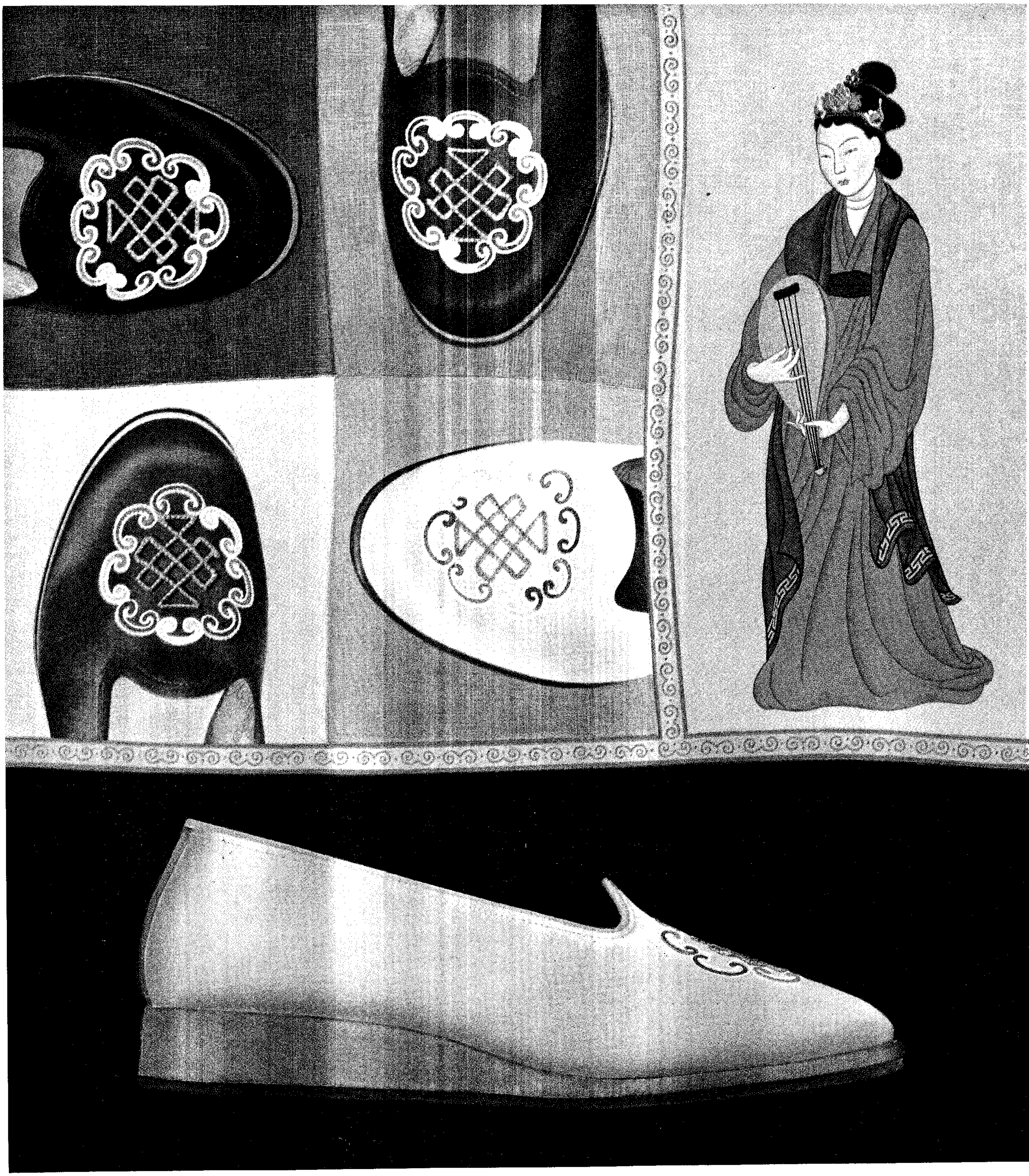
THE MARTIN DENNIS COMPANY
Dept. H-11 Newark 4, N. J.

Women with a sense of style
prefer FIRTH

BEN REIG DRESS

This is Firth's Good Harmony Quality broadloom . . . in a design of old-fashioned roses against an opal gray background . . . with touches of olive green and other soft muted tones. A design that is perfect with traditional . . . equally effective with modern. A thrillingly beautiful floorcovering in a medium price range.

Rugs **FIRTH** *Carpets* 295 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.



ONE OF MANY JOYCES, BUT
ALL JOYCES SAY
joyce
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

CHINESE SLIPPER . . . A touch of the oriental to gladden Western ways of lounging, they're satin-sleek, serene, subtle as a Mandarin's smile. Embroidered with a symbol of longevity for the long life of Joyces. From a treasure of slippers and shoes on the inimitable Joyce construction. $6.95. (No mail orders, please. Write, we'll tell you where.)

THE THEATRE

WHAT GETS INTO PEOPLE, ANYWAY?

OBVIOUSLY, all this season needed was a fantasy conducted in Welsh and having to do chiefly with a nice old lady with a supernatural leg, and that was precisely what it got last week, when "Minnie and Mr. Williams," by Richard Hughes, opened and shut briskly at the Morosco. This work was somehow extended to consume three acts, but two of them were more than enough to convince me that Mr. Hughes' idea of humor was too Welsh for me, and I went home. This, of course, means that neither you nor I will ever know how the darn thing came out, putting Minnie more or less in the same category as Edwin Drood, an awe-inspiring thought. However, since *some* report on current happenings in the theatre is customary here, I'll do my best with the part I did see.

As the curtain rose, Eddie Dowling, intensely bearded to represent one John Williams, a Nonconformist parson, was discovered spotlighted in a doorway. He had a book in his hand, which he explained had been written by a young friend of his named Richard Hughes and dealt with a strange adventure that had once befallen him (Williams) and his wife, Minnie. With the tone of the evening thus cozily established, Mr. Dowling vanished temporarily and Mr. Hughes got on with the strange adventure, which, I'm sorry to say, didn't compare at all favorably with "A High Wind in Jamaica." Minnie, it appeared, had a wooden leg and a serious heart condition, so her husband was obliged to handle the housework while she stumped around the stage addressing him in dialect. Since Minnie was played by Josephine Hull, whose charm is largely independent of either lines or plot, this conversation was less exasperating than it might have been, but still I was relieved when the third of the principal characters turned up, in the person of Elizabeth Ross, who portrayed a young visitor from Hell, named Gladys. Gladys produced small puffs of smoke whenever she touched a Bible, twisted herself into knots when confronted with a cross, and generally gave off a strong smell of sulphur, to the amazement of her hosts. Her crowning miracle, however, was Minnie's new leg, which had

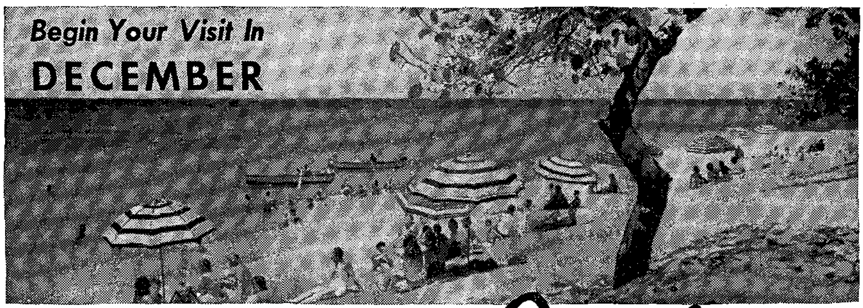
FOR TOWN & COUNTRY

Sturdy casuals
that look right with
your tweeds, your camel's
hair topcoat...right to
wear to the office, and go
on to the games, country
week-ends, motor trips. Shown:
genuine Deerskin Slipon. Ginger or Roan,
hand-sewn in black. $8.50

OCCASION-DESIGNED Four "occasion-designed" groups: Town & Country, Executive, Cold Weather, Formal. At fine stores.

hansen gloves

Begin Your Visit In
DECEMBER



MONTEGO BAY *and the Northwest Coast* **Jamaica** BRITISH WEST INDIES

Come to Jamaica's Northwest Coast, smart international rendezvous noted for unsurpassed bathing beaches as well as for sailing, fishing, golf, tennis, riding, polo . . . Come in December, a mild and delightful month, in which the moderate rates are even lower . . . Hospitable, courteous service, in the British tradition, prevails at these well-appointed hotels:

Beach View • Casa Blanca • Coral Cliff
The Fairfield • Gloucester House • Good Hope
Richmond Hill Inn • Tryall

For folders, rates, etc., consult your travel agent, or write to any of the above hotels, or inquire:

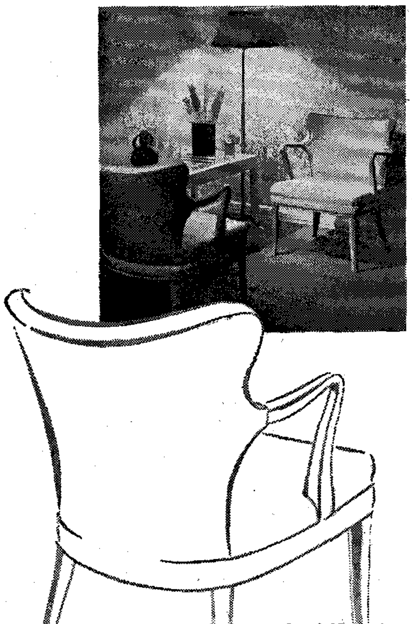
THE JAMAICA TOURIST TRADE DEVELOPMENT BOARD
Kingston, Jamaica . . . 247 Park Avenue, New York 17

EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE
MITZI SOLOMON
KLEEMANN • 65 E. 57 ST., N. Y.

The Ultimate in Intimate Dining
THE PENTHOUSE CLUB
Continuous ENTERTAINMENT *Nitely*
30 CENTRAL PARK SO. * * * * PL-9-3561

DUNBAR

for Modern

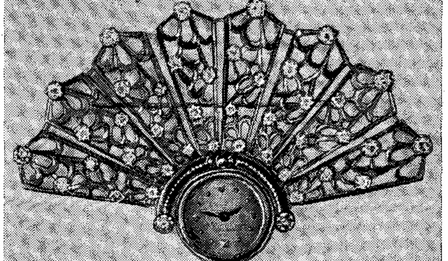


WHAT IS MODERN? Send 25 cents for this 28-page profusely illustrated booklet packed with Modern decorating ideas.

CHICAGO: 1638 Merchandise Mart
BOSTON: 203 Clarendon Street
KANSAS CITY: 608 Merchandise Mart
NEW YORK: 227 East 56 Street

DUNBAR FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO. • BERNE, INDIANA

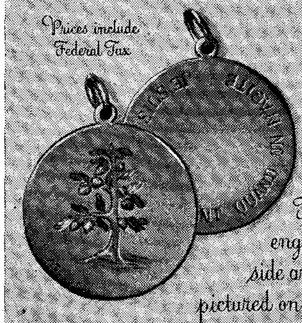
Diamond-studded 14-karat gold fan lapel watch. 17-jewel Swiss movement. $1800.



Edmond Frisch

contrasts a baroque lapel with a classic wrist.

Prices include Federal Tax



14-karat gold Dangler has tender French maxim engraved on one side and pertinently pictured on the other. $54.

336 Park Avenue at 51st, New York 22

a private, disreputable life of its own, causing its embarrassed owner to walk with a sort of lopsided abandon and now and then to let go with a carefree kick in the seat of somebody's pants. Mr. Hughes made the most of this rather primitive comic inspiration (in the third act, according to a dogged friend of mine, it reached its peak when Minnie found herself playing "Frankie and Johnny" on her organ when she meant to play "Onward, Christian Soldiers"), and Miss Hull assisted him far beyond his just deserts, but it wasn't enough, and after five performances the management gave up.

In addition to Miss Hull, Mr. Dowling, and Miss Ross, the cast included Clarence Derwent, as a mad fish peddler, whose connection with the plot was still mysterious when I left; Lee Wilcox, a handsome girl, easily seven feet tall; Grace Mills; Geoffrey Lumb; Gwyneth Hughes; Gwilyn Williams; and Paul Anderson. All of them, responding vigorously to Mr. Dowling's direction, looked and sounded alarmingly Welsh to me. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

ERRATA

Publisher's Note—

Our superintendent, who was entrusted with the final printing of this booklet, after all proofs and working instructions had been marked O.K. by the publisher, in some unaccountable manner mixed up the type that was intended for the last 35 pages of this history. In consequence, because of shortage of time and the scarcity of paper it is impossible to reprint the pages that are out of order, In order to correctly read the historical content it will be necessary for the reader to follow the following sequence of pages: 35, 41, 45, 39, 43, 47, 51, 63, 59, 57, 60, 61, 64, 67, 71, 75, 79, 65, 69, 73, 76, 77, 80.

NOTE: The publisher deeply regrets these errors and advises that the above mentioned employee is no longer in Dundas.—*From the program of the Dundas (Ont.) Centennial, 1847-1947.*

Still running, probably.

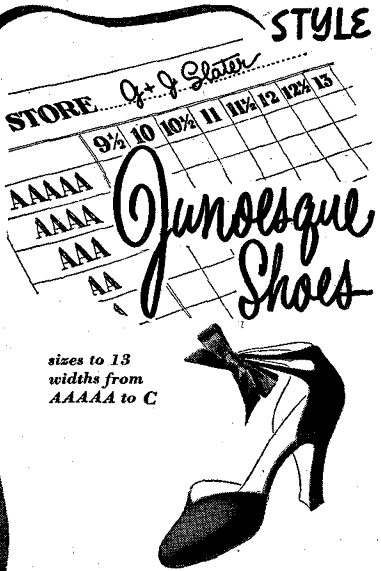
•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From "Show Me the Way," by Leslie Waller*]

Her whole body tightened and tensed with the word being born in her throat, her arms taut and rigid around him, her legs steady and powerful and waiting. The word seemed to swell inside her, grow huge and overwhelming as it fought to the surface. It pressed against her tongue, driving ahead with a terrible force. It was almost, nearly ready, growing, looming up and welling larger, almost ready, almost uttered, almost told and almost spoken, growing till it filled her with a reckless, fierce and savage sudden . . .

"Ah," she said.



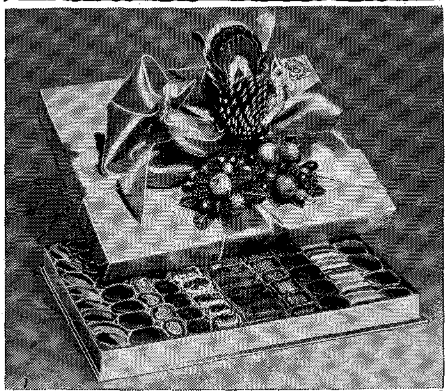
sizes to 13 widths from AAAAA to C

Ceremon-y . . . one of many new Junoesque styles designed to enhance . . . black suede, black or white satin with grosgrain bow . . . 24.95. On mail orders add 25¢ for handling.

Send for folder J

J & J Slater
NEW YORK

New York: Madison at 54th St.
Garden City: 734 Franklin Ave.
Greenwich: 57 East Putnam Ave.
East Orange: 584 Central Ave.
Washington: 1511 Connecticut Ave.



Thanksgiving Candies

Exclusive Alice Marks' candies, to complete your holiday cheer! Decorated in gay colors. Topped with make-believe fruits and a festive turkey. $9.00
Marlée Chocolats $2.50 per lb.

Parcel Post not included.

Alice H. Marks

**9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.
PLaza 3-7282**

DINE AT HOME

Phone Carl formerly of the 21 Club.
RE 7-3749
CASSEROLE KITCHEN

delivers complete dinners

IF YOU'RE PARTICULAR ABOUT YOUR FOOD

Longchamps Is The Place For You

We cater to those who
WANT THE FINEST
ENJOY THE FINEST
INSIST ON HAVING
NOTHING BUT THE
FINEST

NO COMPROMISE WITH QUALITY
at any of the nine, fine,
conveniently-located

RESTAURANTS
LONGCHAMPS

INTROVERT?

No . . . this prominent man-about-town spends hours just admiring his handsome, strikingly designed Juvenia, one of the finer Swiss watches.

ACCURACY AND ELEGANCE SINCE 1860

At Georg Jensen
Trabert & Hoeffer
and other
fine jewelers

DIPLOMAT
14K Gold
app. $210*

*Fed. Tax Incl

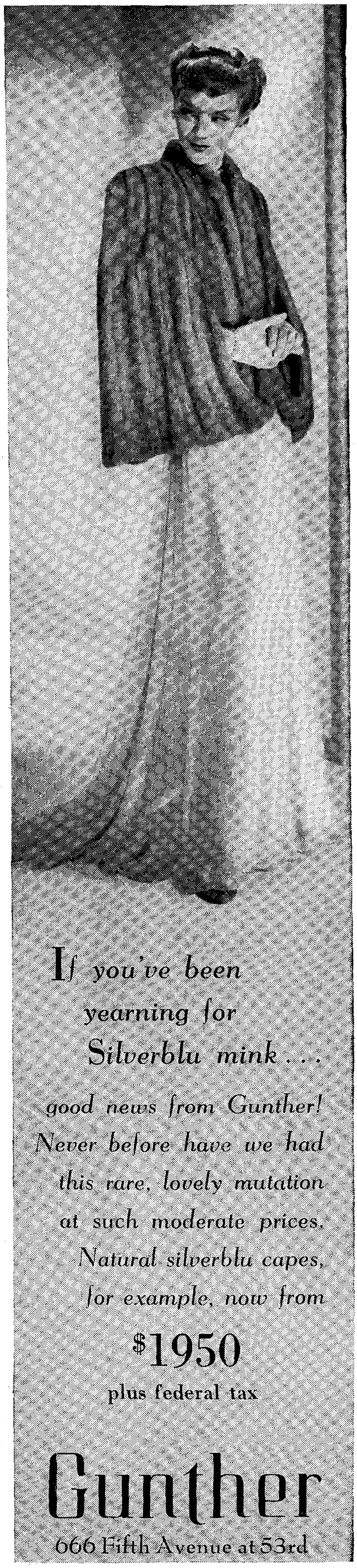
JUVENIA WATCH AGENCY, Inc.
604 Fifth Avenue • New York 20, N. Y.

FOOTBALL

No Surprises

AS so often occurs along around midseason, last Saturday was simply a parade of foregone conclusions. The eventual outcome of every football game in this part of the world was certainly no surprise to anyone with a working knowledge of the sport. Midseason is the time of year when a good many promising teams that have picked up an acute case of manpower shortage and/or are suffering from an attack of ambitious schedule-making begin to falter, and the prescient mathematician's one problem then is how high the scores will be. Among the prominent members of that and/or category this fall are Yale, Navy, and Columbia. As it happened, the matches in which they were involved (with, respectively, Dartmouth, Notre Dame, and Cornell) were the major events of the weekend in this sector. Columbia held out longer than was expected and, in fact, was ahead for a while, 13–7, but for the third week in a row the opposition came from behind in the fourth quarter, and Columbia lost, 20–13. Even if you hadn't already had things figured out, what went on in the first few minutes of the Yale and Navy games would have offered you an excellent hint; Dartmouth and Notre Dame breezed to touchdowns the first time they got their hands on the ball. The final reckonings—Notre Dame 41, Navy 7, and Dartmouth 41, Yale 14—indicate, and accurately, that the losing teams were outmatched.

BUT if at midseason certain promising teams show definite symptoms of commencing to come apart, there are usually on view certain other teams that got away to a discouraging start and have been showing definite symptoms of improving. There is, for example, the case of Dartmouth. For several years now, Dartmouth has been playing Pennsylvania at the beginning of the season, which is not a cheering early-season assignment for any team, let alone Dartmouth, an outfit that seems to have a habit of getting under way very slowly. A few years ago, during the war, when most teams were made up largely of Navy and Marine student personnel, one of the periodic shifts of


If you've been
yearning for
Silverblu mink . . .
good news from Gunther!
Never before have we had
this rare, lovely mutation
at such moderate prices.
Natural silverblu capes,
for example, now from
$1950
plus federal tax

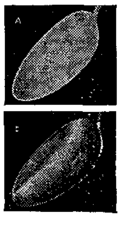
Gunther
666 Fifth Avenue at 53rd

PACIFIC
Silver Cloth
REG U S PAT. OFF.

SAVES WORK

ACTUALLY PREVENTS TARNISH!

BEST BY TEST



This is what happened to two gleaming new spoons in a tarnish test* conducted by the United States Testing Co., Inc. Only Spoon A, protected by Pacific Silver Cloth retained its original sparkle! Spoon B, though wrapped in "anti-tarnish" cloth, did tarnish as shown. (*Test 70448, March 6, 1946. Photos absolutely unretouched.)

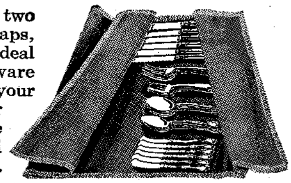
Buying Silver When you buy silver, be sure it comes in a chest, bag or roll bearing the label Pacific Silver Cloth. The finest cases are made with Pacific Silver Cloth for the finest silver. Pacific Silver Cloth actually prevents tarnish with lifetime effectiveness. Pacific Silver Cloth saves you a lifetime of unnecessary polishing.

Entertaining You don't have to polish silver next time you have guests. Just keep your silver in a Pacific Silver Cloth case. Look for the label and avoid imitations. Pacific Silver Cloth keeps your silver bright without tarnishing. It saves time and work whether you use your silver every day or only occasionally.

Vacationing Enjoy your vacation with the knowledge you won't have to polish your silverware when you return home. Also, if you have silver in a summer home keep it bright while not in use. Pacific Silver Cloth makes such polishing unnecessary.

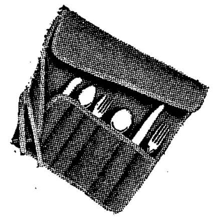
6 YEAR-ROUND WORK SAVERS

CHESTS A variety of chests is available in all sizes, finishes and prices at your leading jewelry and department stores. They come in various wood finishes and simulated ivory.



WRAPS One or two Pacific Silver Wraps, size 18 x 31, are ideal to protect silverware which you keep in your buffet drawer; or *use them to make* your own bags and rolls. Price $1.10.

BAGS Pacific Silver Cloth bags are available at leading stores for every size and kind of hollow ware.



ROLLS When buying a silver place setting, be sure to ask for Pacific Silver Cloth roll to protect it from tarnish.

Pacific Silver Cloth is also available in PACKETS and YARD GOODS

If you cannot find chests, bags, rolls and wraps made with Pacific Silver Cloth, write to us for the *name of your nearest dealer.* Ask *for free booklet.* Look for the Pacific label also on Pacific Balanced Sheets, Pacific Supersorb Towels, and on men's, women's and children's wear of cotton or rayon.

PACIFIC MILLS, DEPT. Y11, 214 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK 13

these trainees transferred to the Dartmouth campus a pass-throwing genius (Kasprzak) from Columbia and a ball-carrying genius (Andrejco) from Fordham, and the Dartmouth team, after absorbing the conventional defeat at the hands of Penn, suddenly started laying waste to large sections of the countryside. This fall, working without benefit of the Navy's recruiting service, Dartmouth took a fairly decisive beating from Penn, 26–13, but since then it hasn't lost a game. In place of Kasprzak we now find a young man named Clayton, and in place of Andrejco we find a lot of young men, named Sullivan and Sarno and Carey and Fitkin and Dey. On Saturday, there was also a Dartmouth line that almost invariably thwarted the best running efforts of Yale's celebrated Levi Jackson, forcing that performer to take to throwing some long (and, let it be said, remarkably good) passes to get his team anywhere at all. Dartmouth, as usual, will wind up its season against Princeton. Lately, this game has been something of an anti-climax—the year of Kasprzak and Andrejco, it could have been called bloody murder—but if Princeton, another team that began slowly this fall and is now coming with a rush, keeps moving as it has for the past two weeks, this meeting will be worth watching.

It is hard not to feel sorry for Yale, which has accomplished much with the material in hand. Saturday was just not its day, and there were times when Dartmouth's guileful ball-handling made Yale look rather juvenile. There was Yale guile, too, but not enough of it. Once, on a Yale play that first had the earmarks of an end run and then had the earmarks of a plunge through the line, Nadherny flashed downfield looking for all the world as if he had the ball. He didn't; it was still in the Yale backfield, and the play finally turned into a pass to Gant, an end. A bit of double deception like that probably should have gone for a touchdown, but because it was Dartmouth's afternoon to be red hot, the play can be recorded only as a nice try and a gain of a mere twelve yards.

—J. W. L.

•

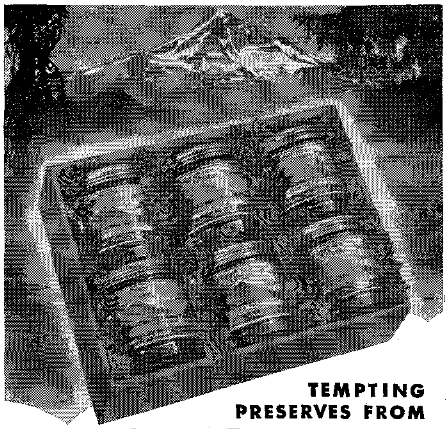
LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

THE BRITISH MAGAZINE
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

Dear Reader:

YOU are the most important person in the world today and . . .

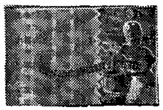
At
Public Sale
November 16, 17, 18
THE LARGE
COLLECTION OF
VALUABLE
PRECIOUS-STONE
JEWELRY
Of the Estate of the Late
ELIZABETH E.
WALLACE ADAMS
Exempt from Federal Tax
ILLUSTRATED CATALOG 50¢
Exhibition from Nov. 11
PARKE-BERNET
GALLERIES, Inc
30 EAST 57 STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.



TEMPTING
PRESERVES FROM
OREGON MOUNTAIN MEADOWS
. . . FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

No. 2 GIFT BOX. Six asst. 5½-oz. jars Strawberry, Wild Plum, Blackberry, Greengage, Prune with Hazelnuts, English Gooseberry. *Express Prepaid* $2.95

No. 3 MOUNTAIN GIFT BOX. Doz. asst. 5½-oz. jars Strawberry, Prune with Hazelnuts, Wild Plum, Tangerine Marmalade, Blackberry, English Damson, Greengage, Nectarine Preserves, Boysenberry, Red Raspberry, English Gooseberry, Seville Orange Marmalade. *Shipped Prepaid* $5.65



WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE
JANE AMHERST
1105 N. E. 47th Avenue
PORTLAND 13, OREGON

CALIFORNIA FRUIT SAMPLE BOX

• Delicious California Fruits shipped direct to your home from Canoga Farm. This beautiful SAMPLE BOX contains some of all of my jumbo size TENDER-MOIST fruits—California's finest. Figs, Dates, Pears, Apricots, Prunes, Pecan Nuggets, Black Walnut Nuggets, Almond Nuggets and my 100% Fruit-Nut Confection. Catalog sent free.
Shipping Wt. Two lbs. Limit One POSTPAID $1.00
Canoga Farm R.F.D. 6, Encino, Calif.

OF ALL THINGS

THE six neutral nations that proposed the compromise plan for the settlement of the Berlin problem are distressed at being bitterly denounced by the Soviet representatives at the United Nations. This only goes to show that there is practically no future in being an umpire.

•

Because of the loss of Manchuria, Chiang's government is in dire straits, but relief is on the way. A Congressional committee is sending the alarmed Generalissimo a much-needed supply of William C. Bullitt.

•

Boston, already rich in historic shrines, has acquired a new one. Future tourists will want to gaze at the Arena, where, on October 28, 1948, Thomas E. Dewey invented the New Deal.

•

Our government has reversed its position and granted a visa to the English "Red Dean," Dr. Hewlett Johnson. It was decided that our adult citizens would not be seriously harmed by listening to the Canterbury tales.

•

The latest consumers' price index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics shows no advance for the first time in five months. It is believed that prices could not climb any higher because the atmosphere is so rare up there.

•

In New York, the price of milk has reached the highest point in history. Everybody regrets this, and nobody says, "Let them drink Coke."

•

Marshal Tito reaffirms his opposition to the United States, but in a nice, broad-minded way. He makes it clear that he is not prejudiced against our brand of crude oil.

•

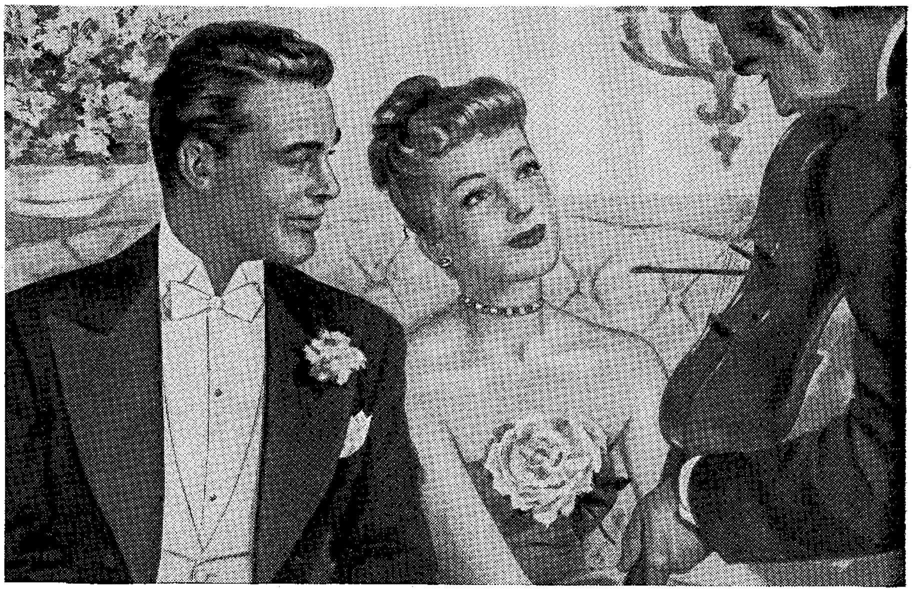
Research in Boston has proved that it is theoretically possible to feed a person adequately on four cents a day. A food has been invented that will give the eater everything he needs except pleasure. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

Arrow Shoreham Probably the most popular dress shirt worn, with semi-starched pleated bosom and turn-down collar, attached. $6.50

Meet America's favorite "black-tie, white-tie" shirts!

When dress shirts are the order of the evening, most well-dressed men put their trust in those trade-marked "Arrow"!

Impeccable in cut and styling, they're almost as comfortable as the handsome Arrow Shirts you wear by day. And they ALL carry the trade-mark *Sanforized* (fabric shrinkage less than 1%).



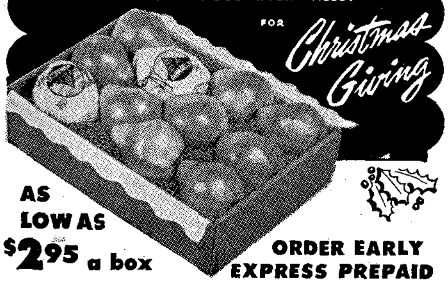
Arrow Kirk A long-time favorite for very formal affairs. Fully starched, with fancy pique bosom and cuffs. A two-stud, neckband style. $6.50

ARROW "DRESS" SHIRTS

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers of Arrow Shirts • Ties • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Sports Shirts

Ballantine's
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof
The Crest of Quality
"21" Brands, Inc.
THE HOUSE OF BALLANTINE
NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE UNITED STATES

COMICE PEARS
FROM THE ROGUE RIVER VALLEY
FOR Christmas Giving



AS LOW AS $2.95 a box
ORDER EARLY
EXPRESS PREPAID

- Luscious, large Comice Pears, creamy in texture, rich in juicy flavor, make appreciated gifts for family, friends and business associates. These world-famous pears are grown in our own orchards, carefully selected — individually wrapped. Delivered PREPAID in colorful gift boxes to U.S. Express points. Perfect arrival guaranteed. Gift cards enclosed. Send gift list. No stamps. No C.O.D.'s.

DELIVERED PRICES (order by number)
No. 1—De Luxe Box (10 to 14 pears) $2.95
No. 2—De Luxe Box (18 to 24 pears) 4.75
No. 7—Asst. Fruit Chest (about 14 lbs.) 5.75
No. 5—Asst. Fruit Basket (about 18 lbs.) 11.85
For Fruit Club Prices see Catalog.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
PINNACLE ORCHARDS
443 Fir St., Medford, Oregon
RUSH Free Color Catalog to:
Name
Address
City Zone State

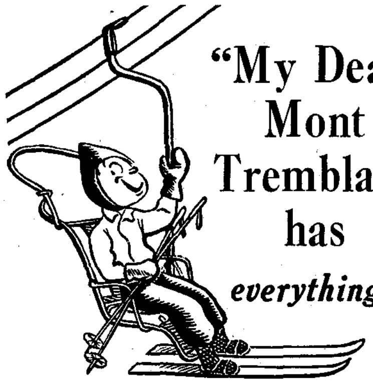
POSTSCRIPTS TO THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

THE VOCABULARY OF THE DRINKING CHAMBER

BARTENDERS, as a class, are probably the most adept practical psychologists on earth, but they have never given much attention to purely humanistic studies, as, for example, semantics. One result is that their professional argot is pretty meagre; indeed, it might reasonably be described as infirm. At least ninety-five per cent of them, in speaking of the tools and *materia* of their craft, use the threadbare words of every day. A glass, to them, is simply a *glass*, a bung starter is a *bung starter*, a bouncer is a *bouncer*, rye whiskey is *rye*, a cocktail is a *cocktail*, gin is *gin*, and so on *ad finem*. There are, to be sure, occasional Winchells among them, but no such Winchell has ever concocted anything to raise the hackles of a linguistic pathologist. When they call a garrulous client an *auctioneer*, or a souse a *trance*, he barely flutters an eyelid, nor does he find much to lift him in *squirt gun* for a Seltzer siphon, *sham* for a glass with a false bottom, *stick* for the handle of a beer spigot, or *comb* for the instrument that slices off the supererogatory suds from a stoup of beer. Even *cop's bottle* for the worst whiskey in the house seems to him to be close to the obvious; what else, indeed, could it be called? College boys, in their opprobrious names for their books, their professors, and the females who prey upon them, have developed a great many niftier and hotter words, and railroad men, to cite only one group of workingmen, have invented so rich and bizarre a vocabulary that it transcends the poor jargon of the booze slingers as the spiral nebula in Andromeda transcends the flash of a match.

A good way to discover the paucity of bartenders' neologistic powers is to ask yourself what they call themselves. Have they ever invented a fancy name comparable to the *mortician* of the undertakers, the *realtor* of the real-estate jobbers, the *ecdysiast* of the strip teasers, or the *cosmetologist* of the beauté-shoppé gals? Alas, they have not, and it seems very unlikely that they ever will. Even so silly a term as *mixologist* was devised not by a practicing bartender but by some forgotten journalist writing in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1856. He intended it sportively and it has remained on that level ever since, along with *colonel* for a whiskey drummer and *professor* for a kneader of pugilists. In 1901, the *Police Gazette*, then at the apex of its educational influence, attempted to revive and glorify *mixologist*, but the effort failed miserably, and *bar clerk* was soon substituted, and likewise failed. *Barman*, borrowed from the English, has been put forward from time to time, and there used to be an International *Barmen* Association in New York, but I can no longer find it in the Manhattan telephone book, and its former spot is now held by the International *Bartenders* School, on Forty-sixth Street, which has a Yale for its Harvard in the *Bartenders* School, Inc., on Forty-ninth Street. Both have excellent reputations in scholastic circles. All the existing unions in the profession, so far as I have been able to track them down, use plain *bartender* in their titles, and so do the various social clubs, choral societies, and leagues against prohibition and Communism. Some time ago, Oscar Haimo, of the Hotel Pierre, described himself as *maître de bar* in the advertising of his latest book, "Cocktail and Wine Digest," but I have yet to hear a second for it. Nor is there any visible support for *server*, which made its début in New Jersey late in 1910 and seems to have died the death by January 1, 1911. Forgetting the vulgar *barkeeper* and *barkeep*, only *bartender* survives, a lowly word but a sound one. It arose from unknown sources during the Gothic Age of American boozing, *c.* 1855, and is of purely American genesis, though the English now toy with it. So is *barroom*, which was used by John Adams in 1807. And so is *bar* (the room, not the service counter), which was first heard of in 1788. The English *barmaid* has never caught on in this country; perhaps it suggests too strongly the poetic but smelly *milkmaid*. There are many females behind our more democratic bars, and I know one in Baltimore who is a first-rate artist, but if you called her a *barmaid*, she would crown you with the cop's bottle.

THE failure of the bartenders to enrich the vocabulary of their art and mystery is matched by the reluc-



"My Dear, Mont Tremblant has *everything*"

• Ski-lovers are telling each other about the new chair lift Mont Tremblant has added to its lavish ski facilities. The lift climbs the challenging north side of the mountain.

Two chair lifts, two rope tows and an Alpine lift provide a total of three miles' carefree riding to swift-skiing heights. No other resort in the east has so many lifts, such extensive trails. Professional Ski School for beginners and experts.

Meet your friends in the spacious lounges of the Lodge. Mammoth fireplaces, picturesque game rooms and bars. Dancing nightly. Excellent cuisine. Colorful Cottages and Inn. Early reservations suggested.

ALL-DAY SKI LIFT TICKETS $4.50

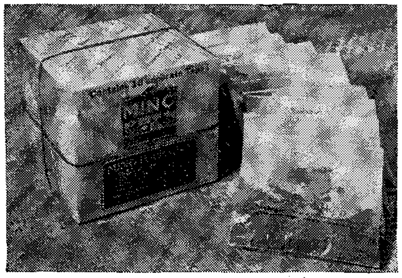
Unlimited rides on all 5 lifts, no waiting.

Only 90 miles north of Montreal

MONT TREMBLANT LODGE

MONT TREMBLANT
P. Q., CANADA

One of the world's finest ski resorts



enjoy this treasure-pack of 10 MING TEAS!

10 separate packages in this magnificent Ming Tea Party. Discover for yourself the rare flavors of divine Ming Cha, royal Darjeeling, unforgettable Ming Oolong, heady Ming Jasmine, etc. $1.25 complete at better shops, or if unavailable—from Teaberryport, West Nyack 8, N. Y.

A GIFT OF GOOD TASTE

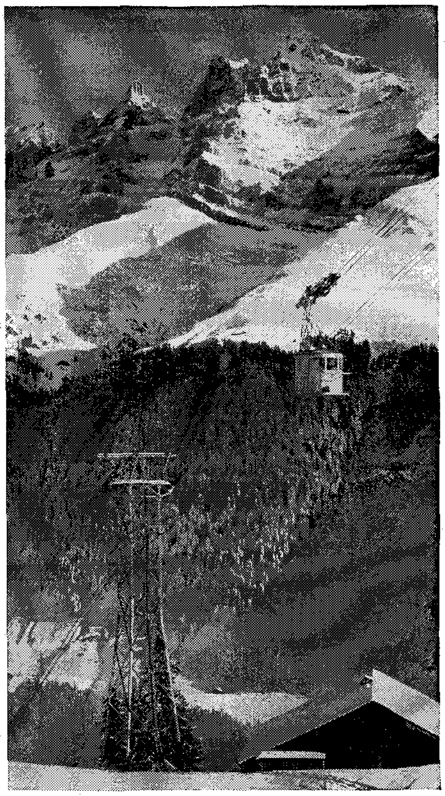
WISPRIDE
CHEESE Assortment
$4.95 PREPAID

Send your friends an assortment of aged Natural Wisconsin Cheese, packed in a real wooden cheese box. Hickory smoked and plain links, aged cheddar, baby gouda, and blue cheese wedges make up this delightful assortment. We'll pack and ship from here and enclose a gift card with your name.

WISPRIDE CHEESE SHOP
Hilbert Wisconsin
(folder on request)

tance of professional philologians to investigate the terms already existing. This reluctance, of course, may be due to the fact that booze studies are frowned upon on most college campuses, and hence bring no promotion to the ambitious pedagogue; also, there may be something in the fact that men learned in the tongues commonly carry their liquor badly, and sometimes have to be sent home from their annual pow-wows in charge of trained nurses. Whatever the truth about this, it remains a matter of record that they have done next to nothing to clear up the etymologies of boozology and that the origins of many of our salient drinking terms—for example, *cocktail*, *Mickey Finn*, and *highball*—are quite as dark as the origins of the things themselves. In this emergency, as might be expected, a great many amateurs have thrown themselves into the breach, and the result is a mass of surmise and speculation that gives the scientific student a lot of pain. I have in my archives perhaps forty or fifty such etymologies for *cocktail*, but can only report sadly that nearly all of them are no more than baloney. The most plausible that I have encountered was launched upon humanity by Stanley Clisby Arthur, author of "Famous New Orleans Drinks and How to Mix Them," a classical work. It is to the effect that the *cocktail* was invented, along about 1800, by Antoine Amédée Peychaud, a refugee from Santo Domingo who operated a New Orleans pharmacy in the Rue Royale. This Peychaud was a Freemason, and his brethren in the craft took to dropping in at his drugstore after their lodge meetings. A hospitable fellow, he regaled them with a toddy made of French brandy, sugar, water, and a bitters of a secret formula, brought from Santo Domingo. Apparently running short of toddy glasses, he served this mixture in double-ended eggcups, called, in French, "*coquetiers*." The true pronunciation of the word was something on the order of "*ko-kayt-yay*," but his American friends soon mangled it to "*cock-tay*" and then to "*cocktail*." The composition of the bitters he used remained secret, and they are known as Peychaud's to this day. His brandy came from the Sazerac du Forge et Fils distillery at Limoges, and its name survives in the Sazerac cocktail, though this powerful drug is now usually made of rye whiskey, with the addition of Peychaud's bitters, absinthe, lemon peel, and sugar.

As I have said, this etymology has more plausibility than most, and I'd



Champery

SWITZERLAND

where winter holidays are more fun!

The skiing is better, the Alpine sun brighter, winter holidays are more fun in friendly, scenic Switzerland. You have 128 gay winter centers from which to choose. Colorful events, Swiss Ski Schools, mountain railroads and ski lifts, excellent hotel accommodations and superb cuisine everywhere. No Swiss visa. Low rate Swiss Holiday and Season Tickets are available through your local travel agent.

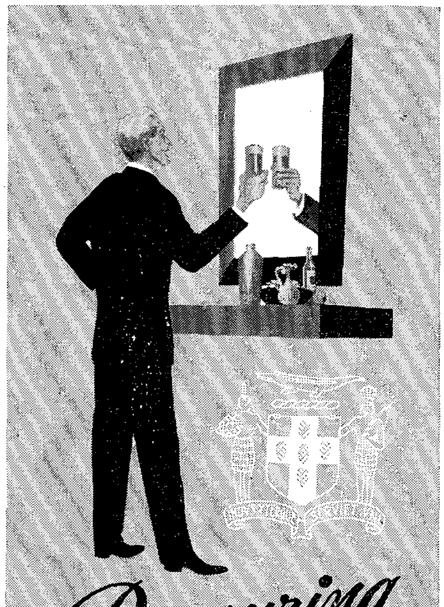
ALL YEAR ROUND

These famous holiday regions make Switzerland the high point of every trip to Europe: the Grisons, Bernese Oberland, Valais, Lake of Geneva, Northeast Switzerland, Zurich, Northwest Switzerland, Fribourg-Neuchatel-Jura, Ticino, Central Switzerland.

For full information and free booklets write nearest office below: Dept. C

SWISS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE

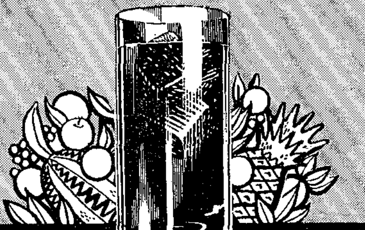
NEW YORK: 475 FIFTH AVENUE
SAN FRANCISCO: 661 MARKET STREET



Reassuring Reflection

ON CONCOCTING A COLLINS*

"Both of us agree that Jamaica Rum is wonderfully right in a Tom Collins. Mainly because the rare richness of these smooth old pot-stilled rums raises the rating of *any* drink. But also because the famous, delightfully different Jamaica flavour is a natural partner of all citrus-juice coolers and cocktails. Here's looking at you!"



*JAMAICA COLLINS

Mix ⅓ jigger lemon or lime juice, ⅔ jigger sugar or syrup, 1 jigger Jamaica Rum, cracked ice. Fill with soda, stir, serve.

Jamaica Rums

GENUINE Pot Still JAMAICA

QUALITY CONTROLLED BY LAW SINCE 1661

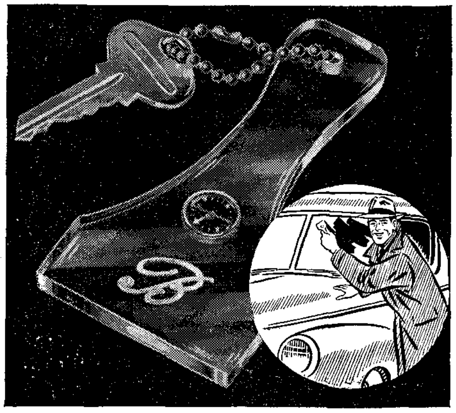
All brands of Jamaica Rum—whether light or dark—are made by the pot still process.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

like to believe it, if only to ease my mind, but some obvious question marks follow it. First, why didn't Arthur give his authorities? It is hard to believe that he remembered back to 1800 himself, and if there were intervening chroniclers, then why didn't he name them? And if he got his facts from original documents—say, in the old Cabildo—then why didn't he supply titles, dates, and pages? A greater difficulty lies in the fact that the searchers for the "Dictionary of American English" unearthed a plain mention of the *cocktail* in the Hudson (N.Y.) *Balance* for May 13, 1806, in which it was defined as "a stimulating liquor composed of spirits of any kind, sugar, water and bitters." How did Peychaud's invention, if it *was* his invention, make its way from New Orleans to so remote a place as Hudson, New York, in so short a time, and how did it become generalized on the way? At the start of its journey it was a concoction of very precise composition—as much so as the Martini or Manhattan of today—but in a very few years it was popping up more than a thousand miles away, with an algebraic formula, $x + C_{12}H_{22}O_{11} + H_2O + y$, that can be developed, by substitution, into almost countless other formulas, all of them making authentic cocktails. Given *any* hard liquor, *any* diluent, and *any* addition of aromatic flavoring, and you have one instantly. What puzzles me is how this massive fact, so revolutionary in human history and so conducive to human happiness, jumped so quickly from New Orleans to the Hudson Valley. It seems much more likely that the *cocktail* was actually known and esteemed in the Albany region some time before Peychaud shook up his first Sazerac on the lower Mississippi. But, lacking precise proof to this effect, I am glad to give that Mousterian soda jerker full faith and credit, and to greet him with huzzas for his service to humanity.

Cocktails are now so numerous that no bartender, however talented, can remember how to make all of them, or even the half of them. In the "Savoy Cocktail Book," published in 1930, the number listed is nearly seven hundred, and in the "Bartender's Guide," by Trader Vic, published in 1947, it goes beyond sixteen hundred. No man short of a giant could try them all, and nine-tenths of them, I believe, would hardly be worth trying. The same sound instinct that prompts the more enlightened minority of mankind to come in out of a thunderstorm has also taught

This Gift Means SAFER DRIVING

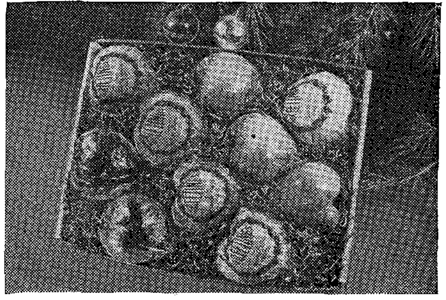


Removes windshield ice quickly, easily!

One fast swoosh with this palm-fitting Plexiglas de-icer and a clear path is magically plowed through thick, blinding ice on your windshield . . . no waiting for de-froster warm-up. Doesn't scratch glass . . . so dad can use it happily for years. Equipped with key chain and reliable miniature compass, plus any specified engraved initial. Packed in individual gift box . . . $2.25 postpaid. May we send you our Gift Catalog D.

BODINE'S OF BALTIMORE

444 E. Belvedere • Baltimore 12, Md.



World Famous Comice Pears

Comice pears, once grown only for royalty, are now available for *your* Holiday gifts. The tender, sweet meat and fragrant overflowing juice of the ambrosial Buttersweet pear is an adventure in good eating. Special gift packs, approximately 10 lbs. shipping weight, sent anywhere in Continental U. S. A. for only $2.90 express prepaid. Send your gift list now together with check or money order. Write for beautiful full color catalog. Buttersweet, Box 27G, Santa Clara, California.

ANTHONY'S

Same Management For A Quarter Century

LOBSTERS • STEAKS • STEAMERS

OPEN NOON 'TILL 3 A. M.

WOODMERE, L. I. PHONE: FRANKLIN 4-2153

Family life is never dull when the TIPPLER is around

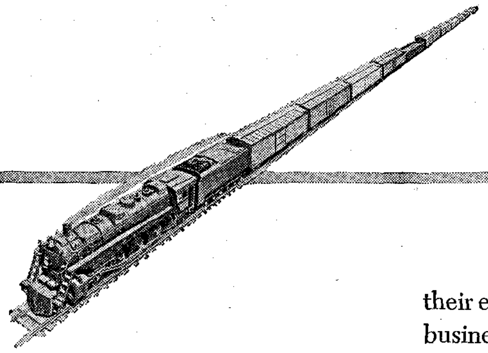
A clever, colorful catalog illustrating countless gift suggestions, party ideas, amusing games, novelties, playroom gadgets for fun all year 'round. Reserve your copy of the new edition . . . enclose 10¢ for mailing and handling.

THE BAR MART, Dept. 65, 62 West 45th St., N. Y. 19

it to confine its day-in-and-day-out boozing to about a dozen standard varieties—the *Martini*, the *Manhattan*, the *Daiquiri*, the *Side Car*, the *Orange Blossom*, the *Alexander*, the *Bronx*, and a few others. The lexicographer John Russell Bartlett, in the fourth edition of his "Dictionary of Americanisms," 1877, also listed the *Jersey* and the *Japanese*, but neither survives except in the bartenders' guides, which no bartender ever reads. The "Dictionary of American English" traces the *Manhattan* only to 1894, but that is absurd, for I saw a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States drink one in a Washington barroom in 1886. The others that I have mentioned, save the *Martini* and the *Bronx*, are not listed in any dictionary at hand, though millions of them go down the esophagi of one-hundred-per-cent Americans every week, and maybe every day. A correspondent tells me that the *Daiquiri* was invented by American engineers marooned at Daiquiri, near Santiago de Cuba, in 1898; they ran out of whiskey and gin but found a large supply of pale Cuban rum, and got it down by mixing it with lime juice. The origin of the *Martini* is quite unknown to science, though I have heard the suggestion that its name comes from that of Martin Luther. The origin of *Bronx* ditto; all that is known is that it preceded the *Bronx Cheer*. The origin of the *Alexander* ditto, despite some fancy theories. The *Old-Fashioned* is supposed to be the grandfather of them all, and it really may be, for its formula greatly resembles that of the Hudson *Balance* cocktail of 1806, but the fact remains that Bartlett did not mention it in 1877 and that it is not to be found in any earlier reference works, not even the *Congressional Globe*, predecessor of the *Congressional Record*.

SOME time ago, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, a high-toned paper, dug up a local historian who testified that the *highball* was named by Lilburn McNair, a grandson of the first governor of Missouri and a shining light of St. Louis bar society in the nineties. It seems to be true that the name was first heard about that time, for *highball* was never applied before to a mixture of rye or bourbon and soda or tap water, and Scotch whiskey did not come upon the American market until the early nineties. (My father, trying his first shot of it in 1894, carried on in a violent manner, and died, four years later, believing that it was made by quack saloonkeepers in their

Railroad taxes are sending a million children to school



Railroad school taxes alone pay the costs of keeping a million children in school every year!

And other railroad taxes help to protect the health of communities, provide police and fire protection, build roads, airports, and waterways all over America.

An industry whose tax contribution amounts to more than one billion dollars a year is a vastly important factor in the economy of every state, and of thousands of towns and cities, by virtue of its tax payments alone.

But that's only part of the story! Railroads in 1948 spent three billion dollars for equipment, materials, and supplies, which were bought in five out of every six counties in the country. And the four and one half billion dollars which the railroads paid to their employees in wages helped make business better everywhere.

So it is easy to see that—over and above the essential transportation service they provide—railroads are home-town partners of each of the communities they serve. That's another reason why every American has a stake in strong and healthy railroads.

★

LISTEN TO THE RAILROAD HOUR *presenting the world's great musical comedies. Every Monday evening over the ABC network, 8-8:45 Eastern, Mountain, and Pacific Time; 7-7:45 Central Time.*

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

SLIDES OUT rests on its easel for bed-side use.

739/A

SLIDES IN for smart travellers.

IT'S AN *Angelus* DETACHABLE* ALARM CLOCK

8-DAY 15 Jewels, finest watch movement. Silver dial, gold-applied numerals, radium hands and dots. 3¼"x3½". Gold-finish, about $69. Chrome-finish, about $58, tax incl. *Pat.

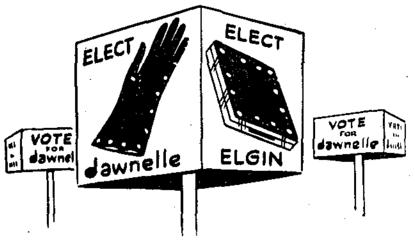
For name of stores in your city write:

MERCURY CLOCKS, Inc.
37 West 57th St., New York 19
CANADA: Paul Hofer Ltd.,
Montreal 132, St. James St. West

WORLD FAMOUS ANGELUS CLOCKS and CHRONOGRAPHS Since 1891

LOST AND FOUND

LOST: At the polls, my favorite candidates for high fashion office, my **dawnelle** gloves with matching Elgin compact. Please return to 3rd and 47th barbershop, rear.



P.S. You'll find **dawnelles** *at your favorite local store*

NEW YORK CHANGES
Luchow's
Restaurant
DOES NOT
FOOD AND SURROUNDINGS
UNCHANGED SINCE 1882
FINEST SELECTION
OF WINES & LIQUORS
110-112 EAST 14th STREET

cellars, of creosote and sweet spirits of nitre.) But there are old-timers in Boston who say that the first *highball* was shoved across the bar at the Parker House there, and the late Patrick Gavin Duffy, an eminent bartender of New York, claimed in his "The Official Mixer's Manual" that he borned it at the old Ashland House in 1895. Why the name? Most of the authorities say that it arose from the fact that the bartenders of the nineties called a glass a *ball* and that *highball* flowed naturally from the fact that what was formerly a whiskey-and-soda needed a taller glass than a straight whiskey. But all the bartenders above eighty that I am acquainted with say that *ball* was never used for a glass. Other authorities report that *highball* was lifted from the railroad men, who use the term for go ahead. But this sounds pretty thin, for if the railroad men of that era had ever detected a bartender putting water (and especially soda water) into whiskey, they would have butchered him on the spot. Thus the matter stands. I pant for light, but there is no light.

The history of *Mickey Finn* is equally murky. Herbert Asbury says, in his "Gem of the Prairie," a history of the rise of culture in Chicago, that the name was borrowed from that of a Chicago saloonkeeper who had been a lush-roller in his early days and operated a college for pickpockets in connection with his saloon. The patrons of the place were a somewhat mischievous lot, and not infrequently Finn had to go to the aid of his bouncer. They used the side arms in vogue at the time—to wit, bung starters, shillelaghs, joints of gas pipe, and lengths of garden hose filled with BB shot—but the work was laborious, and Finn longed for something sneakier and slicker. One day, a colored swami named Hall offered to mix him a dose that would knock out the friskiest patient in a few minutes. The formula turned out to be half an ounce of chloral hydrate in a double slug of pseudo-whiskey. It worked so well that many of those to whom it was given landed in the morgue, and Finn was so pleased with it that he gave it his name. I have a very high opinion of Asbury's lexicographical and sociological parts, but I am still waiting to hear him explain how *Mickey Finn* became transferred from a dose comparable to an atomic bomb to a drink of bathtub gin with a drop or two of croton oil in it—a mixture that certainly got rid of the customer but did him no more permanent harm than a draught of Glauber's salts. Also, I am waiting to hear from him why a Chicago saloon-

LEMON HART *Jamaica Rum*

SOLE AGENTS
Julius WILE
FOR THE U.S.A.
PRODUCT OF JAMAICA
LEMON HART
GOLDEN JAMAICA RUM
LEMON HART & SON
LONDON ENGLAND

90 Proof

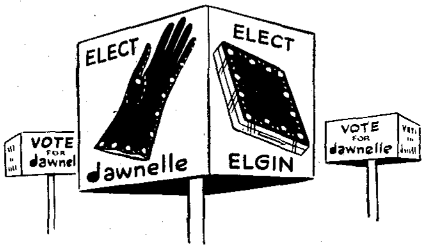
The Rum with a Reputation

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND: Two truly attractive running mates, **dawnelle** gloves with matching Elgin compact at East midtown polls; they'll pull my vote any time! Box 77



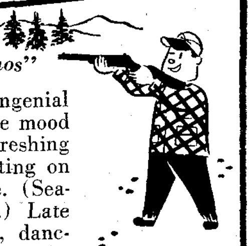
P.S. You'll find **dawnelles** *at your favorite local store*

SKYTOP CLUB

"High in the Poconos"

Crisp fall air and congenial surroundings set the mood for a relaxing, refreshing vacation. Deer hunting on 5,500 acre preserve. (Season opens Nov. 29.) Late season golf, riding, dancing, indoor games. Celebrated for superlative food. N. Y. Information Office: The Biltmore—MU 6-8648.

SKYTOP CLUB, Box 1
Skytop, Pa.



keeper had to wait for a colored necromancer to tell him about *knockout drops*, which had been familiar in American criminal circles since the first Grant administration. My own great-uncle, Julius by name, got a massive shot of them in Wheeling, West Virginia, in 1870, and was never the same man afterward.

THESE few examples reveal the pitfalls, booby traps, and other difficulties that strew the path of anyone seriously interested in the origin and history of booze terms. The dictionaries, always prissy, avoid most of them as they avoid the immemorial four-letter words. You will not find *Mickey Finn* in the great Webster of 1934, or in the "Dictionary of American English," or in the "Supplement to the New English Dictionary." It appears, to be sure, in some of the newer and smaller dictionaries, but almost always with the equivocal definition of "a drugged drink." So far as I have been able to discover, only "Words: The New Dictionary," brought out in 1947, says that its essential medicament is a cathartic, not a narcotic. Even Berrey and Van den Bark, in their invaluable "American Thesaurus of Slang," 1942, are content to list it under the rubric of *strong liquor*, along with *forty-rod*, *pop-skull*, and *third rail*, though I should add that they note that tramps and criminals now use it to designate any laxative victual. *Highball* is listed in nearly all the dictionaries published since 1930, but not one of them attempts its etymology. Nor does any of them try to unravel the mystery of *cocktail*.

—H. L. MENCKEN

•

He remained unmarried, getting what sleep he could during the day, when he was not working, and studying the stars at night.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Just marking time, in other words.

•

She was born weighing three and a half pounds and doctors said she would not live. Her mother just put her out to play with the boys to get strong.—*The World-Telegram.*

She put on any weight?

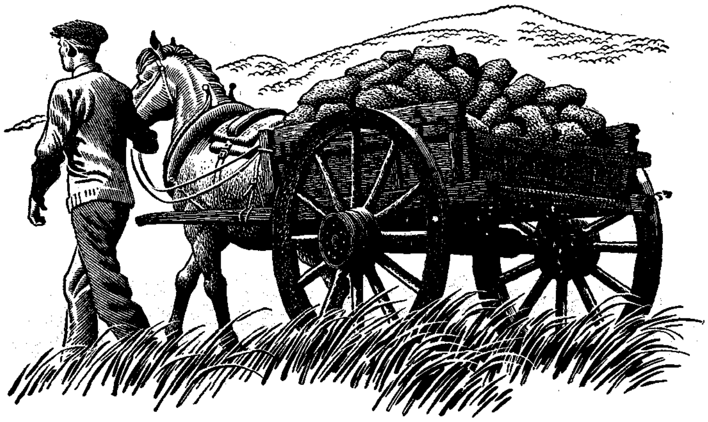
•

THE LITERARY LIFE

[*From the Times*]

Bess Furman, of the TIMES staff, said to be the only woman reporter ever bitten by Mrs. Roosevelt's dog, will have "Washington By-Line" on the Knopf list for February.

Know your Scotch



As you probably know, peat is a vegetable substance consisting of roots, fibres and moss which can be cut and dried and used for fuel. It is the heavy smoke from peat fires, lazily drifting upward through malted (sprouted) barley, that gives your drink of Teacher's its distinctive peat smoke taste.

"It's the Flavour"
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM

The Scotch you know is always right

HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED BY Wm Teacher
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm TEACHER & SONS, LTD
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
OPEN TURN ROUND

Blended Scotch Whisky...86 Proof • Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow
Sole Importers: Schieffelin & Co., New York 3, New York • Importers since 1794

The richer, finer

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

Winning Approval all over America!

P&T
PARK & TILFORD RESERVE
WHISKEY A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
MIDWAY, KY. • NEW YORK, N.Y.

Everywhere new friends and
old friends of the smoother, mellower
Park & Tilford RESERVE are acclaiming it

NOW MORE THAN EVER

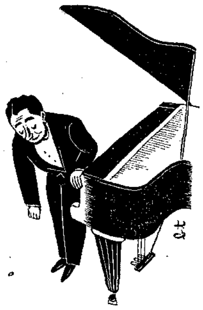
"the finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America"

— AND THE BEST VALUE!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

MUSICAL EVENTS

New Entries



VERDI'S "Aïda" has been produced so often hereabouts that no one could consider it a novelty, but in last week's presentation by the New York City Opera Company, at the City Center, Theodore Komisarjevsky demonstrated some new slants on its staging. His innovations included the consolidation of the first four scenes into one act—a consolidation that helped to speed things along without injury to any established values. Mr. Komisarjevsky also overhauled the traditional dramatics and brought in some new bits of stage business that clarified or intensified the pantomimic aspects of the opera. The good-looking sets and costumes, designed by H. A. Condell, lent freshness to the occasion, and those who like to look at opera as well as listen to it were given further good measure in the bright ballet evolutions choreographed by George Balanchine.

The casting provided additional interest. Camilla Williams, in her first appearance here as Aïda, sang and acted persuasively and effectively, although her voice isn't as hefty as some that have been associated with the role. Suzy Morris, who, in spite of a recent illness, appeared as Amneris, covered the long vocal range of the character efficiently and played the Princess with unmelodramatic dignity. Lawrence Winters, making his début with the company, as Amonasro, the fiery captive King of Ethiopia, delivered his music in a telling voice that was most striking in its middle and upper registers. As for the other principals, Oscar Natzka and James Pease took able care of the duties of Ramphis and the King of Egypt, respectively, and Ramon Vinay sang Radames incisively, except for a few moments of what seemed to be a transient vocal discomfort. The chorus was excellent, too, even though the marchers in the triumphal procession paraded in the slightly disorganized fashion set years ago when supers from colleges helped out in this episode. Maybe this raggedness has now become a sacred "Aïda" tradition. Laszlo Halasz conducted firmly, knit everything together commandingly, and built up the big ensembles with canny ability.

AT his first Carnegie Hall piano recital, last week, Byron Janis rapidly made it evident that he will be one of the most-discussed young artists of several seasons. He is only twenty years old, but he already has a technical equipment so remarkable that you aren't distracted by it but just listen to the music for its content. In a generally conservative program, which was a greater test than a bill loaded with novelties would have been, Mr. Janis proved his relaxed but thoughtful musicianship and his ability to transmit the sense of a composition clearly and colorfully. He overdrove some treble notes here and there—nothing uncommon nowadays, even among older pianists—but there was always fine control of shades of sound and musical meanings. Naturally, Mr. Janis will go on developing interpretively, but list him now as a pianist to hear the next time he's scheduled.

THE Philharmonic-Symphony, under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos, last week introduced to Carnegie Hall Morton Gould's Third Symphony, its first performance here in its revised version, which has a new passacaglia and fugue as a finale. It is a lively and sturdy work, in which jazz elements are treated, without self-consciousness, as part of the symphonic material; the scherzo-like third movement has exceptional force and humor. The symphony is a trifle too long and occasionally a bit enigmatic, but it holds the interest consistently and it is worked out with the instrumental skill that is taken for granted in anything Mr. Gould writes. Mr. Mitropoulos conducted it magnificently, and his handling of the jazz references was a captivating mingling of the symphonic and the hep. —ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Further Adventures

SEVERAL Edith Piaf recordings, all made in France, with French musicians in support, and infinitely better in quality than the batch whose appearance coincided with her arrival here last year, are being issued in this country for the first time. These records sharpen my belief that Mlle. Piaf is one of the few genuine popular artists of our time and that her voice, even without the assistance of her hard little person and gestures, conveys the essential parts of

1948
FAO SCHWARZ

HOW TO GIVE
CHRISTMAS TOYS
YOUNGSTERS
REALLY WANT

Just send for your
SCHWARZ CATALOG

Who knows what goes with children? Schwarz does! Schwarz famous toy store selects and tests thousands of toys each year – offers hundreds of its leading items in this eagerly awaited Christmas catalog.

Eighty fascinating pages illustrate toys for boys and girls of all ages. Of course all Schwarz toys are cleverly, sturdily constructed – and competitively priced. Best of all, you can buy them the easy way – at home in comfort! No more tramping from store to store in the Christmas rush. But hurry . . . Christmas is just around the corner. Send for your Schwarz toy catalog today.

FAO SCHWARZ
NEW YORK ARDMORE BOSTON
1948

HELPFUL HINTS to puzzled parents come from youngsters who check the toys they want in the Schwarz catalog—so that your Christmas gifts are sure to please.

FAO SCHWARZ NEW YORK BOSTON ARDMORE
AMERICA'S FOREMOST TOY STORE FOR OVER 85 YEARS

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

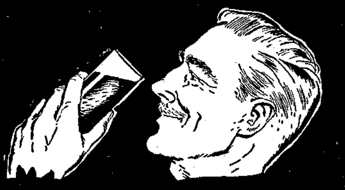
F. A. O. SCHWARZ • 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Gentlemen:
Please send our copy of your new 1948 Toy Catalog.

NAME..
ADDRESS..
CITY..STATE....................
YN

her musical monodramas. The piece I liked best is "Les Trois Cloches" (Columbia 45001-F). This is simply a chronicle of the three times in a man's life—his baptism, his marriage, and his death—when church bells sound for him. She is joined in this purely vocal composition by Les Compagnons de la Chanson, nine young men who provide a knowing Gallic background for her plaints. They can be heard by themselves on the other side of the record, singing "Perrine Etait Servante," a series of vocal, not musical, tricks performed on a simple theme. The words are difficult to follow and the number is only mildly entertaining. The record with the next-greatest appeal for me (Columbia 4004-F) contains her performances, with orchestra, of a breezy little waltz—"Un Refrain Courait dans la Rue"—and "La Vie en Rose," a charming song that attained some popularity in this country last spring in an unfortunate English adaptation called "You're Too Dangerous, Chérie." In its original form, it tells of the rose-colored world the girl is in when her boy friend holds her in his arms. This cheerful sentiment finds Mlle. Piaf on dizzy heights. She slips back into her disenchanted milieu on the other side, however, in the role of a girl who has just lost her lover and is trudging along the street with nothing but rue in her heart.

Throughout Decca album A-697, which includes the rest of her new records, Mlle. Piaf is evilly treated. It is true that she reflects, at one point, on "Amour du Mois de Mai," but only to become sadly aware of its brief duration. For the rest, she is, successively, a jilted woman whose secret sweetheart has died and who is ignored at his funeral ("Les Cloches Sonnent"); a cloakroom attendant whose gentleman friend loves her when he is poor, visits her but once a week when he becomes a successful businessman with three secretaries, and finally marries another ("Monsieur Ernest A Réussi"); a girl who laughs off her lover's worries about her leaving him, only to have him leave her ("Le Geste"); a mourner over a war hero ("Monsieur X"); and a determined young lady who says, in the French equivalent, "If you ever leave me, I will die" ("Si Tu Partais"). One appealing aspect of the majority of these stories in song is that they are set to bright, lilting waltz tunes, which bear their tragic burdens swiftly along. The orchestral accompaniments are fine, too. It's pulp stuff, to be sure, every last bit of it, but Mlle. Piaf's nasal, expressive voice has



a wee bit smoother

a wee bit mellower

a wee bit tastier

because it's the "Spirit" of Scotland

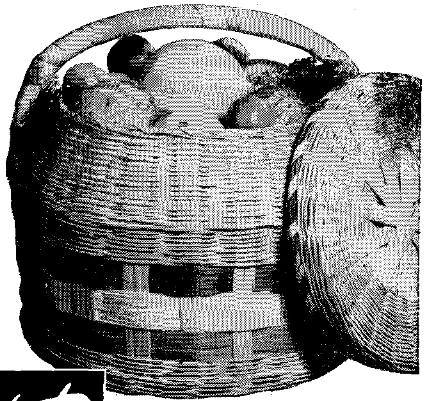
PETER DAWSON SCOTCH

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86.8 Proof

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 7 PARK AVE. N.Y.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Sole U. S. Agents
Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.
New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL
SCOTCH WHISKY
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. ESTABLISHED 1877
PETER DAWSON SPECIAL BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Peter Dawson
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
REGISTERED OFFICE 133 WATERLOO STREET GLASGOW SCOTLAND
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND



BASKET OF SUNSHINE FOR XMAS! One-half bushel size filled with finest, assorted Texas grapefruit, oranges, and kumquats—generous jar of Texas Orange Blossom Honey and a jar of Texas Citrus Marmalade. Fruit wrapped and packed in colorful, hand-woven imported Mexican basket as illustrated. Price delivered: $5.25 west and $5.75 east of Mississippi River.

We specialize in fancy and family packs of Texas Ruby Red Grapefruit, the aristocrat of them all, and all other fine grapefruit and oranges in many different containers.

All orders for Christmas delivery must be in by December 10. No shipments to California, Arizona, or Florida.

Write for Descriptive Circular

GREEN VALLEY PACKERS, INC.
FINE CITRUS FRUITS
Phone 1100 • 601 W. Highway
McAllen, Texas

PIERRE GRILL
Just fine food . . . no music or entertainment. Authentic Indian Curry dishes served daily.
BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON
DINNER
Weekdays and Sundays
Hotel Pierre
Plaza Circle at 61st St

COQ ROUGE
music for dancing
65 EAST 56th St.
PLAZA 3-8887
COCKTAILS·DINNER
AFTER THEATRE
NO 20% TAX UNTIL 8:30 P.M.

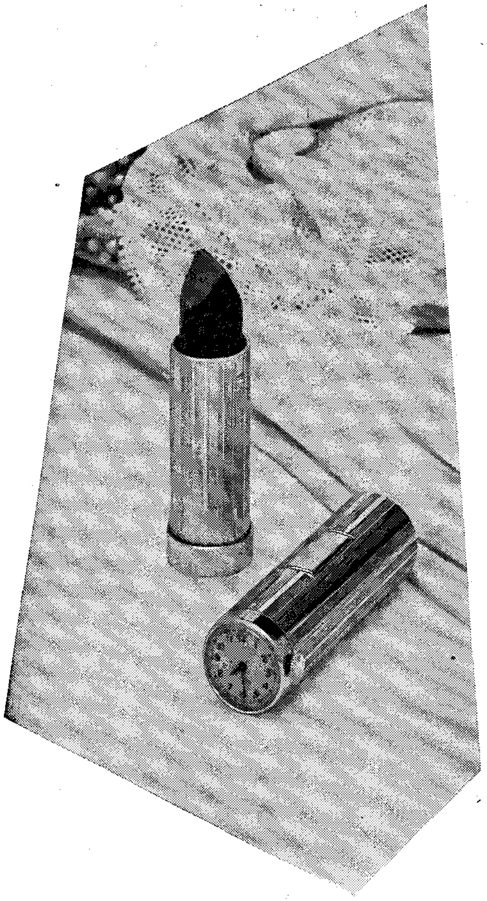
a quality that makes it all seem terribly real.

Kurt Weill, the Broadway songwriter and a composer of some stature, is currently represented on records by two songs from the musical show "Love Life." "Here I'll Stay" and "Green-Up Time" are the titles, and they are sung by Buddy Clark on one record (Columbia 38294) and done by Sammy Kaye's band and vocalists on another (Victor 20-3063). The vocals are a trifle dreary all around, but Clark's orchestral support is the less offensive. "Green-Up Time" is an almost entirely undistinguished piece of work. "Here I'll Stay," the music for which is a kind of running theme throughout the show, bears strong traces of Weill's wryly sentimental vein, which is thicker and more labored than usual. Not much, I'm afraid, but these four sides represent almost all that is available from this season's musicals.

I would like now to become demonstrative over a London single (No. 276) I found entirely captivating. On it are two of the most outrageously trite songs ever to have come out of the United Kingdom—or this country, either—but they are done so delightfully, with such simple grace, that I am filled with admiration. Two gentlemen identified as Flanagan and Allen, who must surely be a veteran music-hall team, sing, to the accompaniment of an orchestra, "Round the Back of the Arches (Down in Sunnyside Lane)" and "Run, Rabbit, Run." The first of these enchanted me the more. Their duet is in the purest, most punctilious, and gentlest Cockney, and the precision of their delivery, each syllable carefully accented, gives their performance more the effect of a perfectly timed soft-shoe dance than of a duet. "Run, Rabbit, Run" sounds like material prepared for some Beatrice Lillie foolishness, but Flanagan and Allen are above mockery and make it thoroughly engaging.

I cannot recall a time when there have been as many inferior new popular records as there are at present. The following, at any rate, just about complete the list of worth-while singles:

Buttons and Bows and The Matador—Betty Garrett, with orchestra. Dinah Shore has also recorded both these numbers—for Columbia—but I prefer Miss Garrett's querulous rendition of "Buttons and Bows." I also prefer the orchestral background here to the hillbilly band that tromps along behind Miss Shore. The other piece is a harmless, if somewhat



Lipstick-watch in 14 kt. gold

A gift that promises to enchant any woman in the world! It's a magnificent 17-jewel Mathey-Tissot timepiece set in a handsome gold lipstick case. It contains Coty's famous Pomade, and has its own glove-soft, crushed calfskin case. A superb and exciting gift! $200. *including* Federal tax.

Created by Broslan. On sale at fine jewelers everywhere. In New York City at Black, Starr & Gorham, Raymond C. Yard, and Lambert Brothers.

MOSSE'S Stunning "Nimrod" Cloth for Buffet and Festive Dining

Bird dog, deer and pheasant, beautifully hand printed on pure linen—with that look of old wood cuts. In autumn colors—tobacco brown, turkey red, or leaf green, on oyster white. Very smart—gay for holiday tables—and a cloth your man will enjoy. . . **Handsome gift, exclusive with Mosse.**

2½ yd cloth, 8 napkins—**$44.50** . . . 3 yd cloth, 12 napkins—**$62.00**
4 yd cloth, 12 napkins—**$74.00**
Doily set for 8 (8 mats, 8 napkins) **$27.50** . . . 42" runner—**$3.50**
Bridge cloth, 45"—4 napkins—**$19.00**

Ask for Christmas Booklet

MOSSE—LINEN, 659 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22 · PL 5-7464

HERMAN BASCH & CO., INC. New York

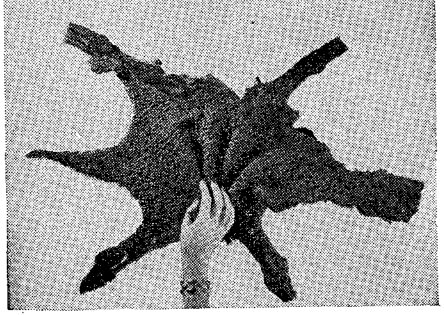
your own fur salon will recommend

HAMMER BRAND

dressmaker

persian lamb and broadtail

by the world's largest and oldest processors of persian lamb and broadtail



strained, novelty song. (*M-G-M 10244*)

Greensleeves and Galway Bay—Anne Shelton, with orchestra. The first, a traditional English ballad, is soundly worked out by Miss Shelton, who has a manly contralto, and by the musicians. "Galway Bay" is an Irish tear-jerker, about as uplifting as a peat bog. (*London 287*)

I Want to Linger and What's Your Story?—Pete Daily's Chicagoans. Not hot jazz, but an expertly played and meticulous re-creation of the old jazz style, by a small combination. The first side, because of the intrinsic superiority of the piece, is much the better. (*Capitol 15095*)

All of Me and Sweet Nothings—Louis Prima and his orchestra. "All of Me" seems to be revived every couple of years or so, but Prima's buoyant and ridiculing version is a good one. The other is an undistinguished song played with a great deal of drive and sung by Cathy Allen. (*Victor 20-3034*)

Rose Room and Song of the Wanderer—The Squadronaires. If the arranger for this British outfit had to find an American band as a model, he could have done much worse than choose Tommy Dorsey's, as he did. The resemblance is strongest in "Rose Room," which is well played. A vocal quartet is heard most of the way through the other piece, singing in a slightly awkward way, patterned on our own involved singing groups. (*London 273*)

Green Gin and Baby I'm Gone—Ernie Andrews, a sturdy blues singer, is backed by a trio—the Clara Lewis Trio—on the first, and more enjoyable, side. On the other side, he is supported in a poor song by a band consisting of Dave Barbour, guitar; Benny Carter, alto sax; Manny Klein, trumpet; Jackie Mills, drums; Red Callender, bass; and Calvin Jackson, piano. (*Exclusive 55-X*)

Kitten on the Keys and Steal Away Easy, Baby—Freddie Slack and his orchestra. The piano compositions of Zez Confrey were a notable part of the popular music of the twenties, and Slack's interpretation, with a frequently rolling bass, of his "Kitten on the Keys" is a welcome revival, though Slack could have dispensed with the band. Both the band and the vocalist, Charlotte Blackburn, sound fine in the other selection, but, alas, the piece isn't worth their trouble. (*Capitol 15155*)

—D. W.

•

Wilson admired intellectual women, but he expected them to look up to him and burn incense at his altar; just as Carey Thomas admired intellectual men but expected them to look up to her as the symbol of cerebral womanhood and with herself as ministrant to burn incense on her altar at Bryn Mawr.

I have a vivid recollection of her officiating at a fire.—*Book review in the Philadelphia Bulletin.*

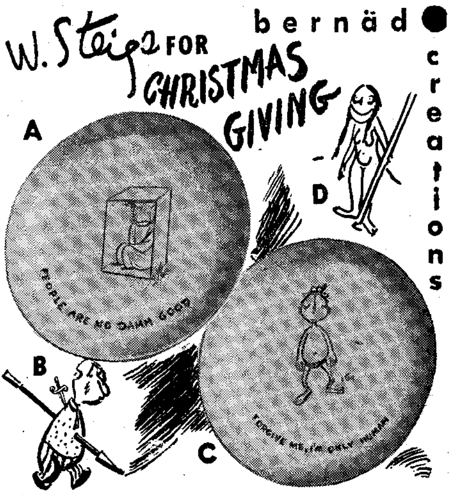
That incense get out of control?

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From Webster's New International Dictionary*]

financier, *n.* One skilled in financial operations; one acquainted with money matters; as, the treasurer was not a *financier.*



bernäd creations

GEMS of humor high-fired enamel on copper. Black on Chartreuse, Turquoise or Red. Unbreakable too!

ORDER NOW

5"size $3.50 ea. 6"size $5.00 ea.

A. People are no damn good
B. If you are good-natured people step all over you
C. Forgive me—I'm only human
D. Public Opinion no longer worries me

Enclose check or M.O.
Catalog on request. New outlets invited.

bernäd creations
27 Washington Street, Dept. N.
Yonkers-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
Yonkers 5-0957

bernäd creations

TAYLOR'S
Sparkling Burgundy
WINE

CAPTURED FLAVOR
THE DIFFERENCE YOU CAN *taste*
One of the 12 fine wines from our famous cellars.
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE SPARKLING *Burgundy*
THE TAYLOR WINE CO.
HAMMONDSPORT, N.Y.
Vineyardists and Producers

STAATS
COTSWORTH
WATERCOLORS Nov. 8-20
American British Art Center 44 W. 56

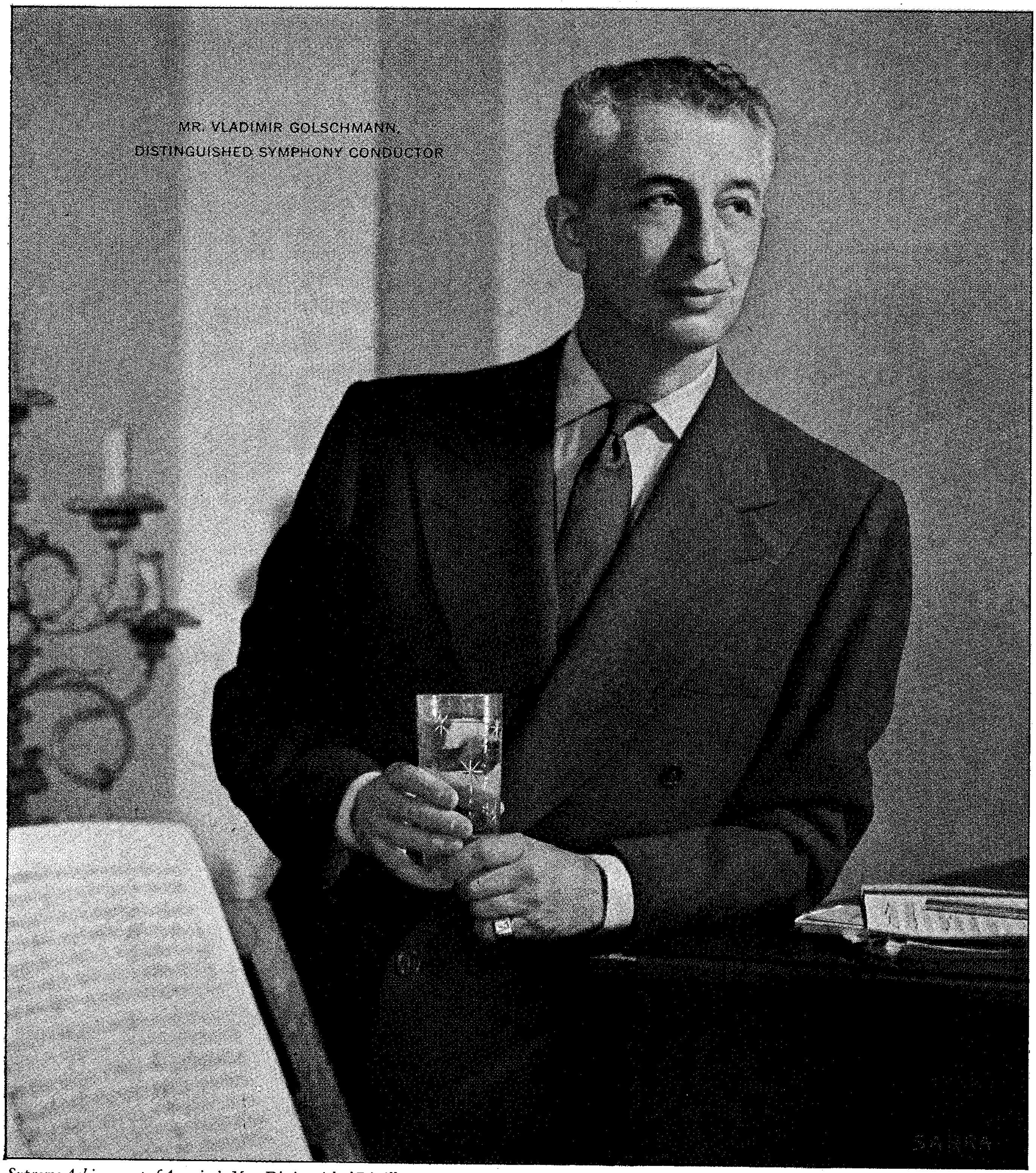
Country dining par excellence
Beau Sejour
PHONE HICKS·91
BETHPAGE, L. I.

For Men of Distinction...

LORD CALVERT

ARISTOCRAT OF HIGHBALLS

There's no mistaking a highball made with Lord Calvert. For this noted whiskey—*so rare... so smooth... so mellow*—owns a gentle but obvious distinction that whispers its royalty. For supreme enjoyment, try Lord Calvert today.



MR. VLADIMIR GOLSCHMANN,
DISTINGUISHED SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR

Supreme Achievement of America's Most Distinguished Distiller · Custom Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits · Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Select your Christmas greetings from

the beautiful paintings of Grandma Moses —

the Grand Old Lady of American Art

Reproduced exclusively — and exquisitely — by the makers of Hallmark Cards, these Christmas Cards by Grandma Moses are part of that new treasury of priceless art — the Hallmark Gallery Artists Collection

Grandma Moses

YOU HAVE SEEN the distinguished works of Grandma Moses reproduced in many leading magazines. You have seen — and admired — the primitive quaintness, the homespun simplicity, that have made her the grand old lady of American Art.

So, *this* year, send your friends beautiful paintings by Grandma Moses as your personal Christmas greetings.

Or select — in the Hallmark Gallery Artists Collection — from the works of 49 other great painters of the past and present.

The original canvases of many of these art treasures have been exhibited in the world's great art galleries. Others have been painted especially—and exclusively—for this unique collection.

And all of them have been reproduced as Christmas cards, by Hallmark craftsmen, with the excellence and elegance they merit.

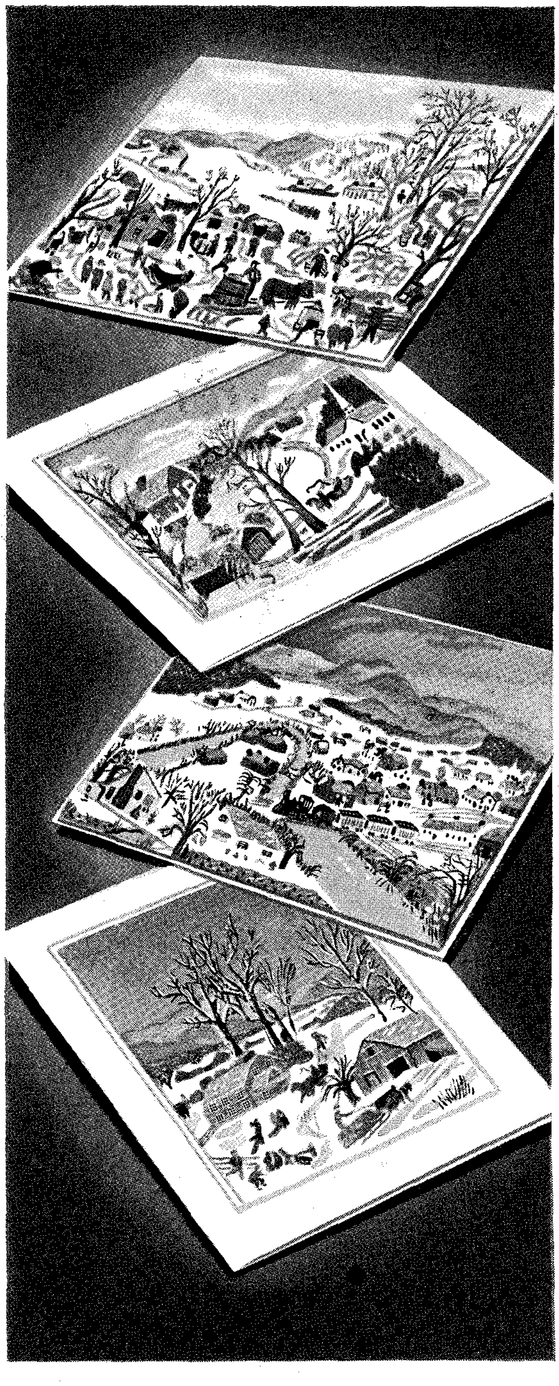
Ask to see the Hallmark Gallery Artists Album at leading stores in your community. Also, all the *other* lines of Hallmark Cards. They are widely varied in design — in appeal — in price. There are Hallmark Cards especially for men; Hallmark Cards for sophisticated tastes — or conservative tastes.

There is, in short, a Hallmark Card that will appeal *particularly* to *you.*

Hallmark

Gallery Artists Christmas Cards

"When you care enough to send the very best"



The Hallmark Gallery Artists Collection includes the works of:

CATHERINE BARNES
DOROTHY BLAHIN
MARY BLAIR
PAUL CEZANNE
MADYE LEE CHASTAIN
F. S. COBURN
SALVADOR DALI
ROBERT DOARES
ANGNA ENTERS
PAUL GAUGUIN
ESTHER GOETZ
DOUGLAS GORSLINE
EL GRECO
FANNY HOLTZMANN
LYNN BOGUE HUNT
CALDWELL JAMES
MERVIN JULES
LYLE JUSTIS
MARION KOHS
FRITZ KREDEL
MARIE LAURENCIN
SAUL LEVINE
MANLY MacDONALD
EDWIN MEGARGEE
CLAUDE MONET
GRANDMA MOSES
JON NEILSON
GUY de NEYERAC
GEORGIA O'KEEFFE
PABLO PICASSO
CAMILLE PISSARRO
TINA RABNER
NORMAN REEVES
AUGUSTE RENOIR
J. LASSELL RIPLEY
NORMAN ROCKWELL
EDITH SACHSEL
EMILY SARTAIN
ALICE SCHLESINGER
A. SHERRIFF SCOTT
NED SEIDLER
HENRY STOESSEL
DORIS STOLBERG
OTTO STORCH
NAHUM TSCHACBASOV
VINCENT VAN GOGH
MARCEL VERTES
LYND WARD
EDWARD WARREN
MAX WEBER

and selected subjects from Currier and Ives

Copr., Hall Brothers, Inc., 1948, Kansas City

You will enjoy the Hallmark Radio Program, 10 o'clock [EST] each Thursday night over CBS nation-wide network. Be sure to listen.

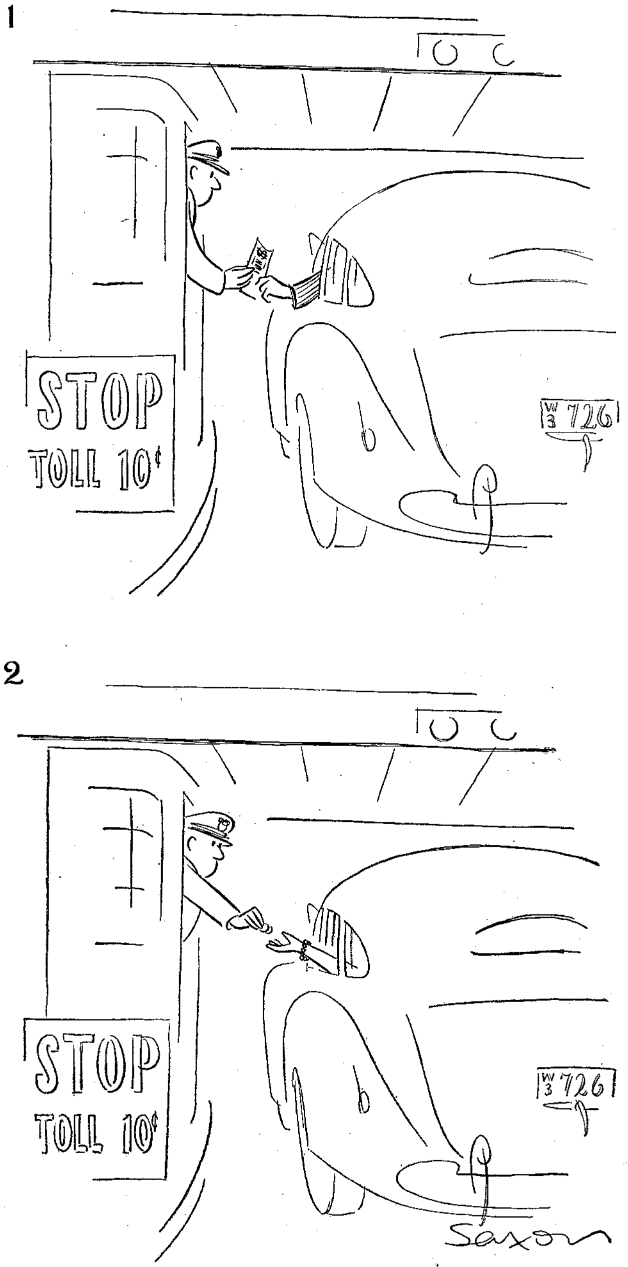
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM SHANGHAI

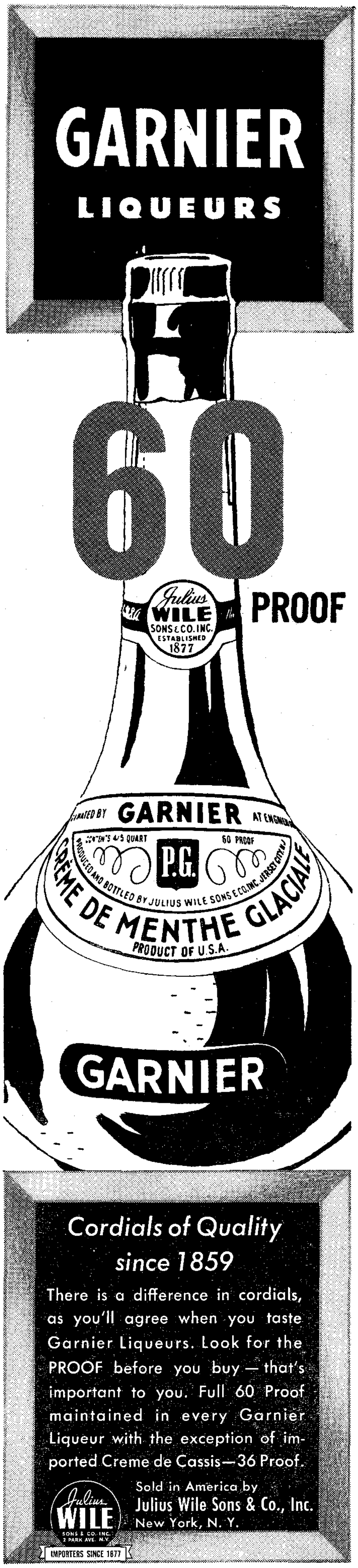
OCTOBER 20

SHANGHAI is a city at abrupt variance with its setting. It is a Western metropolis, where skyscrapers throw big, dark shadows on an impressive waterfront and murky industrial suburbs crowd in on the business center. Green Chinese farm country surrounds the city and laps against it as water laps against an island, without ever encroaching beyond a certain line. Shanghai hardly seems Chinese at all. Originally an expanse of mud flats on the Yangtze River, it was built up during the last century by Westerners, who seized the area by force and diplomacy and ran it under Western law, keeping Chinese authority out. The city thus created was a spectacular achievement in its way—indeed, its old extravagance and glitter were famous everywhere—but it was always an artificial importation, without roots. During the recent war, the foreigners had to give up their special local rights to the Japanese, and when the Japanese left, a Chinese administration moved in. Since then, the city has existed in a twilight atmosphere of contention between Eastern and Western standards, with neither dominant, and has become an arena of rackets and corruption, practiced by both sides and approved of by neither. The city, in addition to being schizophrenic, is big (more than six million), restless, noisy, dirty, and uncreative. Today, the powerful, dynamic city that used to be has almost ceased to exist.

The cracks show most obviously in the material side of life here. Before the war, Shanghai was lavishly furnished with the efficiently run hotels and office buildings, the well-paved streets, and the smooth-functioning public utilities of a rich Western city. The Chinese consider these refinements merely gadgets, unaccountably important to Western culture. They have little respect for them, and, what is perhaps more to the point, they have neither the habits of precision nor the interest in long-term maintenance needed to make them work. Shanghai's plumbing, for instance, once a marvel of luxury, has deteriorated badly. In the large, modern apartment hotel where I am staying, my room has a splendid, prewar tiled bathroom, but the fixtures are out of order. Special tricks and manual nimbleness are necessary to flush the toilet and make the taps run. When I have visitors newly arrived from America, I have to give them lessons in how to get the water working, but people who have lived here during the last couple of years can manage without instruction, being familiar with all the ornery quirks a Shanghai bathroom can develop. Some of the Shanghai street sewers no longer drain properly, which causes knee-deep floods during the summer rains and provides income for a number of Chinese coolies, who charge a fee for carrying finicky residents across the waters piggyback. Telephoning in Shanghai generally ends in a fearsome tangle. The dial system still works fairly well, but private-switchboard operators, if they answer at all, almost infallibly connect you with a wrong extension. Downtown exchanges have become so overloaded—partly because of nonpaying customers who have cannily tapped into the lines on their own—that they can hardly be used during the busy morning hours, a fact that has prompted one American I know to refer to the telephone company as the Iron Curtain Switchboard Corporation. Toward the end of the war, the Japanese took the radiators out of a lot of Shanghai buildings, intending to ship them home for scrap. They got them only as far as the Shanghai docks, but in many cases no attempt has been made to recover or replace the radiators, since the Chinese traditionally depend for warmth on clothing and fortitude instead of central heating. Winter here is raw and gray, with temperatures occasionally below freezing, but the only change it brings in many offices now is a cumulative expansion in the bulk of the Chinese clerks, as they add more layers of sweaters and padded winter gowns. Westerners who have to work in these offices, and who have been softened by the idea that environment should be controlled rather than philosophically accepted, bear the chill for a while by pretending they are camping out, but eventually they break down in misery and long woollen underwear.



There are, too, collisions between the Chinese and Western ideas about how to manage public property—even so simple a thing as a street. To Westerners, a street is just an aid to circulation, unhindered by stationary obstacles. The Chinese have a different view. If they have their way, their streets are clogged with a commotion that cannot be considered traffic at all. In warm weather, tinsmiths, carpenters, and other craftsmen do their work in the roadway; children play everywhere; and women wash clothes on the sidewalk and lay quilts out on the pavement to air. When the foreigners ran Shanghai, they policed the streets in an un-



Cordials of Quality since 1859

There is a difference in cordials, as you'll agree when you taste Garnier Liqueurs. Look for the PROOF before you buy—that's important to you. Full 60 Proof maintained in every Garnier Liqueur with the exception of imported Creme de Cassis—36 Proof.

Sold in America by Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York, N. Y.

IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

bending, systematic way and kept traffic moving. The present Chinese administration, headed by Mayor K. C. Wu, an able and conciliatory man who understands both Eastern and Western ways, has tried to do the same thing, but the public has refused to coöperate. On top of this, impoverished refugees from the civil-war areas north of here, who have poured into the city until it seems about to split, have established themselves as peddlers in the downtown district, spreading all kinds of cheap wares over the sidewalks of such major business arteries as Szechwen and Kiukiang Roads. Skyscrapers empty into these streets, and when the irresistible stream of office workers meets the immovable dam of peddlers, the congestion is paralyzing. Frequently, all traffic stops entirely. The municipal authorities have tried to cure this situation by using more and more severe police methods, but without success. One step was their attempt to ban rickshaws, partly because they are thought degrading in a democracy and partly because they fit in badly with Shanghai's modern automobile traffic. The rickshaw men complained loudly that they would be unable to make a living any other way, and managed to stay in operation. For several months after the war, the curfew imposed by the Japanese was continued, because Communists and other restive elements are at work here. This displeased no one during cold weather, since everyone would have stayed indoors anyway, but with the return of warm days the people moved irrepressibly back onto the sidewalks, to sleep, work, and gossip through the night, and the curfew had to be abandoned. Now it has been restored, but its future is far from assured, since the battle of whether the streets should be ruled by efficiency or by the people's customs goes on endlessly. Carved on the gateposts before one of the grandiose old-time business establishments on the busy thoroughfare of Bubbling Well Road are two large ornamental images. Some time ago, superstitious Chinese passersby decided that these were divinities who could bestow wealth, and every day worshippers gathered in front of them to burn incense and imitation money. The crowds grew larger and larger, until they began to spill well out into Bubbling Well Road and interfere with traffic. The authorities tried to put a stop to this practice, and the people protested. Finally, the images had to be hauled off to a park in the suburbs, where they can no longer stir up trouble between the Eastern and Western ideas of public good.

Shanghai's night life, once a glittering topic for the American yellow press, has lost its shine in the postwar darkness, but there are still a number of tawdry cabarets where a visitor can be entertained by Chinese or White Russian taxi-dancers, who, though shopworn, are in the old international tradition. Conservative Chinese disapprove of dancing as immoral, however, and many of them are powerful in the Central Government, at Nanking. Several months ago, Nanking ordered the cabarets closed, as part of an "austerity movement" whose purpose was to divert energy to the civil war. The order was more emotional than practical, since it threatened to throw still another part of Shanghai life out of joint, and its application was blocked when a few thousand dancing girls and other cabaret employees and hangers-on, an extremely tough group of people, marched on the Shanghai Bureau of Social Affairs, which was supposed to enforce the edict, and tore its premises apart, breaking windows, hurling furniture into the street, and manhandling policemen. A couple of days later, the cabarets were open again.

CONFLICTS like these have made the Central Government none too sure of its power, particularly in Shanghai, and as the government is weakened by the civil war, it tends to fall back on increasingly medieval ways of ruling, among them the controlling of private opinion, which has an unsavory precedent in the "thought control" of the Japanese. Shanghai, however, being China's newspaper and trading center and the traditional Chinese bridgehead for Western ideas, is not an ideal place to control thoughts. Several attempts to do so have touched off as violent explosions among the populace as the attempts to regulate traffic. In addition, the Western press is a powerful hindrance. There are a handful of foreign-owned publications here, such as the American *Shanghai Evening Post & Mercury* and *China Weekly Review*, that are impervious to censorship, since the government doesn't want to alienate any more foreigners than it can help, and these publish news of any important suppressions of free speech. Also, since most of the China correspondents of foreign newspapers and news agencies are concentrated in Shanghai, the arrest here of ten intellectuals who are suspected of harboring intransigent thoughts is likely to get more publicity abroad than the arrest of a hundred in a less closely scrutinized part of the country. This is a kind of publicity that the government tries to avoid, so it handles Shanghai with caution.

There are at least two secret-police organizations working here, both laid out on supposedly efficient German and Russian lines but both shot through with old-style Chinese corruption and bureaucratic feuding. One is an instrument of the Kuomintang Party, the other of the Chinese Army. There is considerable rivalry between them, partly over prestige, partly over which should be allowed to squeeze bribes and other favors out of such common prey as Chinese newspapers and rich intellectuals. A standard weapon used by both is the artificially fired mob. Not long ago, the *Ta Kung Pao*, China's outstanding daily, failed to put big headlines on a story about Russian planes' taking an active part in a border fracas between Chinese and Mongolian troops—a story, incidentally, that was a phony but was being pushed hard by the government's propaganda service. A mob of "outraged citizens" quickly formed around the *Ta Kung Pao* offices on Nanking Road and scared the paper back into line, as the next edition proved. (A mob can put a Chinese newspaper out of business for some time just by overturning its type fonts, because it takes so long to sort the thousands of characters.) The *Ta Kung Pao* is often pointed out to foreigners as an example of the free Chinese press, and indeed its editors are not much interfered with directly, but they know perfectly well that they must be careful if they are to escape trouble. The government's object is to control thought without using clear-cut measures that its critics could make issues of. Last year, a crowd of students here stole a railway train and started off for Nanking to stage a demonstration over a number of grievances. The government's counterattack was character-

EVERYTHING NEW BUT THE ALPHABET...

On the new Royal Portable!

THIS IS NEW!

Your thumb can't miss with this new SPEED SPACER. It's scientifically placed—built right in the frame—to keep you from making spacing errors! Only on the new Royal Portable will you find this up-to-the-minute improvement!

THIS IS NEW!

Never before, keys like this! FINGER-FLOW KEYS—designed to cradle your finger tips! This exclusive Royal feature gives greater clearance between rows of keys. Along with the fully standard "office typewriter" keyboard, it makes typing easier, faster, more accurate!

THIS IS NEW!

Style design with new BEAUTY! Graceful lines! Two-tone, non-glare finish! Touches of gleaming chrome! And your Royal Portable has the ruggedness to take years of hard usage.

THIS IS NEW!

Royal's RAPID RIBBON CHANGER removes the work from this chore. Just flip this handy device down and up—and the fresh ribbon settles in its saddle. Good-by fuss! Good-by muss! You'll welcome the RAPID RIBBON CHANGER!

All this . . . plus "Magic" Margin!

All these wonderful new features team up with the famous "Magic" Margin—the exclusive Royal margin setter which sets your margin in a twinkling with just a flick of the finger!

And there are *more* features! See the new Royal Portable at your Royal dealer's. Learn how easy it is to own one. In two models: Quiet De Luxe and Arrow.

"Magic" is a registered trade-mark of Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

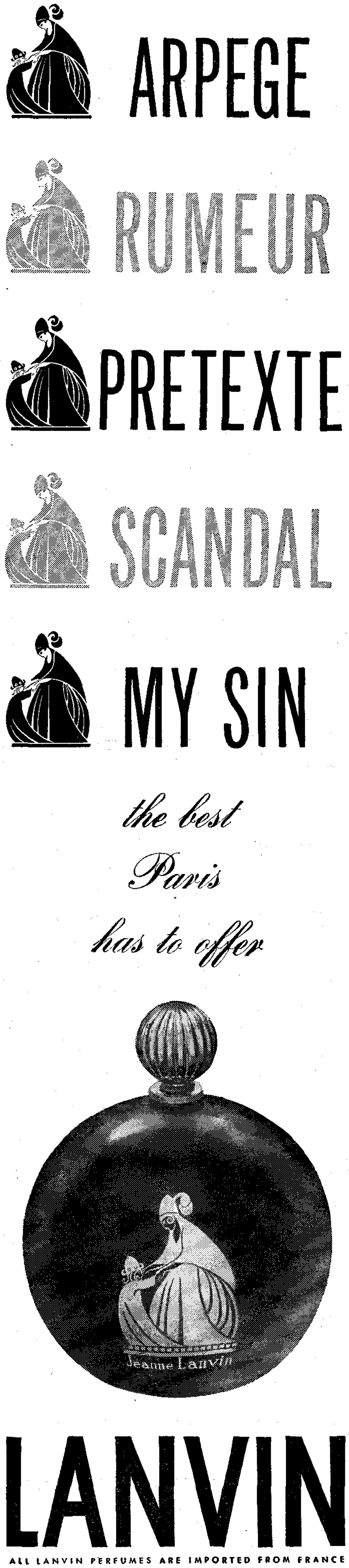
FINGER-FLOW KEYS

NEW

Royal Portable

The World's First Truly Modern
Portable Typewriter

Made by the world's largest manufacturer of typewriters.


ARPEGE
RUMEUR
PRETEXTE
SCANDAL
MY SIN
the best Paris has to offer
Jeanne Lanvin
LANVIN
ALL LANVIN PERFUMES ARE IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

istically indirect; it tore up a stretch of track ahead of the train.

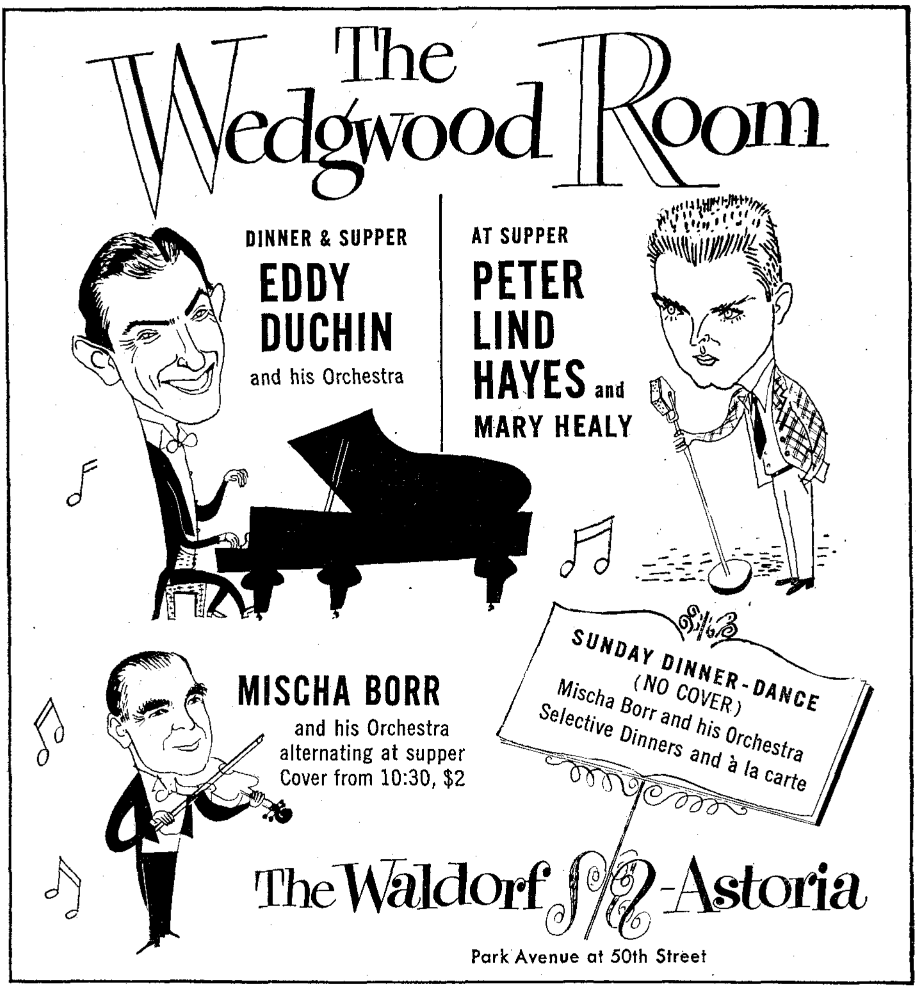
Kidnappings and threats of kidnappings are highly thought of as control measures by the secret police. Obscure students and other intellectuals frequently disappear, and often their friends can't be sure whether they have been arrested or have slipped away to Communist territory. As could be expected of a venal police, a good deal of time is spent arresting small fry, while anyone who might have tough and influential friends is not bothered; this spring, one of the Communist Party's major theoreticians, a man named Hua Kang, passed through Shanghai on his way from Communist territory to the British colony of Hong Kong, where there is an important group of political exiles, and, though an outlaw of wide notoriety, he managed to stay here for some time, holding discussions with the Party's local chiefs.

Various dodges are used to escape the notice of the secret police. A Chinese friend of mine, an editor of great honesty and talent who was forced underground for criticizing the government, has been using protective coloration, a device he hit upon in the knowledge that agents of the Chinese secret-police forces have an overwhelming weakness for black, high-collared suits, known as "Chungshan uniforms," which were favored by Sun Yat-sen as a way of getting his people out of long gowns without making them slavish addicts of Western tailoring, and which have been in vogue among officials ever since. Often a member of the secret police can be spotted at a demonstration almost as quickly as if he were wearing the uniform of a New York patrolman. My friend now wears a black Chungshan uniform himself. He says it immediately disarms police suspicion. They take him for one of their own. Scores of Shanghai intellectuals are leading similar wary lives, avoiding trouble but continuing their work in varying degrees of secrecy. Of course, this could hardly be done if the government were popular and confident, and if the intellectuals were commonly regarded as public enemies. The fact is that in the people's minds the secret police and many of the government officials are the real enemies, and police authority is further weakened by the fact that the police agents know this and want to get right with the populace before it is too late. The Communists, inching down from the north, cannot be ignored; in fact, their operatives have been circularizing secret-police operatives recently, saying that records are being kept on them against the day of the Reds' victory.

THE closest formal battle lines of the civil war are perhaps a hundred miles away, north of the wide Yangtze, where they will presumably be for some time, but there has been irregular fighting near the city's outskirts. Furthermore, the coast south of Shanghai is a wild proposition, infested as it is with pirates and bandits whose leaders are somewhat like fifteenth-century barons—now fighting one another, now uniting, holding personal sway over small patches of territory, and paying scanty allegiance to any national authority. During the first part of the war with Japan, many of them recognized the puppet government, but by the end of it they were more or less solidly behind Chiang Kai-shek. Now, as the government becomes more arbitrary, corrupt, and unsuccessful, they have begun to drift away. Some have merely turned more independent; others are linking up with the Communists. Last winter, Ting Hsi-shan, one of the bandits who had thrown in with the Reds—a picturesque and boastful fighter who in prewar times had been a professional kidnapper—landed with a seaborne force at the small port of Tsingpu, about forty miles south of here. Someone tipped government troops off. They overwhelmed the invaders, caught Ting, and decapitated him. The news of the clash was a shock to the people in Shanghai, who think of their city as isolated and are hardly aware that the turbulent world outside is so close to their doors.

The chief visible sign of war in Shanghai is the presence of troops, often in transit from rear bases to the front, who add a great deal to the city's confusion. Most Chinese soldiers are illiterate peasant conscripts, familiar with only the simplest village life, and seldom well trained or well disciplined. They tend to run wild, swarming aboard trolleys and into movie houses without paying admission. Police interference with their activities sometimes develops almost into minor warfare. Last summer, for instance, soldiers killed eight people, six of them policemen, in a shooting scrape at a movie theatre. Recently, theatres have been refusing to pay the amusement tax levied on them as a war measure, because so many soldiers are bullying their way into performances free. Many of the soldiers in town are wounded veterans who have been sent back from the front, given summary medical treatment, and turned loose. These men roam the streets, barging into restaurants and offices to beg money; if they are sent away empty-handed, they are likely to return with a gang of colleagues and wreck the place.

SHANGHAI is a commercial city. That is what the foreigners built it for, and business is what has brought Chinese and foreigners here ever since. Until a couple of months ago, Shanghai's business life was thoroughly abnormal, riddled with frantic speculating and black-market operations brought on by inflation and the civil war. These excesses have been at least temporarily checked by Chiang Ching-kuo, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's son, who is a special economic supervisor here. He was appointed in August, when the government issued a new currency, and reinforced it with decrees against the practices that had helped inflate the old one into uselessness. Young Chiang, who was educated in Russia, is a sincere reformer, and he has long felt that Shanghai's ways are unseemly in a country plagued by poverty and revolution. He has set out to enforce the new decrees vigorously, a campaign in which he is helped by his father's prestige and by his own talents, which include a good popular touch and a flair for the dramatic. One fanciful thing he does is make incognito, Haroun-al-Rashid tours through the city, dressed in an old blue cotton gown, trying to spot merchants who are selling above the new ceiling prices. As a result, he has had several well-connected malefactors arrested for black-market dealings, including the second son of Tu Yueh-sen, a venerable opium trader and labor and underworld boss, whom other officials have not dared offend for fear that he would set his followers to rioting. Young Tu, though generally believed open to prosecution on very grave charges, has, significantly, been held on one whose maximum penalty is only a year in jail. Lesser offenders have been more harshly dealt with, and some have even been condemned to death. Pictures of executions, showing the doomed man sitting on a straight chair in a bleak courtyard while a policeman aims a pistol at the back of his head, are published in the newspapers, and—for the present, at least—they have had a dampening effect on would-be speculators. The papers also give frequent and prominent display to stories about Chiang Ching-kuo's deeds and sayings; one such was an account of how an influential local man was thrown into jail, how in the


The Wedgwood Room

DINNER & SUPPER
EDDY DUCHIN
and his Orchestra

AT SUPPER
PETER LIND HAYES and MARY HEALY

MISCHA BORR
and his Orchestra
alternating at supper
Cover from 10:30, $2

SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
(NO COVER)
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra
Selective Dinners and à la carte

The Waldorf-Astoria
Park Avenue at 50th Street

Scotch Pullovers of Finest Tibetan Cashmere

Sulka—famous for fine cashmeres—offers a full selection of these most favored of all sweaters. With that exceptionally soft, lightweight warmth men enjoy. Full fashioned, hand finished. In natural, lapis blue, beetroot, navy, canary, brown, or white. With sleeves, 36 to 44—$27.50 . . . 46 to 48—$29.50. Sleeveless, 36 to 44—$18.50 . . . 46 to 48—$20.00 . . . Also cashmere cardigans and waistcoats.

Look ahead to Christmas—
Selection sent on request

A. Sulka & Company
661 Fifth Avenue - at 52 Street — New York 22
2 South Michigan Avenue at Madison, Chicago 3

Michael Conversa simply tore a hole in cardboard, put a tidbit on one side of it and pussy posed. Award winner 1946 Graflex Photo Contest.

LOOKING FOR THE ONE camera that is the answer to *your* picture-taking requirements? Take our advice: ask your local Graflex dealer to show you the entire Graflex line of great cameras. You'll be amazed how easy it is to pick a famous Graflex camera that *suits your needs in every way*. Stop in today! Graflex, Inc., Rochester 8, N. Y.

ENTER THE BIG 1948 GRAFLEX PHOTO CONTEST RIGHT AWAY! 62 PRIZES TOTALING $5,000.00! GET ENTRY FORMS FROM YOUR LOCAL GRAFLEX DEALER

GRAFLEX
Prize-Winning Cameras

Western Division: 3045 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

The Correct Way to Say
CRÈME DE MENTHE...IS
FREEZOMINT

ONE OF FAMOUS LIQUEURS BY
CUSENIER
PRODUCT OF FRANCE
W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y. C.
Established 1888 • Sole Agents for U. S. A.

JUMBO PRUNES
SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

To those who answer this advertisement and send me a $1 bill, I will send my regular $2.25 2¼-lb. box of JUMBO PRUNES postpaid anywhere in U. S. A. Huge big prunes direct from my California ranch. Plump, tender, delicious. Great for eating like candy; fine for quick cooking. Marvelous flavor. I include a sample of my ranch-made sweets, also. Satisfaction or your money back. Only 1 box to a customer as this is an introductory offer only.

ROBT. B. HAWKINS, Box N-17
Vaca Valley Orchards Vacaville, Calif.

RE-OPENING FEBRUARY 1st
The Princess Hotel
AND COTTAGE COLONY
HAMILTON • BERMUDA
Robert D. Blackman, *General Manager*
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or WM. P. WOLFE, Representative,
500 Fifth Ave., N. Y., LOngacre 5-1114.
Offices: Philadelphia, Chicago, Toronto.
Also—Ft. Montagu Beach Hotel, Nassau

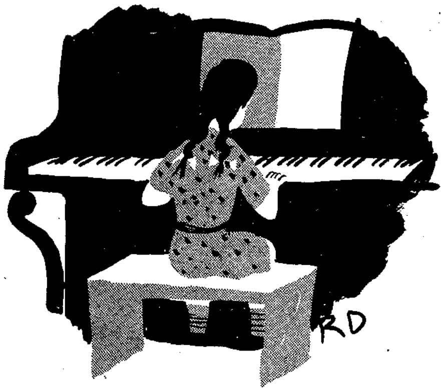
LOVE YOUR SUEDES?
We Clean and Restore Your Suede Coats and Jackets
MAIL ORDERS DEPT. S
Leathercraft Process
1052 FIRST AVE., NEW YORK

next few days he sent three successive intermediaries to see young Chiang, in the hope of arranging a fix in the traditional Chinese style, and how, each time, the bail was raised, until the prisoner stopped trying.

Chiang Ching-kuo has taken the public imagination here as Mayor LaGuardia took it in New York, and his effort to hold prices down has had considerable effect, but the people, even in their enthusiasm for him, don't expect this state of affairs to last. They are convinced by experience that he will be able to chastise the Shanghai big shots only in limited numbers and for a limited time, and that he will certainly have to make more and more compromises as he goes along. More important, they think that the new currency is fundamentally no sounder than the old, because its only real backing is the good faith of the government, which is known to be spending more than it takes in and which has always made up its deficits by printing greenbacks. Meanwhile, they are holding on to whatever goods they possess, trying not to sell them at the present controlled prices, despite Chiang Ching-kuo's orders and pleas against hoarding. An acquaintance of mine stopped at a paint store one day recently to buy some varnish. The shopkeeper had a whole roomful of it but would part with only one small can; he didn't need money at the time, and if he had taken in any important amount, he would just have had to go out and buy more paint or something else. Most merchants and private citizens have been hoarding to some degree ever since V-J Day. When they receive salaries or other payments in paper money, they hurry off to buy something less perishable for future sale or future use—maybe coal for the winter after next. When you sit down to dinner in a friend's house, you may bump your knees against a bale of cotton, stored under the table for lack of room elsewhere. The offices and corridors of some downtown buildings are cluttered with hoarded goods, making a fire hazard that Shanghai's old foreign management would never have allowed.

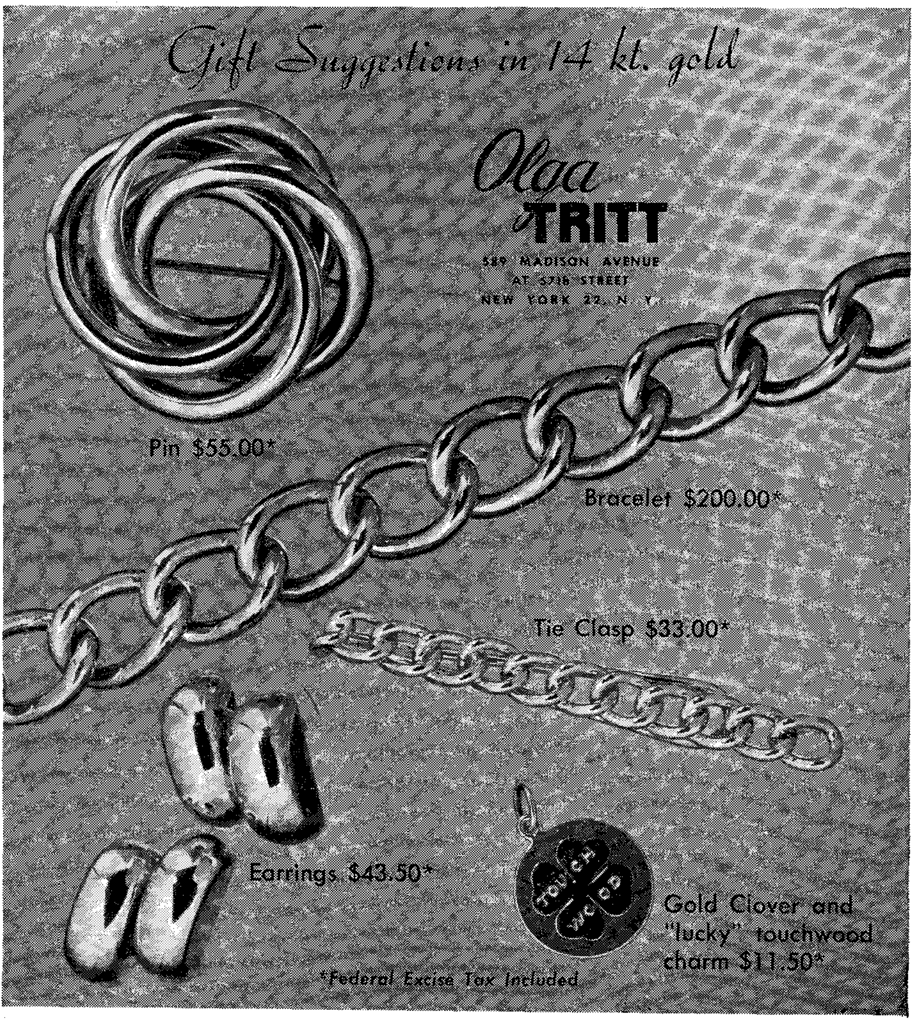
Speculation in rents is another economic thorn in Shanghai's life. Under Chinese law, it is almost impossible for a landlord to evict a tenant, and this, coupled with the pressure of idle refugee capital here, has again brought about the old subterfuge of "key money." A new tenant not only must pay rent to the landlord before moving into his quarters but also must pay key money to the old tenant to get him out. The key-money rate is high now. Last fall, a friend of mine, a young American, was trying to get married. His fiancée demanded, not unreasonably, that he find a place to live first, a stipulation that almost blocked the wedding, since for a long time he could find no place for which the key money was under thirty-five hundred American dollars. A typical place he looked at was a two-room flat whose walls had started to peel, although it was in a good modern building. The key money was forty-five hundred dollars, and in addition the tenant insisted on selling the furniture—a purely symbolic collection of cheap chairs and tables—for fifteen hundred.

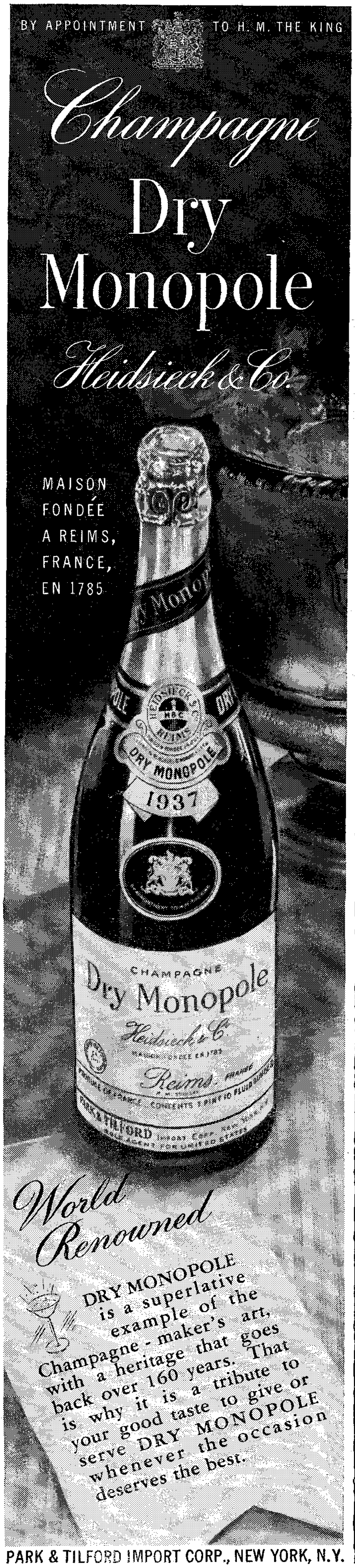
IN prewar Shanghai, the most important figures in the city's economic life were the *taipans*, the Western businessmen who got rich here in banking, shipping, or importing. They could operate successfully because they insisted, with gunboats behind them, that business be conducted according to Western laws and ethics. They are in eclipse now, because Chinese laws and ethics prevail, to the extent that any laws or ethics prevail. The Chinese traditionally do *not* put a literal construction on regulations or contracts; no matter what the words say, there is generally room for compromise and informal personal deals. Big Chinese enterprises have usually been run by combinations of businessmen and government officials, the function of the latter being to make sure that the law is tempered and that special favors are granted. Since the war, this sort of arrangement has become almost imperative for everyone, because the government has surrounded all business with such a jungle of restrictions and red tape that firms without a private line to the authorities can hardly do business at all. Well-connected firms, on the other hand, are in clover. The importing of luxuries, including passenger automobiles, was officially banned some time ago as a means of conserving China's dwindling foreign credits, but



USHER'S GREEN STRIPE
USHER'S
"GREEN STRIPE"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
USHER'S
Extra Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
EDINBURGH

WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1779, Usher's Scotch Whisky reflects its 18th century renown in a George III silver salver of Chippendale design (courtesy Peter Guille, Ltd.). To serve or order **Usher's** reflects your good taste. 86.8 proof. **Mellow and velvet smooth.** Sole distributors U. S. A., The Jos. Garneau Co., Inc., New York, N. Y., established 1856.


Gift Suggestions in 14 kt. gold
Olga TRITT
589 MADISON AVENUE
AT 57th STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
Pin $55.00*
Bracelet $200.00*
Tie Clasp $33.00*
Earrings $43.50*
TOUCH WOOD
Gold Clover and "lucky" touchwood charm $11.50*
*Federal Excise Tax Included


BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. THE KING

Champagne
Dry
Monopole
Heidsieck & Co.

MAISON
FONDÉE
A REIMS,
FRANCE,
EN 1785

World Renowned

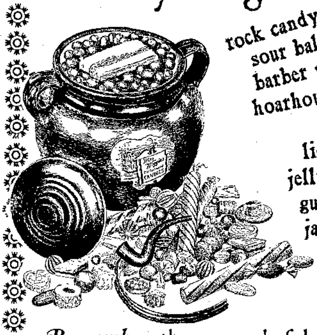
DRY MONOPOLE is a superlative example of the champagne-maker's art, with a heritage that goes back over 160 years. That is why it is a tribute to your good taste to serve DRY MONOPOLE whenever the occasion deserves the best.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.

some companies have been able to bring in through government channels such things as air-conditioning units and fancy new Cadillacs, on the ground that they are needed for "training purposes." The old-style *taipans* who are still around have been complaining acidly about this sort of corner-cutting, and though their complaints are perhaps not entirely altruistic, they have a point, for such irregularities are helping Shanghai fall apart by putting the city's economic life into the hands of incompetent and corrupt politicians. Industrial equipment, for instance, used to be sold here by Western firms, who would install and service it. Now the equipment is bought in the States through quasi-official firms and often breaks down almost immediately or never runs at all.

Many foreigners here, unable to do business in the old *taipan* way, have taken to operating Chinese style and cutting officials in on their profits—although this is frowned on by the more conservative element—and some have even taken up practices that neither side thinks legitimate. In so doing, they are shielded by their passports. Theoretically, foreigners no longer have any special status here, but the Chinese government, eager for Occidental help and worried by the bad name it has among honest foreign businessmen, is reluctant to crack down, a fact that adventurers of both races are exploiting. A smart Chinese acquaintance of mine recently wanted to start a company for making medicine for babies. His theory was that the little beasts are always getting sick and that a mixture of a few simple drugs would do them no harm and might even do them some good. He knew a drugstore clerk who would handle the scientific end, and he wanted me to be president. I was not expected to do any work. My qualification for the job, in his opinion, was my American passport. Many foreigners here are using their comparative immunity from punishment to cover smuggling operations, and a few are deep in the underground arms traffic, running guns either to the Communists or to the pirates and bandits along the coast. This sort of thing contributes to the breakdown of morality and to the cynicism of both foreigners and Chinese. Neither side has a good word for Shanghai. The Chinese, with much justice, look on it as a sinful and troublesome Western creation, foisted on their country against their will. The foreigners look on it as a once-prosperous concern that the Chinese are now ruining.

No break in this atmosphere of sus-


OLDTIMERS
with young ideas!

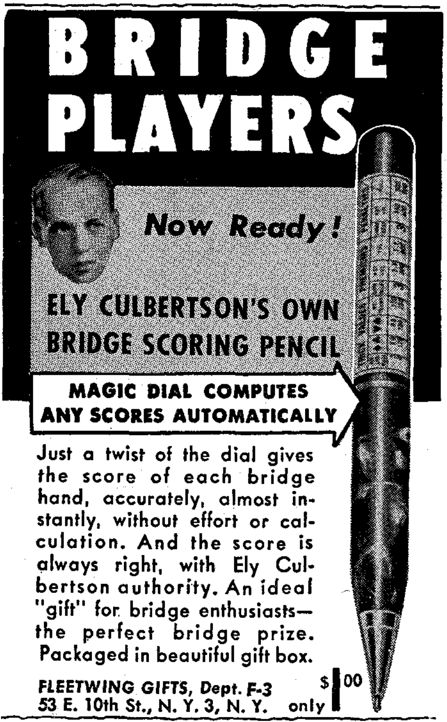
rock candy
sour balls
barber poles
hoarhound drops
licorice
jelly beans
gum drops
jawbreakers

Remember those wonderful "penny candies" in the big glass jars? We've got them in real New England earthenware Bean Pots topped with a layer of candy pork and beans or in stout maple-finish Firkins topped with a tray of creamy mint and maple rosebuds. Sent postpaid east of the Mississippi. Elsewhere in United States and Canada, add 40c. Overseas, $1.00. Order *early* for Christmas. Send for your *free* Country Store Gift Catalogue.

8½ inch Firkin, 5 lbs. candies, $4.95
7 inch Bean Pot, 2¾ lbs. candies, 3.25
2 lbs. Nibbler's Ass't. (Postpd.) 1.50

By check or money order

WIGGINS
COUNTRY STORE
150 Years Old
35 Town Lane, Northampton, Mass.


BRIDGE PLAYERS

Now Ready!

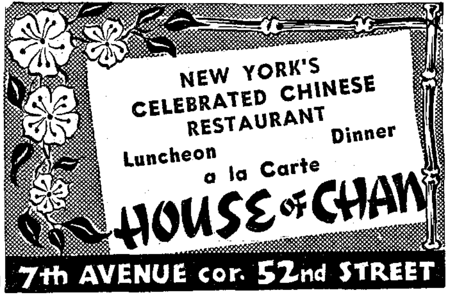
ELY CULBERTSON'S OWN BRIDGE SCORING PENCIL

MAGIC DIAL COMPUTES ANY SCORES AUTOMATICALLY

Just a twist of the dial gives the score of each bridge hand, accurately, almost instantly, without effort or calculation. And the score is always right, with Ely Culbertson authority. An ideal "gift" for bridge enthusiasts—the perfect bridge prize. Packaged in beautiful gift box.

FLEETWING GIFTS, Dept. F-3
53 E. 10th St., N. Y. 3, N. Y.

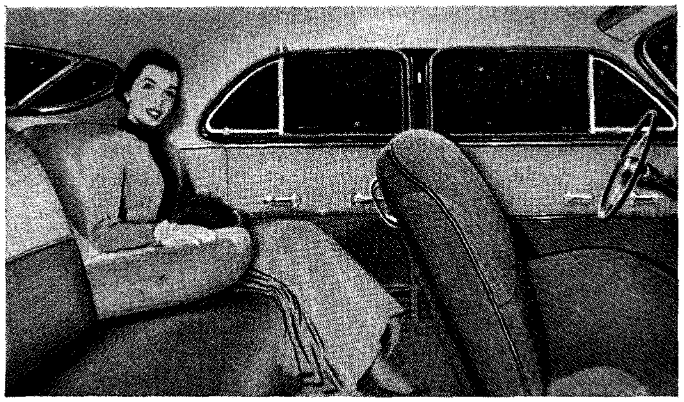
$1.00 only


NEW YORK'S CELEBRATED CHINESE RESTAURANT

Luncheon
Dinner
a la Carte

HOUSE of CHAN

7th AVENUE cor. 52nd STREET



Interior luxury expresses the Lincoln Idea. Shown, the Lincoln.

Lincoln has a new idea

PLANNED WITH YOU IN MIND

THE completely new 1949 Lincoln and Lincoln Cosmopolitan were built with *your* comfort, *your* safety, *your* driving ease in mind.

That's the Lincoln Idea...and you get it in every detail of these two great new cars.

Take the completely new Lincoln engine. Eight-Cylinder, V-type...it delivers 152 horsepower, with an economy that will surprise you! Yet, for all this magnificent strength, here is an engine which has amazing flexibility...the ready response to make heavy-traffic driving *easy!*

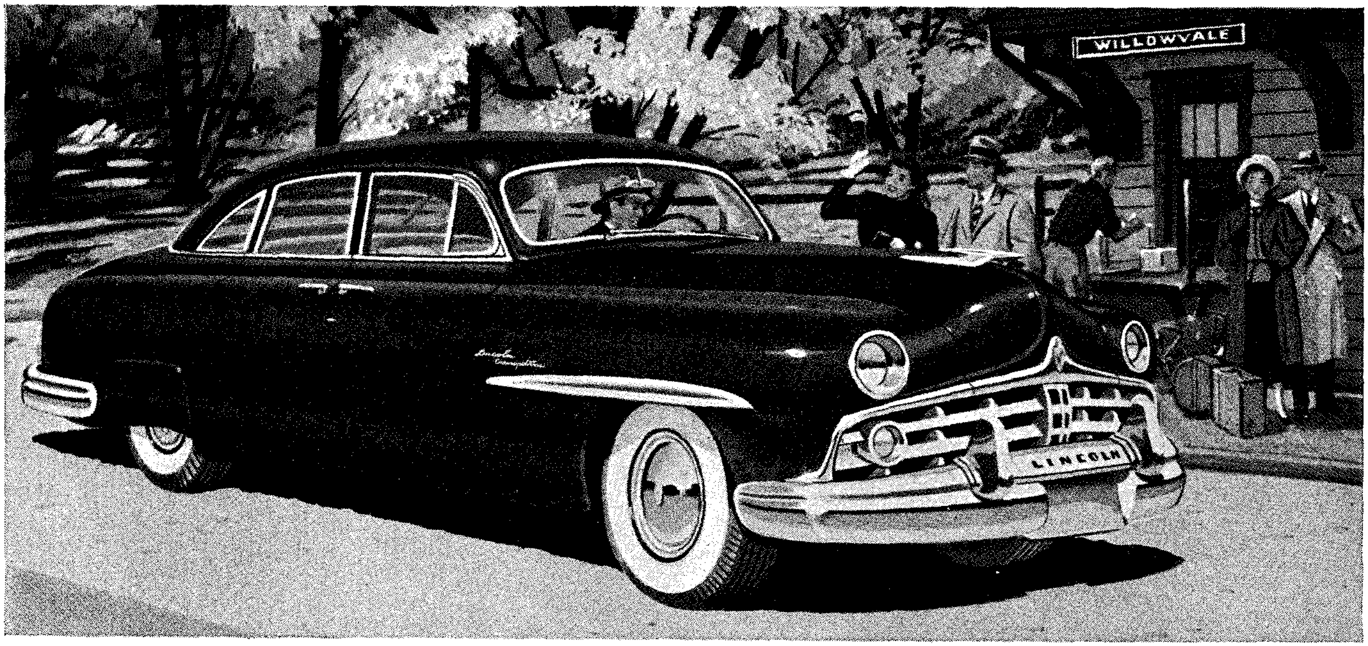
In both the Lincoln and the Lincoln Cosmopolitan, a new balanced steering system needs only the lightest hand to guide it. New spring suspension and the balanced strength of the super-braced Lincoln chassis help hold the road for you. Mighty new Lincoln brakes give you absolute confidence and control.

Broad, panoramic windows and windshields for all-round visibility; a new, short turning-radius; luxurious interiors ...these are part of the Lincoln Idea, too.

Never before, in the designing of any car, has there been such determination to produce the most perfectly integrated and balanced mechanism possible for your driving *ease.* That's the Lincoln Idea! That's why, this year, Look Into Lincoln ...and make your fine-car *decision* easy!

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR CO.

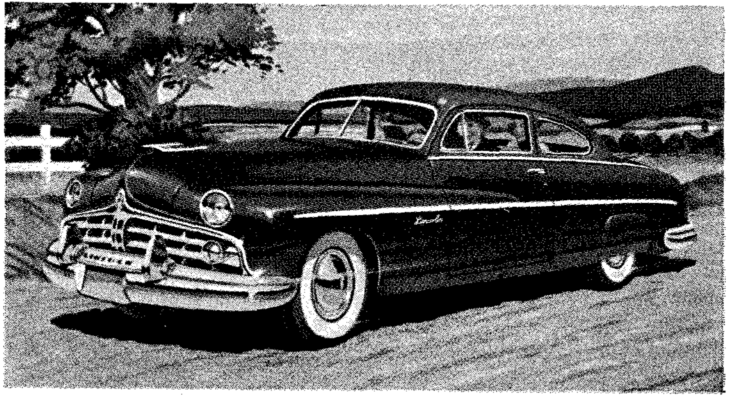
White side-wall tires, road lamps (and rear wheel shields on the Lincoln) are optional



Smoothly, safely, easily, the mighty new Lincoln brakes go into action. Shown, the Lincoln Cosmopolitan.

THE LINCOLN IDEA IS YOURS TO ENJOY IN **THE LINCOLN** AND THE **LINCOLN COSMOPOLITAN.** THESE TWO COMPLETELY NEW 1949 CARS ARE IN TWO SEPARATE PRICE RANGES AND **A** CHOICE OF MAGNIFICENT BODY STYLES.

The sturdy, extra-rigid Lincoln chassis means steadier, safer driving for you.



TRAIL CREEK CABIN • Sun Valley

Where every day's a Holiday!

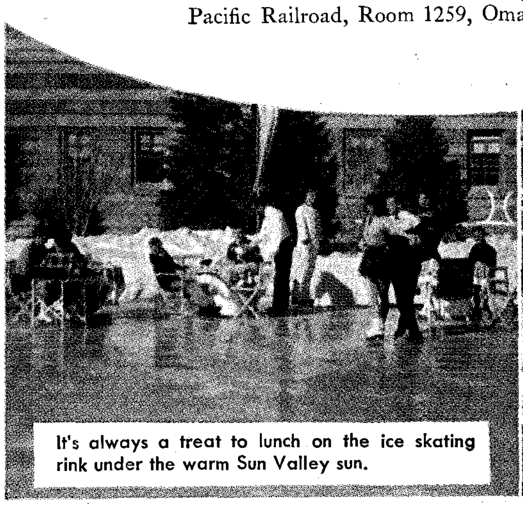
Sun Valley

IDAHO

A bright blanket of sparkling snow . . . the ever-present festive feeling . . . and the fine winter fun facilities spell joy of living in the Sun Valley manner. You'll enjoy more skiing per day on the excellent slopes served by eight electrically-powered lifts . . . swimming in two warm-water pools . . . dancing and evening entertainment. For that perfect vacation—summer or winter—choose Sun Valley.

* * *

For information address: W. P. Rogers, Gen'l Mgr., Sun Valley, Ida., or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 1259, Omaha 2, Nebr., or see any local travel agent.



It's always a treat to lunch on the ice skating rink under the warm Sun Valley sun.

Gretchen Fraser

World's champion slalom skier, won the 1948 Olympics, skiing for Sun Valley, where she received her training.

*

(Left) What a wonderful ending to a perfect day! Good friends around a cheerful fire.

picion and bitterness can be seen. Shanghai now lacks the force, derived from a common purpose and from common principles, that a city must have if it is going to amount to anything; in the old *taipan* days it had this quality, and more purely Chinese cities, such as Peiping, have it now, in spite of the civil war. If things keep on as they are, Shanghai can look forward only to more lawlessness, more riots, more traffic snarls, more Eastern scorn for Western gadgets, more confusion over whether speech is free or not, more recriminations, more chaos, and more decay. Barring a return of foreign control, which is unlikely, this train of dissolution may possibly continue until the city is ruined and deserted. The millennium earnestly desired in these parts is, of course, the harmonious union of East and West. The fix Shanghai is in now indicates that this can't be achieved just by throwing the two together abruptly; there are too many collisions and flying splinters, too many barked shins and spoiled tempers. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

•

SMALL-GAME SEASON

The rabbit, running down the dawn,
Before the evening will be gone,
Leaving the measure of its leap
Marked by a broken, bloody heap.

The pheasant's iridescent arc,
Which fired the morning with its spark,
Will lie beneath the sun at noon
As cold and lifeless as the moon.

The squirrel that bore the acorn cup
To fill his winter granary up
Still holds the Grail he cannot see
Below the sanctuary tree.

Now, with the gift of day near spent,
The hunter sits in tired content,
And, warm and peaceful in the sun,
He cleans the murder from his gun.

—EDWARD SHENTON

•

Q. Because of the numerous inoculations I received while I was in the navy, I fear that I am now sterile. Is there any way in which I can find out if this is true?

A. A medical authority tells me that any inoculation given in World War II wouldn't cause sterility. You can check with your doctor to find out if you are sterile and, if so, what the cause is. This is the simplest and least expensive though not the only method known to man.

—MR. FIXIT.
—*Minneapolis Star-Tribune.*

Come, now, Fixit, no need to let the imagination run riot.

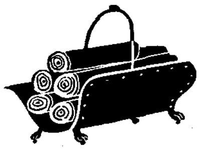
Christmas suggestion
alfred dunhill
SELECCION SUPREMA
WORLD'S FINEST CIGARS

Dunhill's *seleccion suprema* . . . the cream of
the great Havana brands . . . carefully selected by
our cigar expert. These superb cigars are always kept
at their peak of freshness and flavor in the famous
Dunhill Humidor on the second floor of the Dunhill store.
Priced from $8.00 per box of 25.
Also a wide assortment of gift presentation packings.
Shipment made to any destination.

alfred dunhill
FIFTH AVENUE AT 50TH STREET • NEW YORK 20
Mail or phone orders filled—CIrcle 7-5133 • Gift catalog on request

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

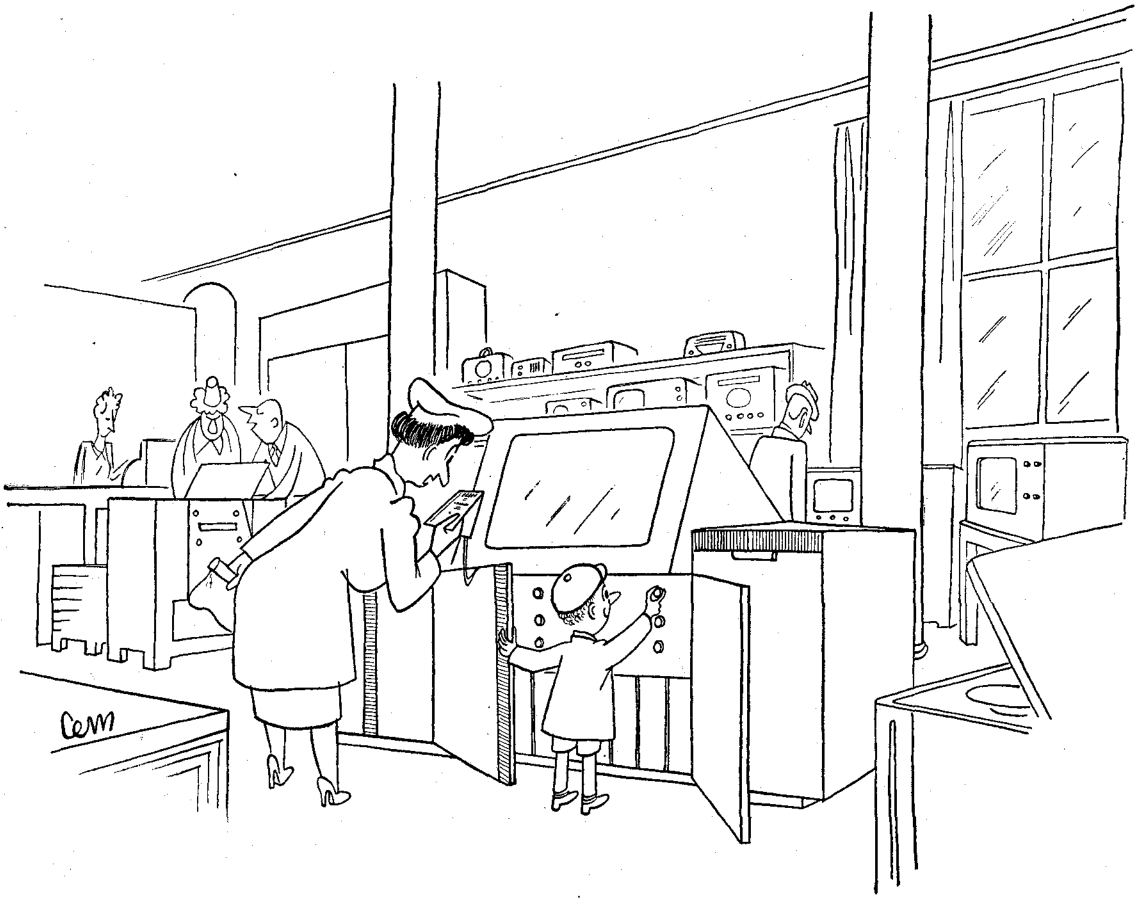
ABOUT THE HOUSE



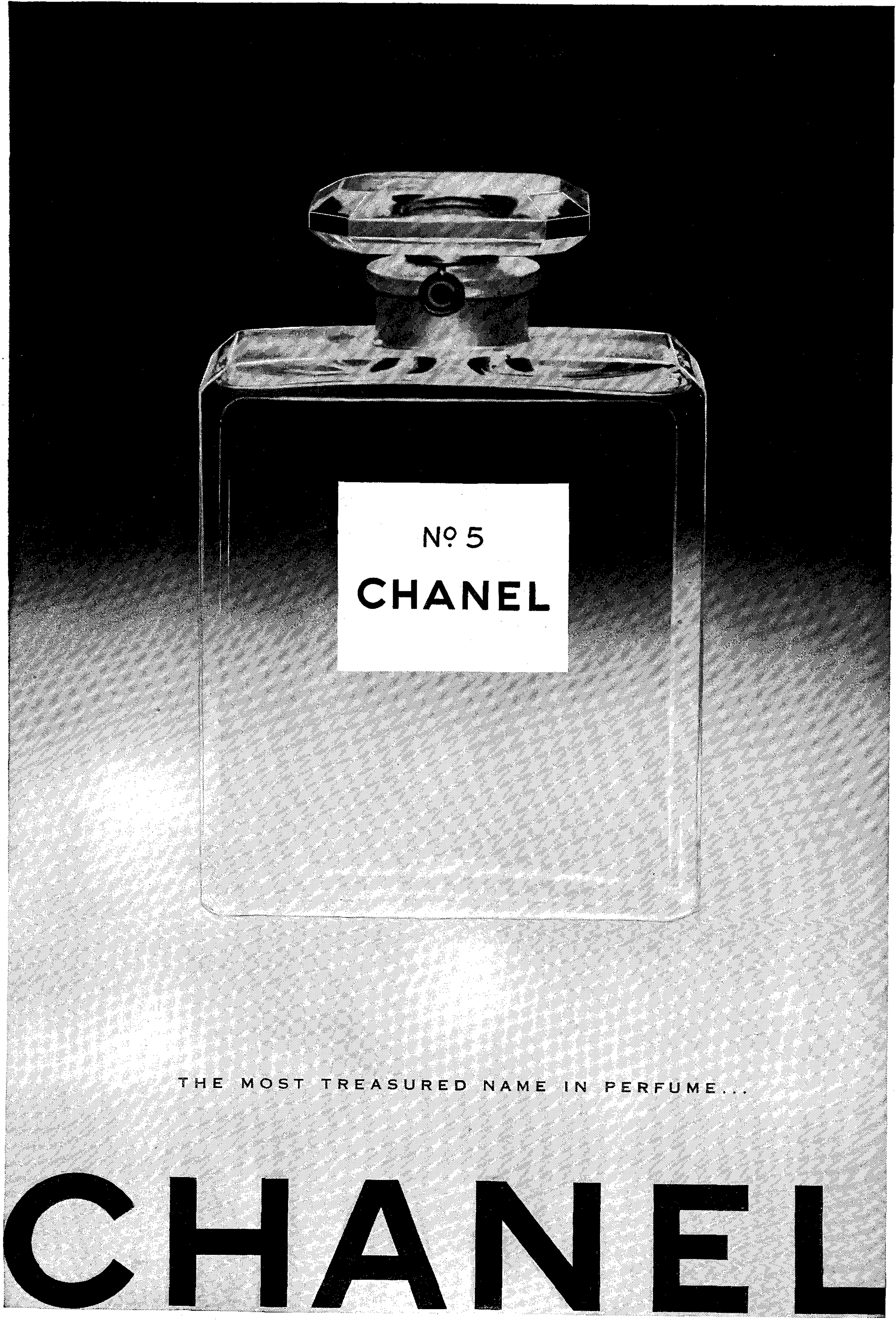
FOR the last year or two, travellers have been returning from Italy with tales of an important renascence of the decorative arts that, under the supervision of competent artists, has brought out the best in that horde of hereditary craftsmen who used to turn out those marvellously executed but artistically atrocious souvenirs that cluttered up the luggage of at least three generations of touring Americans. At the House of Italian Handicrafts, 217 East 49th Street, you can find evidence of this revival in the work of skillful potters, wood carvers, and weavers who have been guided away from their gimcracks into works of the most original and delightful sort. Unfortunately for New Yorkers who want to buy as well as look, this establishment sells only to the trade, and many of its beautiful objects are not carried by any shops this side of California, so a visit to the place is likely to be frustrating as well as pleasant. For instance, early this summer the only garden furniture of any real distinction in these parts was to be seen at Italian Handicrafts, but, whether because the prices indicated that the concern was trying to settle the Italian national debt by the sale of one chair or because Manhattan customers were content with the rather vulgar ironwork offered elsewhere, the fine Italian garden pieces never found their way into our shops. A few attractive importations of this concern are, however, being carried by local retailers. The most recent and, I think, some of the most pleasing are some rugs made by peasant women on the island of Sardinia and sold here by James Amster, 215 East 49th Street. Unbleached handspun wool has been handwoven into a primitive bas-relief design of goats and strange, evil-looking birds, framed in a wide border that is adorned with a procession of female figures. It is hard to give an idea of the charm of this deeply sculptured design, of its austerity, so different from the cozy cheerfulness of much folk art, or of its naïvely decorative quality, which would be as effective on the brightly painted floor of a modern living room as on a dark, polished parquet beside a bed. Prices are $36, for a twenty-nine-by-forty-eight-inch rug, and $30, for one twenty-four by forty inches.

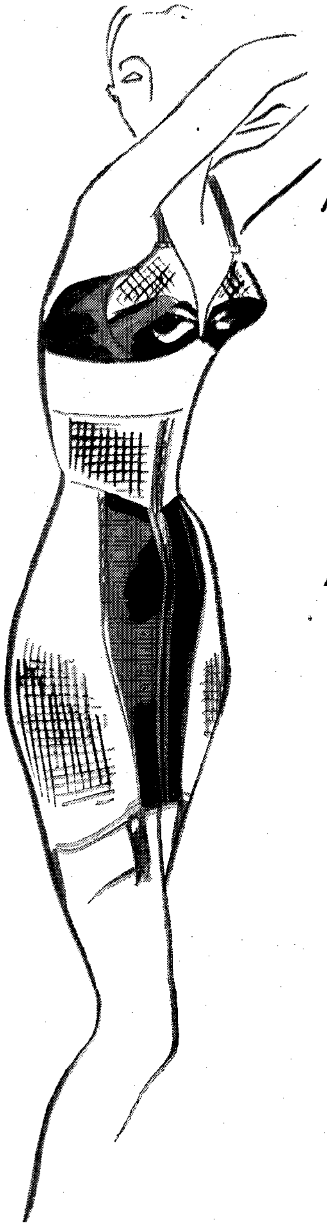
Some lovely alabaster lamps brought over by the Italian house are to be had at Rena Rosenthal, 71 East 57th Street. These are classically plain, vase-shaped stands, wired for inside lighting, that present a softly luminous and handsome shaft of alabaster, and afford a surprisingly brilliant indirect light from the top. A fourteen-inch lamp on a shallow, round pedestal costs $58; without the pedestal, it is $48. The Rosenthal shop also carries, from the same source, generous-sized alabaster ashtrays (about eight inches in diameter) with upcurving rims, for $8.50. James Amster has some fetching boxes, cunningly carved from fruitwood to represent giant nuts—walnuts, filberts, and the like—and big enough to hold half a dozen packages of cigarettes. These unusual containers, which, inside and out, are wonders of workmanship, are also carried by Leah Curtis, 460 Park Avenue (57th). For much grander cigarette boxes (Italian Handicrafts again), you should investigate, at Bergdorf Goodman's Antique & Gift department, some long, rather flat ones, cut from semiprecious stone—lapis lazuli, agate, and malachite—which are so elegant that you may decide they are worth the $200 asked for them.

These things, and some wooden boxes in the size, shape, and color of small pumpkins, are among the most interesting of the Italian Handicrafts merchandise to be found in local shops right now. Due to arrive any day is an assortment of similar boxes in the shapes of pears, squashes, and the like, some of them colored, and all of them appealing. Alice Marks, 9 West 57th Street, has the pumpkins now and will soon have the pears. Leah Curtis has the pumpkins, too, and will have the other boxes shortly. The same shop has some pretty hand-



"Don't touch it, Roger! It costs two thousand four hundred and seventy-five dollars."


Nº 5
CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...
CHANEL



In line with accepted fashion-lines: Donel Girdle designed with tiny bird-like bones which persuade the waist to a new minimum

$15

Of nylon power net with satin lastex front and back . . . the patented above-waist can't-roll section constructed to insure a controlled, smooth look.

In white, blue, peach, black . . . 26 to 34 waist . . . 14- and 16-inch lengths.

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

woven straw table mats, in enchanting color combinations, that sell for around $1.50.

THE Finnish Art Shop, 41 East 50th Street, is, as you might gather, another enterprise with a nationalist flavor, but, unlike the Italian place, it sells direct to the retail customer. The textiles are the most inviting things in the shop's collection, and although none show the imagination of the Sardinian rug patterns, some of the wool, linen, and cotton materials, priced from $9.50 to $24.50 a yard, are examples of harmonious design and the finest hand weaving. There is an unusual reversible wall hanging, measuring about six by five feet, one side of which is dark-brown wool with a sparse eighteenth-century pattern, in light tan, of houses, peasants, and flowers. On the other side, the design is repeated, in linen, with the colors transposed. This piece, which is magnificently brought off, costs $275. An arresting rug (six by eight feet), woven so that its threads of gray linen and rayon give the appearance of short gray fur, would embellish almost any kind of room, as, goodness knows, it should at the price—$459. You will find plenty of Finnish table glass here, some of which is lovely. In one particularly good pattern, called Marjatta, there are goblets of brilliant crystal with tall, heavily cut stems, for $54 a dozen. There are also the hand-blown glass tumblers, with shallow false bottoms, of the type you may have admired at the Finnish restaurant in the same building that houses the shop, for $20 a dozen; champagne, claret, and liqueur glasses are proportionately priced. Also available here is that prim, fresh-looking Blue Ribbon earthenware from the Arabia factory at Helsinki, and the shop is expecting soon some variations of the same pattern with a pink or bright-green ribbon (it's really a narrow band) encircling the dead-white ground. A fifty-three-piece dinner service in this ware will cost you $55, but since the charm of the pattern lies in its crisp, bread-and-butter simplicity, which is more suitable on a breakfast or lunch table, you may prefer to pick and choose among the open stock for your service. Also from the Arabia factory is a grayish-blue earthenware with a single deep-blue rose in the center of each piece; this is much less fragile than the ribbon pattern and quite effective in a studiedly rustic way. Besides these more or less serious imports, there is a good deal of that merry, countrified trivia that almost invariably enlivens any exhibit of

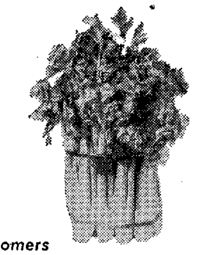
BERMUDA SHOP BERMUDA SHOP

Long Bermuda Shorts, in traditional clan plaids; Gordon, Dress Stewart, MacKenzie. 100% wool. Sizes 12-18. **$16.95**

Classic Rayon Blouse. White, light blue, yellow. Sizes 12-18. **$8.95**

VACATION IN BERMUDA AND VISIT THE BERMUDA SHOP IN HAMILTON

The Bermuda Shop
Madison Ave. at 55th St.
New York City



IDEAL GIFT!

Colorado
Pascal Celery
Stringless! Crisp! Tender and Sweet!
$3.75 Deluxe Box of 12 Stalks
Del'd anywhere in U. S.
Send to friends and customers

WORLD'S FINEST flavor. So crisp it snaps and crackles! Grown in sun-drenched mile-high valleys. Hot days, chill nights produce matchless quality. Big business men send 5 to 500 names for good will gifts to customers. Real business builder. Shipped in gay gift box. Perfect delivery guaranteed. ORDER FROM THIS AD. Send names, addresses, date to arrive. We do the rest.

RAINBOW TROUT, shipped anywhere . . . all year round.

Those GREEN BROS.
23 Wazee Market, Denver 17, Colo.

Write for FREE GIFT FOLDER

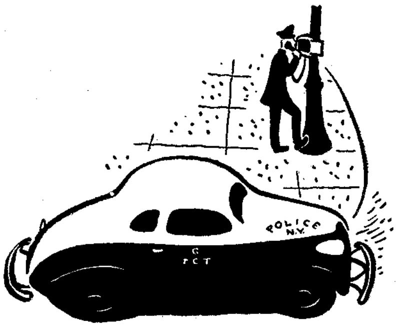
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________

The HEARTHSTONE
OUTPOST INN and Guest House
Ridgefield, Conn. Route 35
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
HEARTHSTONES in town
15 E. 48th St. 102 E. 22nd St.
Closed Sun. in town • Tues. in Conn.
Thanksgiving Dinner Reservations
PL 3-1434 (NY) • Ridgefield 932 (Conn.)

Scandinavian folk art: pottery bowls in good designs, which cost from $1 to $6.50; neat little birch butter tubs, at $3; and two-handled birch serving platters, for $11. At the moment, the shop has rather run out of furniture, but a shipment of the works of well-known Finnish designers, among them Alvar Aalto, is, I am told, on the way.

NOBODY can pretend that the skill of the weavers in our own Southern mountains approaches that of the Scandinavian experts, who have had several centuries' head start in the craft. All the same, at the Southern Highlanders, 610 Fifth Avenue (50th), you will find old-fashioned textiles that are admirably hand-woven by mountain women who, obviously, haven't quite grasped the significance of all that talk about inflation. Best of this work is a cotton counterpane, hand-woven in a small all-over pattern known as Whig Rose, that can be ordered in a variety of colors, among them a clear red on white and a blue on white. The counterpanes, which measure seventy-two by ninety-nine inches, cost $22.50, and delivery in three weeks is guaranteed by the Virginia weaver. An unbleached-muslin spread, decorated with an elaborate design of beautifully worked French knots and a long, hand-tied fringe, costs $60, for the double-bed size. A hand-netted tester, trimmed with ball fringe, is $50.

SO many recent exhibits of textile designs have been just more of the wearisome same that it is a pleasure to report on the first collection shown by Arundell Clarke in his new shop at 31½ East 65th Street, where a nice imagination has provided comforting relief from mere flightiness. Even when the designs are not so original, the fabrics on which they are hand-blocked—especially those turned out by some Bostonians who call themselves the Block House group—can hardly fail to attract you. Nylon net lends itself dramatically to a delicate pattern of brown-and-gold trees, and a sheer wool takes an abstract design quite hap-



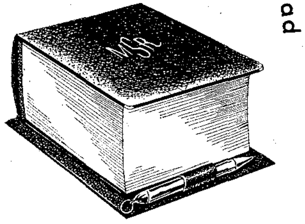
Catch him! You can in

MUNSINGWEAR SEAM-FREE NYLONS

A bare-legged look can be *that* bewitching when seam-free nylons fit so sheerly and surely. In your individual leg type and a fashion-wise range of colors. At fine stores everywhere.

MUNSINGWEAR
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Hosiery · *Underwear* · *Sleeping-and-Lounging Wear* · *Foundation Garments*



CROSS

the SLIM priced CHUNKY memo pad

Who would have believed that what America needs is a Chunky Memo Pad? This little leather-covered pad with gilt pencil attached, and an almost inexhaustible supply of paper, seems to be just that. Red, green, blue and mahogany mat calfskin at only $3.

Initialed without charge. Mail orders accepted.

MARK CROSS
Fifth Avenue at 55th

FROM AMERICA'S SHRINE
VALLEY FORGE FARMS

• TENDERSEALED •
SMOKED TURKEY

TASTE TREAT SUPREME
For your Guests and Family

Ideal for holiday dinners, party *pièce de résistance*, or family get-togethers. Our *own* broad-breasted birds slow-smoked over hickory embers to golden brown luscious perfection, all ready to serve. The choice of 85 keen gourmets Recipes included.

HOLIDAY GIFTS • So different, so personal. Perfect gifts for your special friends, business associates, employees, or relatives. Tasteful gift cards furnished. Shipped direct.

ORDER DIRECT • Whole turkeys, 5 to 15 lbs., $1.60 lb Half turkeys, 3 to 7 lbs., $1.70 lb. *State weight desired.* Smoked turkey breasts, $13.50 each. *All shipped prepaid.*

VALLEY FORGE FARMS
VALLEY FORGE HIGHWAY
LANSDALE 6, PENNA.

pily. Unquestionably, the hand-woven fabrics of Emily Belding, who has used conventional yarns of silk and wool as well as nylon and a cloth called Tensolite, are the gems of this large collection, but Mr. Clarke's almost inspired use of the most unlikely everyday materials may be of more interest to the decorator on a budget. It seems that all you have to do to find enchanting fabrics for curtains, upholstery, and draperies is rip the lining out of one of your husband's well-tailored coats. As you can see in the Clarke showrooms, a horsehair, wool, and rayon coat-lining material makes striking upholstery ($2.40 a yard), a pure Irish loomstate linen, also intended for linings, is splendid for curtains ($3.90), and a linen-and-jute combination ($2.40) is equally good for padding shoulders and for hanging as draperies. A grayish horsehair-and-cotton material is so decorative that it seems a shame it has been hidden all these generations inside military caps. Among other unprinted fabrics are a fine Egyptian cotton that is usually cut up into typewriter ribbons ($3), a cotton bunting of which flags are made ($1.20), and a variety of rather gaudy plastic cloths, which would be unbearable in the hands of any but a good decorator. Don't get the idea that this isn't a serious exhibit, full of handsome designs, with names like Meshes of Evening, Leeks, and Thor; it's just that the cap lining and the typewriter ribbon caught my fancy. —S. H.

•

OAK RIDGE, TENN., Oct. 13 (AP).—A herd of cattle that was near the first atomic bomb explosion in New Mexico in July 1945 still shows the effects of the radioactive rays.

. . . The hereditary possibilities will be watched for a long time, for radioactive damage is often long delayed. The university and the commission have acquired a herd of seventy-five Herefords from the New Mexico explosion area that had not suffered and this herd will be used for comparison with the first herd. It may also be used for cross-breeding, which might reveal radioactive effects not otherwise detectable.

The warning for human beings is to beware of dust and rain in the vicinity of an atomic bomb explosion.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Noted.

•

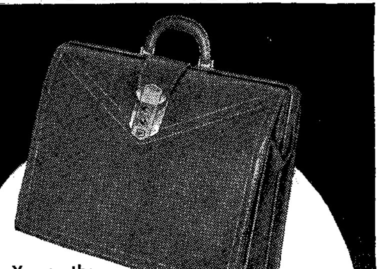
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Los Angeles News*]

By the time the audience realized it had witnessed a bold stroke of larceny, the clutching hand had taken to its heels and disappeared.

Jackets of grey or red poplin fronted with green wool knit in gay jacquard pattern. With wool ski pants, 3-6 21.95 With wool slacks, 7-14 25.00 Both with matching knit hats.

Jane engel
Madison at 79th N. Y. 21



For Xmas—the REXLOCK case. Handsome leather, unsurpassed craftsmanship, precision combination lock . . . chosen instinctively by men who know the best. At better stores everywhere. Write for free booklet.

REXBILT

GUARANTEED... because it's GOOD!
BRIEFBAGS • BRIEFCASES • PORTFOLIOS • ETC.
REXBILT, 151 W. 26th St., New York 1, N.Y.

Cortile
An Old World Spot in New York Just off 5th Ave.
Banquet Facilities
37 West 43rd St.
36 West 44th St.
(Opposite Stern's)
Cocktail Bar
Breakfast starts 8 A.M.
Luncheon from 50c
Dinner from 75c

"Cuisine of Rare Excellence"
Copain
A la carte • Bar • Table D'Hote
At Truly Moderate Prices
INTRODUCING
The Gallery and Lounge
Luncheon till 3 p.m. • Dinner till Midnite
50th St. & 1st Ave. N. W. Corner PL. 8-0554

HIS MASTER'S VOICE
IMPORTATIONS

First recording

**T. S. ELIOT'S
"FOUR QUARTETS"**

READ BY THE AUTHOR

1. Burnt Norton
2. East Coker
3. The Dry Salvages
4. Little Gidding

Six 12" imported records (12 sides), Nos. G-C3598/603; price $12.00. (Manual sequence only)

Gramophone Shop
(No branches anywhere)
18 E. 48 St. • Dept. N • N. Y. 17, N. Y.

"Pass the Blue Magic please.."
U.N.

THEY'RE IN COMPLETE ACCORD on Blue Magic and soon every house guest in the country will be calling for the little mystic salt shaker. Even in the dampest weather, Blue Magic will keep your salt dry and free-flowing.

Your Blue Magic salt and pepper shaker set is made of clear crystal and will be a most attractive addition to your table setting. $2.50 complete at leading dept. stores, or write direct—give us name of your favorite store. An ideal gift item.

Blue Magic
Replacement or refund of money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If not as advertised therein

LUCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
New Canaan 2, Conn.

THE ART GALLERIES

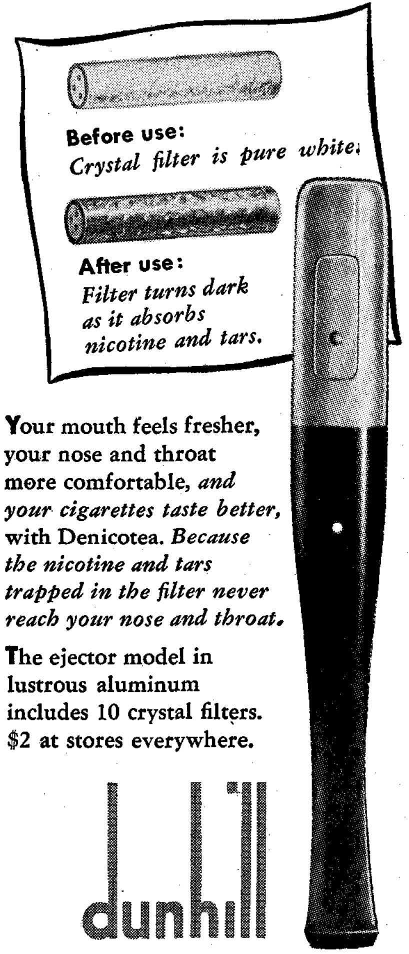
David to Courbet to Marin

THE big show last week was the collection of late-eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French paintings at the Wildenstein Gallery, called "Masterpieces from David to Courbet," and while I question the claim that all its contents are masterpieces, it does have considerable interest, almost as much for the occasional light it casts on the period as for the paintings. The time span is roughly from the Revolution to the Commune of 1871, and that includes such interim upheavals as the First and Second Empire, the Restoration, and the first two Republics; the range in modes and manners is from the sternness of the Jacobins to the macaroni-esque foppishness of the Incroyables. It was a century of continuous unsettlement and change, and some of the contrasts it produced are reflected, or at any rate implied, in a number of the canvases on view.

David, of course, with his cold fanaticism and rigid republican fervor, was the dominant artist of the Revolution. He is represented by only three pieces, but two of them, "Woman with Kerchief" and "Head of Woman"—the first of a true *citoyenne*, with gray, close-cropped curly hair, strong features, and an almost defiant stare; the second of a younger and more intense female, what would now perhaps be called a "young intellectual"—are among the best products of his preoccupation with the ordinary people of Paris. Classicism was the cult of the day, at first as an anticlerical manifestation and later as a tribute to the Augustan cast of the Directorate and the First Empire, and both David and his great rival, Ingres, embraced it. (See the latter's "Study for Phidias" and "Angélique.") So, also, though with less taste and understanding, did a number of their contemporaries, and there is a mixture of classical allusion and straight Bouguereau sensuality in Anne-Louis Girodet's "Mlle. Lange as Danaé"—so milkily nude and so fluttery with cupids and cherubs—that is an excellent typification of the conflicting impulses of the period. Social

Now you can smoke any cigarette!

Many doctors recommend this crystal filter cigarette holder to reduce nose and throat irritation


Before use:
Crystal filter is pure white.
After use:
Filter turns dark as it absorbs nicotine and tars.

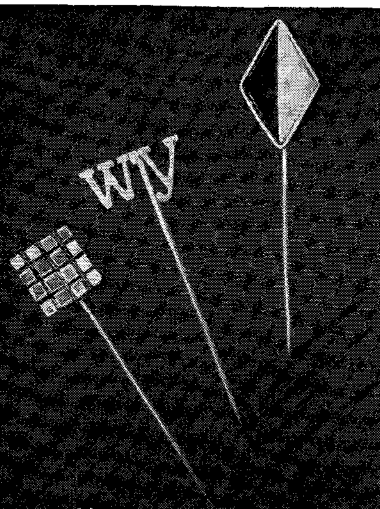
Your mouth feels fresher, your nose and throat more comfortable, *and your cigarettes taste better,* with Denicotea. *Because the nicotine and tars trapped in the filter never reach your nose and throat.*

The ejector model in lustrous aluminum includes 10 crystal filters. $2 at stores everywhere.

dunhill

DE-NICOTEA
Crystal Filter Cigarette Holder

Alfred Dunhill, 660 Fifth Ave., New York 19



Modern Stickpins

A new trend in 14 karat gold. Handsome tie ornaments for the man who demands accessories that are different yet distinctive . . . interesting accents for the plainer tie. Each with a safety clutch.

Grid pattern	$25.00
Initialed design—any two initials you desire	$35.00
Diamond shape in ebony and ivory	$45.00

Allow Two Weeks Delivery For Initialed Pin
Shown Actual Size *Federal Tax Included*
Postage Prepaid in America

MERMOD · JACCARD · KING
Saint Louis
JEWELERS TO AMERICA FOR 119 YEARS

HORS D'OEUVRES for EPICURES

Your "special" gatherings deserve these rare Pacific Oysters with a crabapple-smoked flavor all their own. Just slice on crackers and quickly serve.

Bendiksen's
CRABAPPLE-SMOKED
OYSTERS
E. H. BENDIKSEN CO.

E. H. BENDIKSEN COMPANY
P. O. BOX 86, OCEAN PARK, WASH.

Enclosed is check or money order for $________

Please send me: ☐ 6 Jars — $3.75
☐ 12 Jars — $7.20

Try one jar. If not satisfied, return balance for full refund. No. C. O. D.'s.

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY______________STATE________

change is suggested, too, by a comparison of the Géricault "Stable Interior" and "Hussar," both exalting the bluff, martial masculinity of the Napoleonic era, with Anne-Xavier Leprince's "King Louis-Philippe Visiting the Studio of the Artist," in which the King, leaning languidly against a wall, looks haughtily down at the artist kneeling before him, while the studio swarms with his courtiers and other attendants.

Delacroix and Corot were the next great figures to appear after David and Ingres. Except for the small, striking study of a group of Mohammedan religious fanatics, called "Les Convulsionnaires de Tanger," done during his Moroccan sojourn, Delacroix is poorly represented, the other pieces in his group being four huge and almost totally uninteresting mythological canvases, muralesque in design, that celebrate the four seasons, and the rather cumbersome "Corbeille de Fleurs," a period piece if there ever was one. But the six Corots, ranging from the early, strongly outlined "Chevrière des Alpes" and "Honfleur, Maisons sur les Quais" to the later, more fluent "Christine Nilson" and "L'Etang de Mortefontaine," are all exceptionally charming. There is a fine Daumier too, called "Deuxième Classe," of a bourgeois group in a railway carriage, and the single Courbet, a large outdoor study called "Le Treillis," has all that painstaking honesty and sturdy, if at times heavy-handed, realism he was famous for. Quite apart from the famous names it presents to us, the show is of value in that it brings a number of lesser-known artists to our attention. Thomas Couture, now remembered mainly for his eminence as a teacher, is represented by a pleasantly handled nude called "Model," and there are two lively Moroccan pictures—"Scene in a Harem" and "Arab Horsemen Fighting"—by Théodore Chassériau, who was once considered almost the equal of Delacroix in ability but who died when he was very young. The "Portrait of A. M. C. Duméril," by Jérome-Martin Langlois, is nice, too, as is the meticulously painted "Portrait of a Man," by Louis Gauffier.

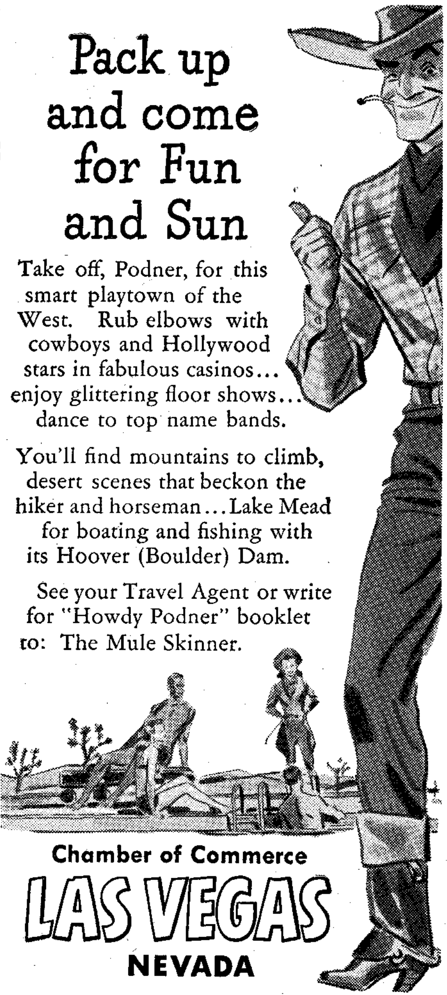
PAUL KLEE once said something about liking to do small subjects because he never got lost in them, and the collection of fifty of his drawings now on exhibit at the Buchholz Gallery can be taken as an example of that predilection. In their separate ways, they are exquisite as well. One of the amazing things about Klee was his

Pack up and come for Fun and Sun

Take off, Podner, for this smart playtown of the West. Rub elbows with cowboys and Hollywood stars in fabulous casinos... enjoy glittering floor shows... dance to top name bands.

You'll find mountains to climb, desert scenes that beckon the hiker and horseman...Lake Mead for boating and fishing with its Hoover (Boulder) Dam.

See your Travel Agent or write for "Howdy Podner" booklet to: The Mule Skinner.



Chamber of Commerce
LAS VEGAS
NEVADA

WISCONSIN CHEESE

"THE SHOWCASE OF WISCONSIN CHEESE"—The most famous gift box of Wisconsin cheese containing seven varieties of Wisconsin's natural cheese. Includes Cheddar, Swiss, Bleu, Brick, Smoked, Roanne and Gouda. A real pleasure to give and to receive. Ship. Wt. approx. four lbs. Delivered to any U. S. address. $4.30

LUXURY PACK—A fine selection of eight varieties of natural Wisconsin cheese in an attractive gift box. Shipping Wt. approx. six lbs. Postpaid anywhere in U. S. $6.75.

We specialize in gift mailings for industrial lists. Write for circular.

SAK'S CHEESE HOUSE
Middleton, Wisconsin
Reference: Bank of Middleton, Wisconsin

LONESOME?

Get best sellers at Womrath.
You'll have delightful company.

WOMRATH

There's a Womrath Bookshop in your neighborhood.

WELL-DIRECTED

Berlitz instructors make language mastery easy and enjoyable. Private instruction or small classes. Spanish, Russian, French. Studios open 9-9.

BERLITZ
630 Fifth Ave.
(at 50th St.)
Circle 6-0110

great originality. From the beginning to the end, he was always experimenting. He tried doing oils on everything, from burlap to butcher's paper, and he borrowed styles over a wide range, from children's drawings to Etruscan paintings. Though the possible variations in black-and-white are more limited, one sees in this aspect of his work the same restless, inquiring spirit that is behind the rest. The earliest of the pieces in the show, "Sailboats," done in 1911, is quite literal in style, but "Street of a Town," of the same year, is much more abstract, and from then on the exhibition is a continuous display of imaginative pyrotechnics, of which the "Physiognomy of a Dream" (oddly like a rubbing from some fanciful bas-relief), the bare, spacious "Two Signs," the finely drawn "Flagged Castle," and the truly delightful "Balloon over Town" are the most impressive examples.

WHILE the estate of Alfred Stieglitz is in process of being settled, his old gallery, An American Place, will remain in existence, and it is now being used for occasional showings. The one on at the moment is an assemblage of some seventy etchings by John Marin, dated 1906 to 1948—the first really large-scale exhibit that he has had in this medium. The show is rather crowded, but it is nevertheless worth poring over, for it serves, on the one hand, as a reminder of the enormously skillful representational technique Marin achieved in his earlier years (for instance, the group of Paris subjects—"Place St. Jacques," "Notre Dame," "Rue Mouffetard," and so on) and, on the other, as an interesting guide to the development of his abstract style, which came later. Note, in this regard, the series of Brooklyn Bridge studies, numbered 16, 20, 33, 48, and 72 in the catalogue, and how variously he attacks in them the problems of simplifying and formalizing the bridge's complex structure. The last one of these was done in 1944. Other recent ones are a pleasantly arranged "Grouping—Dancing Figures," of 1945, and a seascape, full of movement, called "The Lobster Fisherman," done this year.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Given in marriage by her Juliet cap. She carried a white gown, with satin bodice and mousseline de soie full skirt.
—*New Rochelle Standard-Star.*

These eager, eager brides!

BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI.

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports

—for over 150 years the
World's Assurance of Quality

To generation after generation, the name Harvey has been synonymous with the finest in Sherries and Ports. There is a Harvey Sherry or Port for every taste and occasion. May we suggest that *your* wine cellar should contain your personal assortment of the world-famous Harvey wines that are listed below.

Imported Harvey Wines

SHERRIES

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM. The world's greatest Sherry. Choicest full pale Oloroso, rich and mellow. Definitely a luxury sherry.

HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK. Another member of the illustrious "Bristol" family. A deep, golden Oloroso. Mellow. Medium richness.

HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO. A pale, Amontillado dry sherry. Moderate cost. High quality. Ideal for daily enjoyment.

HARVEY'S BRISTOL DRY. (Yellow Label.) A very superior pale, light Fino sherry. The finest-tasting premium dry Sherry in America.

HARVEY'S SHOOTING. A medium-priced Oloroso sherry. Of the select golden type, full-bodied and medium rich.

HARVEY'S GOLD CAP. For general use at a moderate price. It is a golden Oloroso sherry of medium richness.

PORTS

HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT. A soft, fine, tawny wine that can be trusted to enhance anyone's reputation as a host.

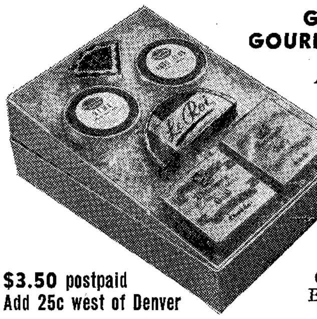
HARVEY'S GOLD CAP PORT. A fine, ruby Port whose quality has earned for it a high position among Port drinkers.

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK

Wisconsin Cheese Makers Guild

GIFT CADDIES

Only the finest cheeses—with a tang and flavor that will excite the palates of the most sophisticated. Made and cured to the peak of perfection by members of our Guild who have won highest medals and awards in national and international dairy expositions.



GUILD GOURMET CADDY

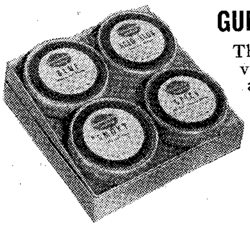
An excellent assortment of six Guild Cheeses—2 lbs. 4 oz.—Blue and Aged Club CheeSnak, Buffet (Romadour type), LeRoi, Cheddar and Brick.

$3.50 postpaid
Add 25c west of Denver

GUILD CONNOISSEUR CADDY

Ten Guild varieties—5 lbs. 7 oz.—Blue, Smoky, Spicy and Aged Club CheeSnak, Buffet (Romadour type), LeRoi, Edam, Brick, Cheddar and Swiss.

$7 postpaid
Add 35c west of Denver



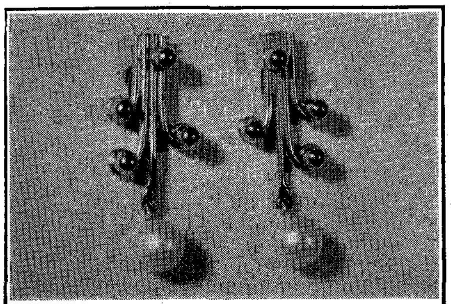
GUILD PETITE CADDY

The most unusually flavored cheeses you ever ate. Four easy-to-spread CheeSnaks, Blue, Smoky, Spicy and Aged Club.

$1.50 postpaid
Add 10c west of Denver

Order now for yourself or send gift list and we'll take care of all details. Send check or money order. No C.O.D. Ask for circular of other fine Guild gift assortments.

WISCONSIN CHEESE MAKERS GUILD
4517 W. Forest Home Ave. Milwaukee 14, Wis.



Gold and Pearl Earrings

Handmade by Caroline Rosene
in 14 kt. gold with cultured pearl
. . . by air mail $55.00 including Fed. tax

Made expressly for
ANNE MAHONEY
545 Sutter Street • • San Francisco 2, California

ARMANDO

54 East 55 St.

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER SUPPER
PL 3-0760 • EL 5-9739

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

EVEN today, a cold autumn rainstorm reminds me of an incident of my childhood. Not that there was anything unusual about rain in our village in the northern hills of England. It was one of our familiar companions, and my father, who considered himself a student of Nature, took great interest in its comings and goings. How he learned all he knew about it I never discovered, for he worked from dawn to dusk in one of the big textile mills in the valley and spent his evenings in the Blue Ball, refreshing himself and restoring his energies.

My mother, on the other hand, cared nothing whatever for Nature or its mysteries. Her whole heart and mind were given to her family and to Causes. She wanted mankind to behave nobly and generously, and she was continually reading political pamphlets and going to lectures and meetings conducive to this end. Sunshine, to her, was something that made it possible to hold open-air meetings, and rain was merely a disorderly nuisance. It suddenly drenched her lines of linen on washdays; it kept poor-spirited people from attending lectures after they had faithfully promised her to be present. Worst of all, it was unjust, for certain areas got more than others, and if Mother had thought she could reform the weather by legislation, she would have been canvassing for votes in favor of regulating it immediately.

The heaviest rains came in autumn, and at that season I used to lie awake in bed listening to the drops rattling on the windows. My brother, who was four years younger than I, slept in the next room, and sometimes he would call to me through the thin partition, raising his voice to make himself heard above the rain and the wind. On such nights, we always lay awake waiting for the clatter of Father's returning clogs on the sidewalk. When we heard the door slam, we would shout to him to come up and see us. Mother said it was disgraceful—we were half wild at night and half asleep in the morning.

"I used to be just like 'em," Father would say. "Our Thomas and me 'ud be arguing till midnight. We'd get to fighting pitch about eleven." Thomas was a brother of Father's who had died young. Father had adored him.

Mother saw nothing to admire in children who reached fighting pitch at eleven. She wanted us to have middle-class virtues, and since she read novels as well as political works, she knew that well-brought-up children went early to bed. She attacked us with maxims about the extraordinary value of sleep during the hours before midnight and assured us that all eminent men and women had fallen asleep at respectable hours in their childhood. She was particularly fond of telling us about William Cobbett, who used to go to bed at eight o'clock, in order to get up at four in the morning to renew his battle against governments and oppressors. It was no use. We always stayed wide-eyed till Father came home.

"It's a shocker tonight, lass," he would say, tucking the blankets under my chin.

No matter how bad the weather was, though, he wouldn't spend the evening at home. He said a drop of rain wouldn't hurt him, for they kept a good fire at the Blue Ball. After his six-o'clock dinner—which he ate alone, for Mother always ate with us as soon as we came home from school—he would wash in the kitchen, spluttering and splashing, wetting his hair till it curled like lamb's wool. Then he would go, striding along the street, and we would hear the clatter of his ironshod clogs dying away as he neared the main road. He rarely came home before ten. He told us that with good conversation a man could make a couple of pints last a whole evening.

ONE rainy autumn night, when I was ten years old and my brother six, my father came home soon after nine, and neither my brother nor I have ever forgotten it. I had been crouching over the living-room table, copying a Christmas calendar by way of training myself to be a great painter, while my brother knelt on the hearth-rug with a row of nails between his teeth, a hammer in his hand, and a grocer's wooden box in front of him. His ambition was to become a carpenter, but he never finished anything and much preferred destruction to creation. That evening, he said he was going to make me a doll's house, but I considered myself much too old for such infantile toys and didn't encourage him. Mother quietly read a political pamphlet, glancing up now and then to make sure my brother wasn't swallowing nails. After a while, she said it was time for our supper and went into the kitchen to make cocoa.

"Listen to the rain," my brother muttered between his teeth. "I say"— He took the nails out of his mouth and looked up at me eagerly— "if it keeps on like this, do you think we can stay at home tomorrow? I could finish this if I didn't have to go to school."

"No," I said. "Not even if there's a flood."

Mother had the fanatical belief in schools held only by the self-educated. We had to be burning up with fever before we could stay home for even half a day.

My brother and I had finished our bread and jam and were swallowing the dregs of our cocoa when we heard the door slam. I looked at the clock on the mantelshelf. It had a black enamelled case, flanked by two gilded lions' heads. The thin, black hands on its white face pointed to ten minutes past nine. I heard Father's voice, loud and cheerful. "Shake t'water off your jacket, lad, and wipe your feet. We're home now."

The living-room door opened, and Father came in, dragging a ragged and reluctant boy after him. "Look what I found up t'road," he said. "It's a shocking night. We're both as wet as toads. Come for'ard, lad. Don't be frightened."

I stared at the boy. He must have been about my age, but his face seemed much older. His wet jacket and pants had several jagged holes in them, as if some ferocious dog had bitten out pieces, and his sharp, scared face was streaked with dirt.

"Jonas Shuttleworth found him cryin' outside t'Blue Ball," Father explained. "So he brought him in. Nobody seemed to want him, so I said I'd have him. Lives in Huddlesford, he says."

My brother gazed at the child from the city and said, "Will he live with us now?"

"Don't ask silly questions," Father said angrily. "Let's get the lad washed and fed afore we settle what's to be done with him."

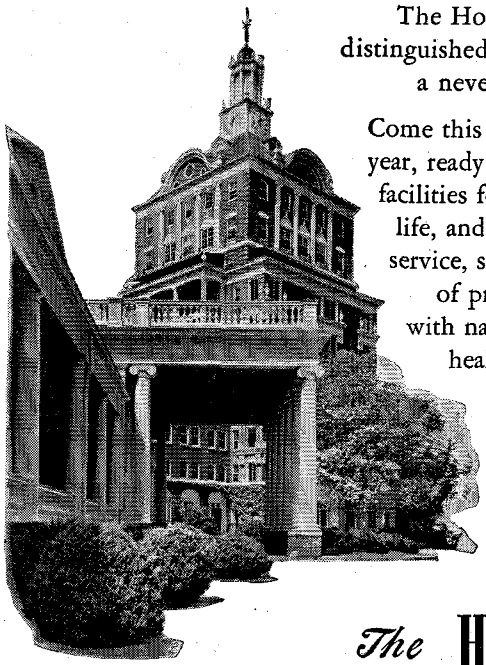
"But where will he sleep?" Mother asked, regarding with horror the wet, dirty object before her.

"In a bed, like other folk," Father said. "Whereabouts in Huddlesford do you live, lad?"

"Sunny Bank," the boy said, and looked at me with bright black eyes.

"But—you know where that is," Mother said, giving Father a frightened, appealing glance.

I knew, too. It was the ugliest slum



Late Autumn...
at The HOMESTEAD

Late Autumn in the Alleghanies is always delightful—and at The Homestead, America's most distinguished country hotel, it becomes a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

Come this season for your holiday of the year, ready to relax with our unsurpassed facilities for all sports, the pleasant social life, and the incomparable Homestead service, smooth as silk after generations of practice. The Homestead spa, with natural mineral baths and other health aids, adjoins the hotel. Advance reservations.

For booklets and rates,
address The Homestead,
or our New York office
in the Waldorf-Astoria,
Plaza 8-2289

FAY INGALLS, *President*
HAROLD P. BOCK, *General Manager*

The HOMESTEAD
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

MULTIPLE SUCCESS...

Purse proud accessories to supplement your feminine charms... ever so beautiful in sterling silver with 14K gold perennial flower, nostalgically set with sapphires...Use as a set or separate.

Compact, $60 Matching cigarette case, $120 (not shown) Lipstick holder, $36

Federal Tax Included • Shown Actual Size

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
Established 1810

WHITE PLAINS *Fifth Avenue At 48th Street, New York 19, N. Y.* EAST ORANGE

HORMEL
ONION SOUP

When you cook it in small batches...

ONION SOUP COSTS MONEY!

We do it much the way you would at home . . . a little at a time so that ingredients are perfectly matched. We suppose you would slice rings from big ripe onions (like ours), fry them in butter (we do), simmer in rich beef stock (we make our own, naturally), add a spot of aged and mellow Parmesan . . . and there you are. Done this way, Hormel Onion Soup becomes a mite expensive, but many, many people say it's worth the price.

HORMEL
GOOD FOOD
ONION SOUP

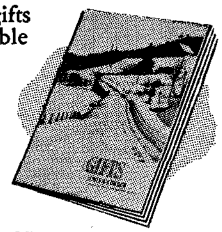
HORMEL ONION SOUP

At grocers' . . . or write

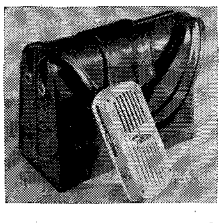
GEO. A. HORMEL & CO., AUSTIN, MINN.

FREE! FAMOUS CHRISTMAS CATALOG *from* LEWIS & CONGER

- 32 pages of gifts the original usable kind it's fun to give or get. More than 265 illustrated. Shown below is just one for example:



POCKET WATCH DOG . . .



If trouble threatens on a lonely street or when you're alone at home, a flick of the Beau Alarm's switch sets off its shrill, penetrating siren for 35 seconds. It frightens away intruders, summons help. No batteries or current; rewinds with key. Pocket-size; ivory or maroon plastic case. **$12.50**

LEWIS & CONGER
Ave. of Americas at 45th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.
Please send me: ....Christmas Catalog NY-6
........Beau Alarms @ $12.50
Name..........
Street..........
City..........State..........
.... Chg. acct. .... Check or M.O. encl.
For delivery in N. Y. City, add 2% Tax.

in Huddlesford—rows of rotting cottages, garish public houses, and pawnshops. Mother was suspicious of all city dwellers, and a child from Sunny Bank was sure to be the worst she could imagine. She looked at Father as though he had brought in a devil from Hell.

"He has no mother," said Father, "and his father turned him out in the street. On a night like this! I'd just like to lay my hands on him!"

"But how did he get here from Huddlesford?" Mother asked. "It's six miles off."

"Walked. He's run away," Father said. "Come on, lad. If nobody else'll wash thee, I will."

"I'll do it,". Mother said sharply. "He must get those wet clothes off."

"Fill a bath for him," Father said. "I'm going upstairs to put my Sunday trousers on. These'll give me pneumonia."

I WENT with Mother into the kitchen and watched her lift the zinc bathtub off the hook, set it on the hearth, and start to fill it with hot water from the fireside boiler. Then I went back to the living room, where my brother, kneeling on the hearthrug, was gaping admiringly at the shivering visitor. Father came bounding down the stairs in his best shirt, his blue Sunday suit, and his tan boots.

"Can I watch him being bathed?" my brother asked.

"No," Father said. "You stop just where you are. Your mother'll get him some supper while I wash him."

I reflected somewhat jealously that Father never offered to wash his own children. Even when my brother fell and scraped his knee, which he did every week, Father, if he happened to be around, told him to go to Mother.

"Come on, lad," Father said, and the boy meekly followed him.

"Do you think we can keep him?" my brother asked me eagerly as soon as we were alone.

"No," I said.

"We shall if Mum says so," my brother said. "He can sleep with me. And I'll lend him my hammer."

"She won't say so," I said. "You'll see." But I nevertheless thought it would be a good idea to have the city boy living with us. I would tell all my friends at school that we had adopted him because his father was wicked and his mother dead, and everybody would admire us for being so kind. I would teach him to paint, and I would never get angry with him, as

Traditionally Fine

84 Proof
HINE
COGNAC
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
HINE & Cº
ESTABLISHED 1763
COGNAC FRANCE
IMPORTED BY
"21" BRANDS, INC.
West Fifty-second Street

COGNAC
HINE
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1763

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE U. S. "21" Brands, Inc. NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK

A gourmet's Joie de Vivre begins with PATE de FOIE by DANIEL

Truly great Pate . . . just as Daniel used to make and serve in his restaurant on the French Riviera. Sliced cold . . . *magnifique;* on canapes . . . *delicieux!* Shipped in same pottery casserole in which it is cooked. Casserole ideal for cooking later. 1 lb. . .$2.95 2 lbs. . .$5.95

FRENCH DRESSING TOO! Plain or with Tarragon
Three 1 pint jars . $3.25 Six 1 pint jars . $5.50
Send today for these items . . . exactly as served by Daniel in his New York Restaurant.
shipped postpaid...sorry, no C.O.D's.

DANIEL *CATERERS*
53 EAST 54th STREET
NEW YORK 23, N. Y. • PLaza 9-5941

REDUCE

Scandia Massage Salon

can take off 2 to 5 inches
in three short weeks

MU 8-1450 44 E. 52nd St.

Sea-Fare

1033 - 1st Ave. Sutton Place
41 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village
THE ARISTOCRAT OF SEA FOOD RESTAURANTS

I did with my brother. I wished it had been snowing instead of raining, so Father could have picked the boy out of a snowdrift. It would have made a more impressive story for my school friends.

My brother opened the kitchen door a couple of inches and peered in. "He's wearing your nightgown," he said. "And he's got an old jacket of Dad's on top of it."

When my father brought the boy into the living room and sat him down at the table, I saw that he was wearing my slippers, too. I began to realize that having another child of my size in the house might have its drawbacks, though obviously he couldn't wear my frocks.

"He still looks half frozen," Father said. "And he's as thin as a lath." He sounded quite cross, as though he had expected the bath to fatten the boy and make him as rosy as my brother. "Bring plenty for him to eat!" he roared to Mother.

Mother came in with a loaded tray. Very few of our neighbors had trays, but Mother, though she was as poor as any of them, got every household refinement she could afford, and preferred new curtains to a new dress. On the tray was a pile of sliced bread, thickly buttered, a jar of homemade jam, and a big jug of cocoa with a cup beside it.

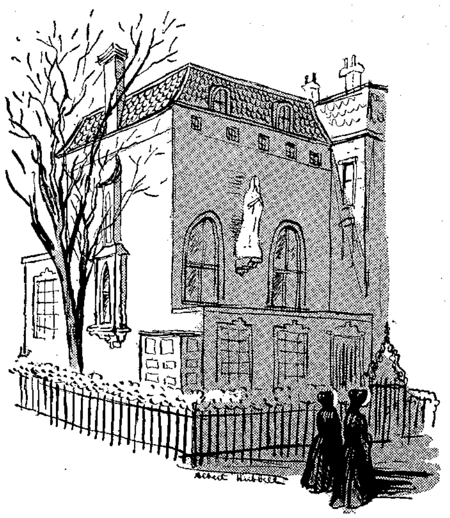
"Here you are, child," Mother said. The boy started to eat the bread.

"Put jam on it, do," Father said.

The boy didn't seem to know how to spread the jam, so Father did it for him. The boy ate two slices of bread and jam, taking great bites, then, suddenly, he crooked his arm across his face and began to sob. Mother put her arm around his bent shoulders.

"Don't cry, love," she said.

"Come here," Father said, and swept the waif onto his knee. "You're hun-



Danish B&G KJØBENHAVN Porcelain
THE NATIONAL FACTORY OF PORCELAIN
BING & GRONDAHL

To hold a Bing and Grondahl figure in your hand, to observe the play of light and color on its gleaming surface, is to fall completely under its irresistible spell. Youthful Boldness — $60.00

Name of nearest dealer and interesting pamphlet forwarded on request.

D. STANLEY CORCORAN, INC.
7 West 30th Street New York 1, N. Y.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 18, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐ 1 YEAR; ☐ 2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00;	2 years—$11.00
Canada	1 year— 8.00;	2 years— 13.00
Latin America and Spain	1 year— 7.50;	2 years— 12.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00;	2 years— 17.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________
(Please include postal zone number)

For HIS Christmas

IMPORTED WHITE HANDKERCHIEFS WITH COLORFUL HAND EMBROIDERED MONOGRAMS

All prices include monograms

EGM
Duotone block monogram on finest, pure linen sheer . . . with woven stripes.
Box of 12, **$27.50**

MMB
Outsize monogram on fine, extra-sheer Swiss linen.
Box of 12, **$72.00**

Monogrammed in any color

Orders for Christmas delivery must be in our hands by November 20th. PLaza 3-6700

Léron
745 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 11 a.m.

the TOWN HALL MORNING LECTURES

(55th Season Opens Nov. 3)

Dr. Edith & Sir Osbert Sitwell
Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam
Oscar Hammerstein II
John Mason Brown
Aaron Copland
Emily Genauer
Walter White
50 others

THE TOWN HALL

A few memberships still available (LUxemburg 2-2424)

MAYFAIR MAISONETTE

London, England

Elegant, self-contained West End town house, adjoining Park Lane, close Dorchester and Grosvenor House Hotels. Modern, newly converted, two floors, 3 bedrooms, dining and reception rooms, kitchenette, bathroom; marble fireplaces, gas and electricity.

Ideal for family or executive requiring London dwelling in exclusive neighbourhood where accommodation is at a premium. Rental $3,000 per annum, on seven to fourteen years' lease. Or would sell at $30,000. Apply:

Trotter, Davies & Yearsley, Accountants
27, Brazennose St., Manchester, England

gry, that's all that's wrong wi' you. Just get your belly full and you'll feel like a champion. Have a sup o' this cocoa." He tilted the cup as if he were feeding an infant and the boy took a few swallows. "That's better," Father said, and gently lifted him back to the chair beside the table. The boy wiped his eyes with his fist, scowled, and went on eating.

"Are we keeping him, Dad?" my brother asked.

"Will you be quiet and stop bothering me?" Father shouted. "How can I think with all this talk going on?"

"If I wash his clothes, I can't get them dry for morning," Mother said, and looked worried.

"Just dry his jacket and pants," Father said. "But you can wash his shirt. I always reckon if you have a clean shirt on, you're all right. It's your neck that folks notice."

"I'll try and mend his jacket," Mother said. "But it's hopeless, and we've nothing that'll fit him."

"Couldn't you go and see if the neighbors can give us aught for him to wear?" Father suggested. "Lots of 'em have lads his age."

"*I'm* not going begging," Mother said. "You're great friends with everybody. Why don't you go ask them yourself?"

"There's nothing much wrong with his jacket. You can easily mend it," Father said cheerfully. "Hey, you"—he gave me a prod in the ribs—"fetch some more bread. The lad's starved."

"I'll get it," Mother said.

I watched the boy thrust the last of the bread into his mouth. When Mother came back with more slices, he ate those as if he hadn't had a bite previously.

"Will you have some more?" Father asked sympathetically. "There's plenty. We're never short o' bread here."

The boy didn't answer. He picked up the jug, put it to his mouth, and drank off the cocoa.

"You shouldn't drink out of the jug," my brother said reproachfully. "You pour it into the cup."

The boy gave him a contemptuous look.

"Now I'll take you to bed," Father said to him.

"Is he sleeping with me?" my brother asked.

"No," Mother said. "He'll have your room, and you'll go in with your father. I'll sleep with your sister. Now, wash yourselves, both of you. It's getting on for eleven."

We could hear Father upstairs,

King Cole Bar

You will find that the King Cole Bar will be your favorite habit this season.

For Buffet Dinner from 7 to 9:30 P.M. and Aftertheatre Supper.

Men's Buffet Luncheon with a "masculine accent" served until 2:30 P.M.

Ladies are invited after 4 o'clock.

HOTEL St. Regis
FIFTH AVE. at 55th St., N.Y.

GAGE AND TOLLNER'S

A famous Sea Food house for more than 65 years

Closed on Sunday

Established 1879

374 Fulton St., Brooklyn

Bank Note

8 year old SCOTCH WHISKY

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD TASTE

A connoisseur's Scotch . . . smooth, light bodied, full flavored. Blended and bottled in Scotland by James Sword & Son, Ltd.

86 PROOF

Another fine importation of
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
114 East 16th St., N. Y. C.

stamping around and talking in bright, genial tones to the boy. There was no doubt he had taken a violent fancy to his protégé. Then he came running downstairs.

"He'll sleep like a top!" Father said gaily. "He's a grand lad. Reminds me of our Thomas. All that's needed now is to fatten him up."

My brother and I washed perfunctorily in the kitchen. It was so late I knew we would be excused if we were only half clean. Upstairs, I lit the gas mantle with a match, undressed, and climbed into bed. The rain had stopped, but big drops gleamed on the windowpanes. I could hear Mother and Father arguing downstairs, but I couldn't make out the words. Father sounded angry. After a long while, Mother came upstairs, drew the curtains, and undressed. Then she picked the hairpins out of her hair and turned out the gas.

"Why didn't you turn the light out?" she asked severely. "And don't lie in the middle of the bed."

I shifted to the right. She got into bed, turned away from me, and cradled her cheek on the pillow with her hand. I tried to sleep, but I couldn't stop thinking about the boy in the next room.

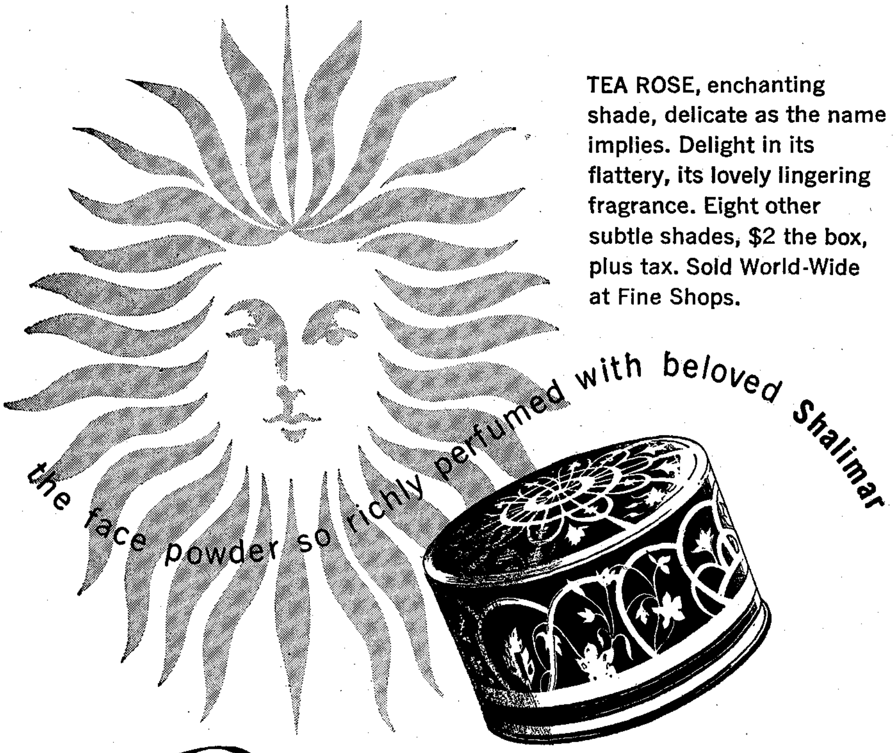
"Will you stop wriggling and go to sleep?" Mother said.

I didn't answer. I shut my eyes determinedly, but the boy's face, pale and old, floated before me in the darkness. I wondered if he had gone to sleep. I listened, but the only sound was the rattle of subsiding coal in the fireplace downstairs. I heard the church clock chime twelve, listened to a new onslaught of rain against the window, and fell asleep.

WHEN I awoke in the morning, Mother's place in the bed was empty. I got up, dressed quickly, and went downstairs, where I found the living-room fire lit, breakfast laid, and my brother sitting on the hearthrug adoring the visitor.

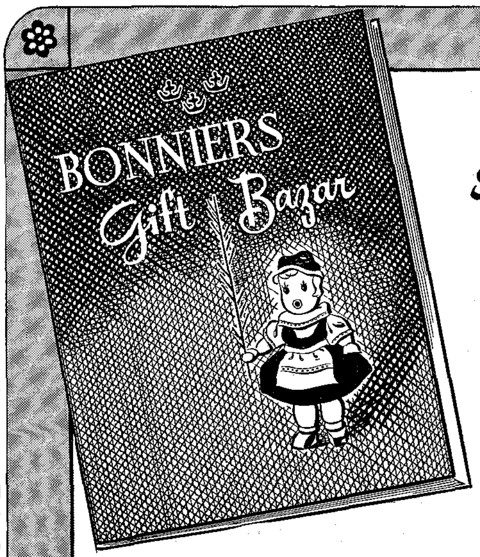
"He's got up," my brother said superfluously. His pink face was shining with happiness, for to him the strange, pinched boy from the city was absolutely marvellous.

Father had already gone off to work, but the rest of us had bacon and tomatoes for breakfast—a treat normally reserved for Sundays, when Father was home. I looked to see if the boy was impressed, but though he ate greedily, he showed no sign of surprise. He kept giving swift, apprehensive side glances


the face powder so richly perfumed with beloved Shalimar

TEA ROSE, enchanting shade, delicate as the name implies. Delight in its flattery, its lovely lingering fragrance. Eight other subtle shades, $2 the box, plus tax. Sold World-Wide at Fine Shops.

Guerlain
parfumeur
maison fondée en 1828



Send For Your
BONNIERS
Gift Bazar

Handsome catalog this! Filled with inspired gifts to give—*or to keep*—and just in time for Christmas. All from the colorful Scandinavias . . . refreshingly simple, pleasingly priced.

- GLASSWARE
- JEWELRY
- CERAMICS
- PEWTER
- BRASS
- FURNITURE
- WOOLENS
- BOOKS
- RECORDS

BONNIERS
605 madison avenue
new york 22

• *Send For Your Copy Today!!*

British Colonial
NASSAU in the BAHAMAS
HOTEL

Open for the winter season, Dec. 15—Apr. 15

Nassau's largest, finest, most distinguished hotel in a colourful seaside setting. Dancing in the Garden Grill. Ocean bathing at your door. Golf, sailing, fishing, riding, other sports. Guest privileges at our own and jointly operated Bahamas Country Club.

Kenneth Arnold, *General Mgr.*

For reservations apply to New York Representatives: Robert F. Warner Associates, 11 West 42nd Street or your local Travel Agent.

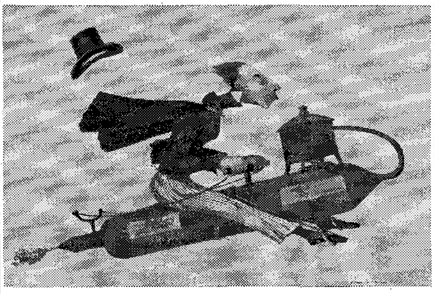
New York's Newest, Most Intimate Dinner and Supper Club

chat noir

Star Studded Entertainment Featuring
LUCILLE and EDDIE ROBERTS
MERVYN NELSON
KITTY CRAWFORD
ALICE TYRRELL and DICK WINSLOW
Music by
- SOFT WINDS
- ERNEST SCHOEN
- FRED MARX

ST. MORITZ On-The-Park • PL 5-5800
Reservations: "Stephen"

THIS OLD PRINT SHOP



is like no other. Visit us. Write us. We issue PORTFOLIO each month. Send 25c.

The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York

at Mother, like a dog that feels some punishment is imminent. When he got up from the table, I noticed that he didn't wear wooden-soled clogs, like us country children. He had on a pair of boots. They were old and the soles were parting from the uppers. But Mother had washed and ironed his shirt and roughly mended his coat and trousers, so he looked almost respectable.

"Now, get off to school, you two," Mother said as soon as we had eaten.

"Isn't he going to school with us?" I asked.

"We have to report to the police," Mother said.

"They won't put him in prison, will they?" my brother wailed.

"No, silly, but we must let them know where he is."

The boy gave Mother a cynical look but said nothing. My brother and I went morosely to school, and at noon we hurried home. Mother was alone when we got there.

"Where is he?" my brother shouted.

"I had to let him stay with the Huddlesford police," Mother said. "They're going to find his father."

"But you'll bring him back?" my brother said, bursting into tears. "I want him. I want him tonight."

"Stop crying this minute!" Mother said.

THE boy didn't come back. That night and the next my brother and I nagged at Father to go and get him. But he only looked angry and told us we'd have to wait.

After a week, he lost patience himself and went to the Huddlesford Police Station in his best suit. When he returned, he was gloomy. "They've sent him to a orphanage," he said. "And his father's i' jail for thrashing and starving him."

"Well, he'll be all right now," Mother said.

"What is there that's right about a orphanage?" Father demanded. "Just tell me."

"They won't let him go hungry, at any rate," Mother said.

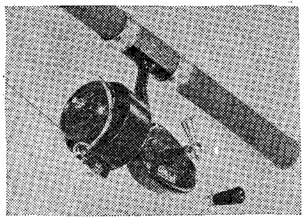
"And they won't care a hang for him, either. We could ha' kept him here."

"I tell you we couldn't afford it." Mother pressed her lips angrily together. "We've had this all out before, and you agreed."

"There were six of us in our family, and my mother had no more to keep us on than you get," Father insisted. "We managed."

"You all went into the mill at

DON'T MAKE A MOVE... without Calling
Lincoln
WAREHOUSE CORPORATION
MOVING
STORAGE
PACKING
Rhinelander 4-0100
69th to 70th on THIRD AVENUE
N.Y. 21, N.Y.



NEW MODEL SPINNING REEL
RECENT IMPORTATION FROM FRANCE
HAS TWO SPOOLS—LEVEL WIND RETRIEVE
FOLDING HANDLE—CASTS 240 FEET—$28.75
DR. USLAN SPINNING RODS—$35 & $50

Alex Taylor's
22 E. 42d St. N. Y. 17 MU 2-4800
SEND FOR GIFT LIST

TRAVEL AGENTS WHO KNOW SAY:
BERMUDA

COLONIAL AIR

COLONIAL AIRLINES, Dept. 23
630 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 20
Please send me your FREE booklet "Skycruises to Bermuda"
Name..........
Address..........
City..........State..........

Daily Skycruises to Bermuda

VIA COLONIAL AIRLINES

twelve," Mother said. "Our children won't. I know you—you'd take a dozen strays in any day. You'd welcome 'em like a lord. But the struggle would be mine, not yours."

"We could ha' managed, I tell you!" Father shouted. "A child should have a home, and we've shoved him into a orphanage. I shall feel ashamed till my dying day."

"I shan't," Mother said.

"I know you won't. Women are as hard as nails," Father cried.

"Be quiet," Mother said. "The whole street will hear you."

—WINIFRED WILLIAMS

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF COINED WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Chokecherry Tree," by Feike Feikema*]

He wicked his eyes ... —*Page 11.*
... his big shoes clobbering noisily ... —*Page 25.*
He clumsed on. —*Page 28.*
... and the guggling blood wants what it wants! —*Page 32.*
He listened to the turtledoves churgling in the grove. —*Page 47.*
Ever so slowly, pudging blood and life refilled the white blotches. —*Page 48.*
Pa ... humphed, and shagged upstairs to the kitchen ... Pa grimmed ... —*Page 52.*
A yellow-and-black bumblebee sussed around his straw hat.... The bumblebee sizzed right under his straw hat ... —*Page 62.*
He lifted the jug ... and guggled awhile ... —*Page 63.*
Food sluggled in throats. —*Page 67.*
Young girls ... nincing along ... —*Page 80.*
... like a windmill blurring. —*Page 81.*
Cor drove off with a whosh ... —*Page 82.*
... like teeth knersing together. —*Page 84.*
... heart tribbling ... —*Page 114.*
The motor bumbled ... too busy slupping to talk. —*Page 117.*
Again he was all numbs and thingers....
... she wigged her hips ... —*Page 118.*
They brommed on ... —*Page 200.*
... had blown up fierce blusts under their dresses. —*Page 210.*

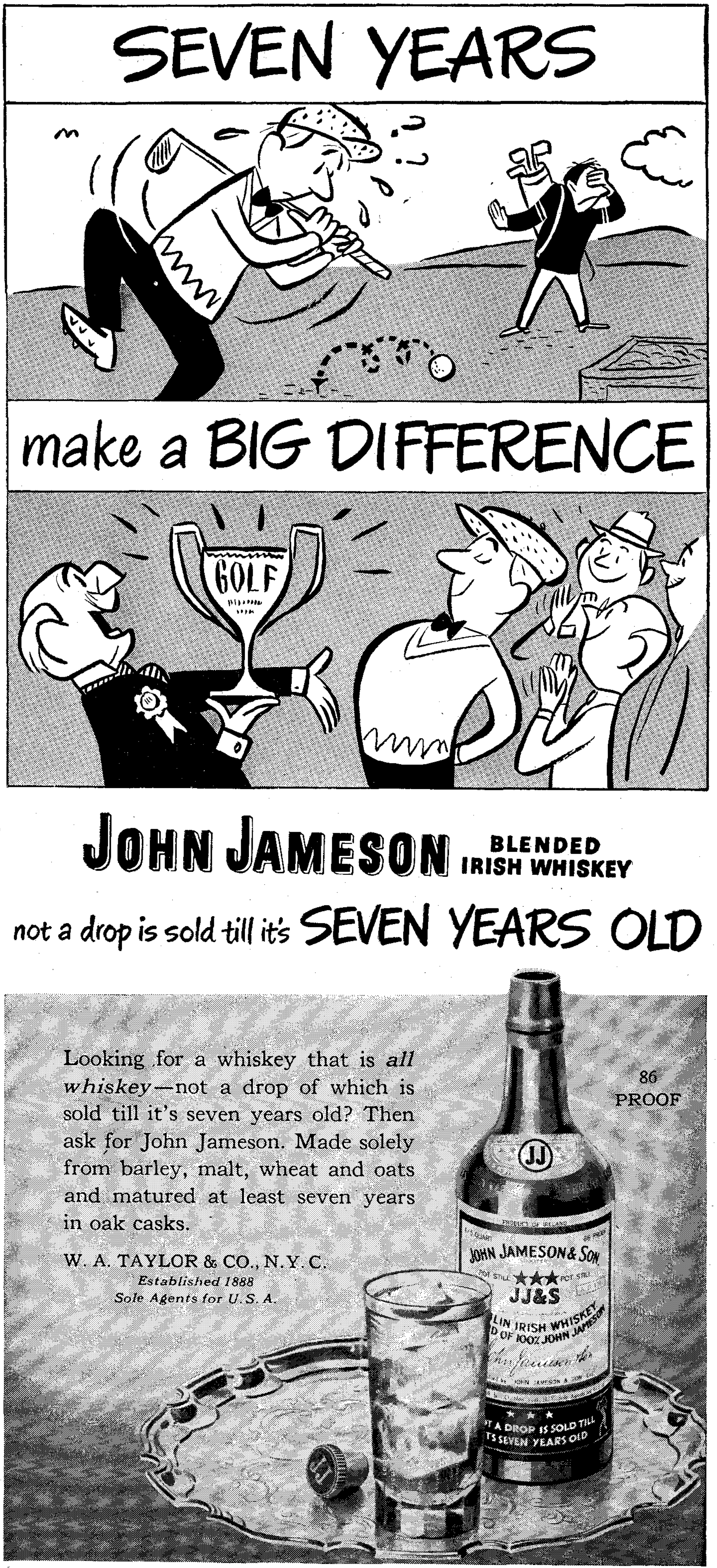
•

BROWNSVILLE, TEX.—(UP)—A Cameron County grand jury has completed its inquiry into the July 24 Democratic primary election.

It returned no indictments, but said there had been some negligence on the part of election officials. The grand jury made the following suggestions, among others:

1. Candidates should not serve as election judges.
2. Election judges should not carry home the ballots before they have been counted.—*Chicago Daily News.*

You can't beat Texas for sharp ideas.


SEVEN YEARS

make a BIG DIFFERENCE

JOHN JAMESON BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY

not a drop is sold till it's SEVEN YEARS OLD

Looking for a whiskey that is *all whiskey*—not a drop of which is sold till it's seven years old? Then ask for John Jameson. Made solely from barley, malt, wheat and oats and matured at least seven years in oak casks.

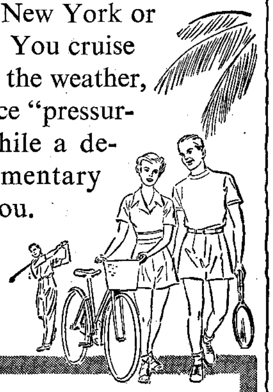
86 PROOF

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y. C.
Established 1888
Sole Agents for U. S. A.

Bermuda
BY SPEEDBIRD
for Christmas

There's no quicker, surer way to escape from grey skies and chilly breezes than a Speedbird "Cruise-Flight" to Bermuda . . . enchanting "Islands of Perpetual Spring"! Down there, in the fragrant air, you'll enjoy all the sports of summer . . . golf and tennis, cycling, sailing. You'll find every daytime a thrilling playtime. And Bermuda nights, too, are gay.

BOAC offers you your choice of route—from New York or from Baltimore. You cruise smoothly above the weather, in a long-distance "pressurized" plane, while a delicious, complimentary meal is served you.



"SUNSET" SPEEDBIRDS
DEPART 4:30 P.M.
from New York, Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun.; also from Baltimore, Mon. and Fri.
$126.00 ROUND TRIP
plus 15% Fed. Tax
RESERVE BY SPEEDBIRD NOW!
Information and bookings at BOAC offices in New York, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal and Toronto. Or see your Local Travel Agent.

B·O·A·C
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

THE CURRENT CINEMA

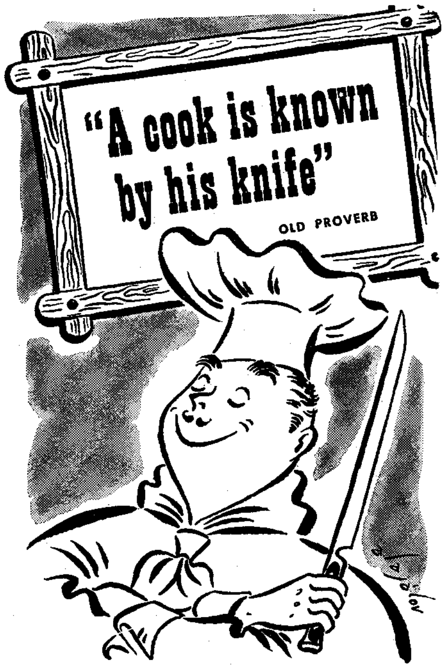
Last and Best

CINEMA
SUSAN

"CÉSAR," the last installment of Marcel Pagnol's fifteen-year-old trilogy about life in Marseille, is, I think, the best of the lot—and they are all superb. This picture, together with "Marius" and "Fanny," which preceded it to this country, offers a lesson in picture-making that a good many of our local boys could afford to study. Pagnol did not assemble his trilogy in a studio; he planted his camera in Marseille and, with the curiosity of a chipmunk, recorded at first hand the shape of its streets, its houses, and its lively waterfront. Though he was a man who could write, and did write, dialogue to accommodate a hundred moods, he was not so unseated by his verbal ingenuity as to forget that the main point of a movie is action. Finally, he invented an adult story and collected for his cast the sort of people who might actually be indigenous to the locale. All this sounds elementary, but it's the kind of thing most producers persistently lose sight of; they go right on carpentering away with one-syllable authors, lard-headed juveniles, and full-blown young ladies who are as alike as pie plates.

To become specific about "César"—and I guess it's damned well time that I did—it permits us once again to see Charpin, Pierre Fresnay, Orane Démazis, and the late Raimu disporting themselves in their engaging fashion. In this episode, the illegitimate child borne by the heroine of the piece in "Marius," and reared as a legitimate son by the heroine's elderly husband in "Fanny," has grown up. When his foster father dies, he is informed of his true paternity, and the rest of the picture is an account of his efforts to bring his mother and her seducer together. Since the seducer feels that he's been wronged, having been deprived of his son and his beloved for almost twenty years, the reconciliation isn't an easy thing to effect. But love, even illicit love, must, as you know, prevail.

The dialogue of "César" is extraordinarily funny, and Raimu, as a saloonkeeper, has the choicest bits of it. He discourses on everything, from the significance of death to the merits of apéritifs, and never once does he falter into dullness. The aging of each character is not merely a matter of make-


"A cook is known by his knife"
OLD PROVERB

...and, of course, a bottle of Maggi's Seasoning

Also remember a few dashes of Maggi's Seasoning bring out and improve the flavor of soups, stews, gravies, vegetables, meats.

MAGGI'S SEASONING

Choose your favorite Holiday dessert spoons and matching forks. 12 colorful annual designs, all different, advertised here during November. From Denmark..sterling silver with enamel and 24 Kt. gold. Each piece (6½" long): $17.50, Fed. Tax incl. Write for Gift Folder. Available only at

H. NILS HANDWROUGHT DANISH SILVER
1 East 58th St., New York City. *At the Savoy-Plaza.*

Give your Lighter new ZIP

ZIPPO flints!
Especially made to the specifications of the makers of famous Zippo windproof lighter. Sure-sparking. Long-lasting. Fit most lighters. 4 for 10¢.

ZIPPO fuel!
Another great Zippo product! Quick-lighting. Burns with clean, clear flame. Works in any lighter. Now available in cans with convenient pouring nozzle. 25¢.
Zippo Manufacturing Company, Bradford, Pa.

up; Raimu, Fresnay, and Mlle. Démazis all *behave* as if twenty years had passed since we saw them in "Fanny."

IN "June Bride," we have Bette Davis, weighed down by eyelashes as long as the average horse's mane, trying to pass herself off as the editor of a ladies' magazine. As part of her job, Miss Davis has to go to Indiana to supervise the reporting of a wedding. Shortly after she arrives, the bride elopes with the brother of the prospective groom. This upsets Miss Davis tremendously, but her star reporter, Robert Montgomery, manages to straighten everything out by having the jilted groom marry the eloped bride's sister. (If this baffles you, let it pass; it's hardly worth a struggle.) I am told that "June Bride" is supposed to be a comedy, but since Miss Davis conducts herself throughout the film with the grimly competent air of a prison matron, I'm not sure that you will find much merriment in the picture. Mr. Montgomery's contributions consist of wearing his hat turned up all around and of snapping off electric lights in an attempt to put Miss Davis in a loving mood. In one scene, he puts out so many lights that I got to thinking that I was just a boorish intruder. I suggest that you forget all about it.

"ONE TOUCH OF VENUS," or Pygmalion in Macy's, shows us Robert Walker kissing a statue that promptly turns into the real, live article, here impersonated by Ava Gardner. This transaction, and a couple of Kurt Weill tunes, are all the picture has in common with the musical from which it derives. Altogether, no more invigorating than a long drink of warm water. . . . "Kiss the Blood Off My Hands" is as appalling as its title. It features Burt Lancaster, as a sinister lover who is on the lam, and Joan Fontaine, as the object of his coarse affections.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

ARE YOU SICK
Mentally, Physically, Financially?
ARE YOU IN DESPAIR
for the right solution
Go to Sunday School and
WORSHIP WITH YOUR CHILDREN
Through October and Forever.
(Sponsored by Local PTA)
After Sunday School and Church come and get your FREE Bubble Gum for the Children and a FREE MINT-U-ET for the PARENTS.—*Adv. of a shoppe in the Colorado Springs Free Press.*

If you *still* feel sick, go to bed.

"Clothes that Make the Man!"
Lebow Clothes
Softailored From Mt. Tom Fabrics

• **Introducing the new Lounge model, in Coffee Brown. Created by the originators of the famous patented hinged armhole.**

Just a few of the stores where Lebow Clothes are sold:

BENJAMIN GREENBERG CO. *Paterson*
KAUFMAN BROS. *Charleston*
R. Z. LEVY & SONS *Nashville*
ALLAN STUART *Harrisburg*
F & R LAZARUS CO. *Columbus*
PAUL STEKETEE & SONS *Grand Rapids*
TOEPFER & BELLACK *Milwaukee*
WOOLF BROS. *Wichita and Kansas City*
HACKLEY'S *Corpus Christi*
CLARKE'S *Tulsa*
ROOS BROS. *San Francisco*
MARSTON CO. *San Diego*

Better Cocktails with less work!
HUGH BLINE—YOUR BARMAN IN A BOTTLE
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB MANHATTAN COCKTAILS
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
65 proof

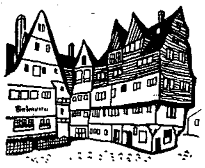
Why do it the hard way? Do it the HEUBLEIN way! Serve *professional* cocktails at home...superb cocktails made of the finest liquors by *cocktail specialists.* Just ice and serve.
Eight kinds at your local liquor store.

HEUBLEIN'S
Club COCKTAILS

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn

LETTER FROM WÜRZBURG

OCTOBER 27



THE Nord Barracks, built for Hitler's Wehrmacht on a pleasant site by the Main, in this German town, are now a comparatively pleasant riverside camp for Balt Displaced Persons. From their south windows, the D.P.s have a fine view of the vast, steep hill of Würzburg's famous old Bocksbeutel vineyard, which, framed by its white walls, presents so truly picturesque a composition of pale, worn earth and umbre vines that it looks like a mile-long medieval panoramic painting, standing almost upright on the edge of town, so that everyone may see and enjoy it. It is now easy to see it from the Würzburg streets, too, because half of the town's richest baroque buildings were bombed to dust in the war. In the courtyard of Nord, as the camp is called, the International Refugee Organization maintains its headquarters for what it terms Area Three in Germany's American Zone. The I.R.O., which operates some three hundred D.P. camps in the zone, has divided it into eight administrative areas. Area Three, which lies along the border of the Soviet Zone, is the biggest, the most heavily populated with D.P.s, and the most sensitive to the politics behind the various iron curtains to the east. It contains a hundred and fifty square miles and about sixty thousand D.P.s, or about four hundred D.P.s to the square mile of German landscape.

At the eastern tip of Area Three, along the Czech frontier, lies the village of Münchehof, to which a steady stream of Eastern European refugees are fleeing, there to fall, to a certain extent, into the I.R.O.'s lap. (There is no indiscretion in mentioning what is going on at Münchehof. The Russians know about it and are grateful for it, and for the village's shabby wooden barracks, relicts of the Kaiser's war days. Thousands of German prisoners of war are still leaving the Russian Zone—Lord knows exactly *where* in the Russian Zone—and straggling into Münchehof, which means that the Russian Zone no longer has to feed them.) According to the newly arrived civilian refugees, the Czech Communist police refrain from shooting at them as they cross the border and merely imprison anybody they catch, which these days

Praxiteles' Aphrodite

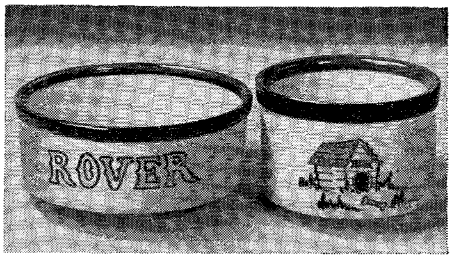
no more trying one bra after another! Berlé creates for you an individual DELINEATOR. Twenty-seven years of specializing assure you of true figure-personality and comfort. Call Mlle. Audrey for appointment: PLaza 5-6250.

In other cities, the finest stores only have the Delineator. Write for booklet N.

26 West 58th
New York

J. Berlé
Paris–New York

DISTINCTIVE Christmas Gift For DESERVING DOGS...
Personalized Pottery Set
FOR FOOD AND WATER



Make your own dog happy this Christmas. Show a friend that your friendship includes his dog. Every good dog deserves this durable, non-tipping, 2-piece food and water set.

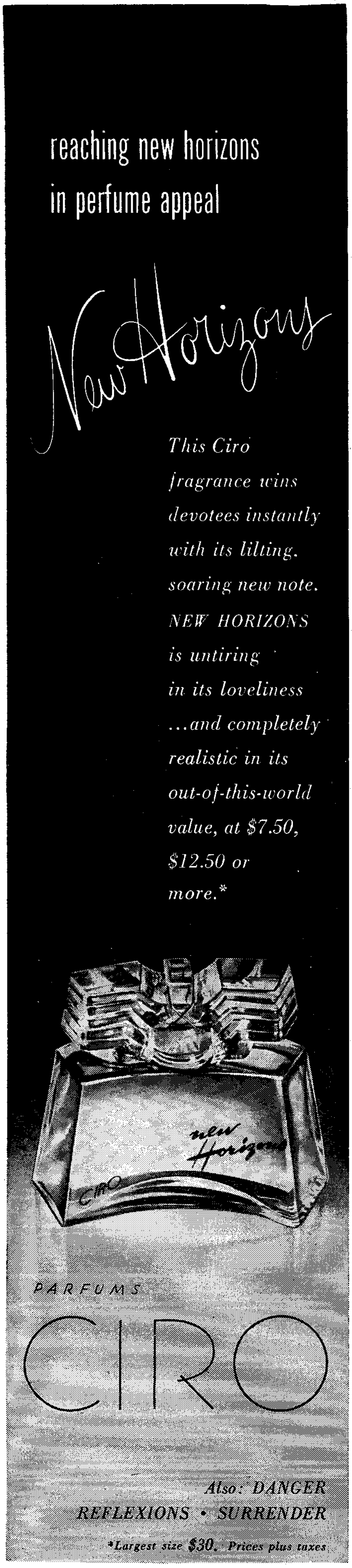
ONLY $4.25 PREPAID

Pet's name is baked into pottery, both pieces. Interiors rounded to make eating simple, cleaning easy. Attractive brown, white and blue design. Food dish 7¼" inside diameter, 2¼" deep. ALSO IN APPROPRIATE DESIGN FOR DESERVING CATS. Send check or money order, pet's name to

JOHNSONS CHINA & GLASS
11 Court Street, Dept. F, Binghamton, N. Y.

Learn POPULAR Piano
TAKE a lesson TODAY
PLAY a song TONIGHT
NO PREVIOUS TRAINING NECESSARY
Short INTERESTING Course for Adult Beginners
PRIVATE INSTRUCTION • DAILY 1-8 P.M.

Bernard Spencer, M. A.
STEINWAY HALL, 113 W. 57th St. CO 5-1418


reaching new horizons
in perfume appeal

New Horizons

This Ciro fragrance wins devotees instantly with its lilting, soaring new note. NEW HORIZONS is untiring in its loveliness ...and completely realistic in its out-of-this-world value, at $7.50, $12.50 or more.*

PARFUMS CIRO

Also: DANGER
REFLEXIONS • SURRENDER

*Largest size $30. Prices plus taxes

is no joke either. The refugees come across from Czechoslovakia by the grass-roots trail—on foot, at night, walking for five or six hours. The border is approached through the Czech Böhmerwald, touristically celebrated for its delightful promenades among the hilly woods. The refugees often dress like hikers and, to heighten the illusion, occasionally carry tourist-club cards, but never passports. European passports contain such encyclopedic family information that many relatives can be put in jeopardy if a refugee is caught. The current refugees arrive carrying for identification only an old school certificate or a receipted bill, or even a blowzy calling card.

A recent I.R.O. monthly breakdown of Münchehof's arrivals showed—in addition to three thousand German P.W.s, for which the I.R.O. has no responsibility—two hundred and seventy-six Czechs, seven Poles, two stray Frenchmen, and one inexplicable Mexican. It appeared, from official questioning, that the Czechs had fled across the border because of love, restlessness, or politics, these three motivations being pretty evenly divided. The third who were involved with love had fled either with or because of German wives, who are increasingly unpopular in Czechoslovakia. The restless third of the refugees seemed to be merely youthful rolling stones, suddenly set in motion by the pressures of present-day European life. The third who had fled for political reasons were of sterner stuff. Many of them were Sudeten Czech farmers who had had their first taste of the Russians and Communism in Poland, where Hitler had shipped them as agricultural slaves after Munich and where, between 1944 and 1946, they had had a second Russian dose, and who now could swallow no more, especially in their once-republican native land. Last month, only fifty Czechs a week were coming over the border. Now, acting on the grapevine rumor that Czechoslovakia is about to be incorporated into the Soviet Union, a hundred Czechs a day are making the trip. The I.R.O. is prepared for a steady, heavy stream of what are technically called political persecutees.

The I.R.O. at last knows what to do with a Czech when it sees one. Because of directives issued by our State Department and our European Command, the I.R.O. could not, up to June 4th, look after Czech refugees, who were herded by the German *Polizei* into the *Flüchtlingslager* at Münche-

the ciro perfume that
dares to be different

Danger

Because a perfume is truly great, it need not be so ultra in cost that few can afford it! You can own or give DANGER in a $12.50 package of inspired beauty and welcome size.* The perfume itself? It's DANGER!

DANGER
CIRO

PARFUMS CIRO

Also: REFLEXIONS
NEW HORIZONS • SURRENDER

*Also at $30. Prices plus taxes

Say it once and you'll say it again
NUYENS CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!

NUYENS
Triple Sec

Dry, fragrantly flavored with the Curacao orange. One sip of Nuyens Triple Sec tells why Nuyens Cordials are "America's finest!" They're made domestically by a guarded, 145-year-old French formula.

Triple Sec
80 proof

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, Inc. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Also 11 other fine flavors

Say it once and you'll say it again
NUYENS CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!

NUYENS
BLACKBERRY
Liqueur

Try Nuyens Blackberry Liqueur. Get the full flavor of rich, real fruit juice. Enjoy "America's finest cordials!" They're made domestically by a 145-year-old French formula.

Blackberry
60 proof

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, Inc. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Also 11 other fine flavors

Say it once and you'll say it again
NUYENS CORDIALS
...are America's Finest!

NUYENS
Crème de Menthe

Sip . . . or mix delightful cocktails with . . . Nuyens Creme de Menthe. You'll say again—"America's finest cordials" are Nuyens! They're made domestically by a guarded, 145-year-old French formula.

Creme de Menthe
60 proof

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, Inc. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Also 11 other fine flavors

hof, along with German civilian refugees from the East. On June 4th, the I.R.O. was directed to help feed the Czechs. On August 4th, the European Command ordered it to move the *Flüchtlingslager* Czechs into its D.P. camps. On August 25th, the European Command issued a directive saying that only those Czechs who had entered our zone before August 4th were entitled to camp care, whereupon the I.R.O. threw out the latecomers. It was not until September that the State Department, which has the final say, generously made up its mind that any Czechs who passed the I.R.O.'s standard screening were eligible for the melancholy honor of being officially recognized D.P.s.

THE advent, last June, of the Deutsche Mark in Western Germany furnished great financial excitement to D.P.s everywhere in Europe. Up to that time, the D.P.s had been paid for whatever work they did in the camps—sometimes official duties, sometimes odd jobs they themselves initiated—in "wallpaper" German money or in American cigarettes. Under a European Command ruling, any registered D.P. owning sixty wallpaper marks—and sixty was both the minimum and the maximum amount exchangeable—was entitled to sixty new ones, valued at twenty dollars, when they were issued. Those lucky few who, even among refugees, always have plenty lent wallpaper marks to those who didn't have the full number, in return for a promise of a cut of the take. For two days, a fantastic banking operation went on in the office of every I.R.O. camp director in the American Zone. At the camp in Aschaffenburg, the police chief, a Ukrainian D.P., zealously guarded with his gun the director, who is a woman from California, and her supply of the new money while she acted as paying teller and every man, woman, and child D.P. who was registered there—six thousand displaced souls, in all—got into the queue. Even the D.P. babies had the right to convert. On the evening of the second day, which was a Monday, several husbands began pacing more anxiously than usual outside the camp's maternity ward, for the money-changing was to cease at midnight. One lucky baby girl was born at 11 P.M. The next child was not born until Thursday—a belated little girl, dowerless and pitied by all.

One group that is beginning to get some pleasure out of the Deutsche Mark is the well-educated D.P.s, who

MAKE THE KISS TEST!

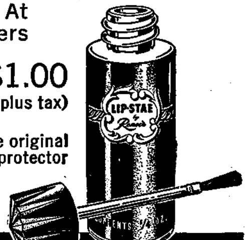
Renoir
LIP-STAE*
keeps your lipstick on YOU!
...off him, cigarettes, glasses, clothes.

KISS! Your lipstick stays on your lips—not his. SMOKE! Your cigarette stays snowy white. EAT AND DRINK! No embarrassing red on napkin or glass. Just brush clear liquid Lip-Stae over your lipstick, your lips stay brilliant, alluring for hours. Safe, economical, so easy to use. At cosmetic counters everywhere.

$1.00 (plus tax)

*® PAT. PEND.

The original lipstick protector



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Renoir Parfums Ltd., N. Y. C. Distributors

designer for
living

Pahlmann

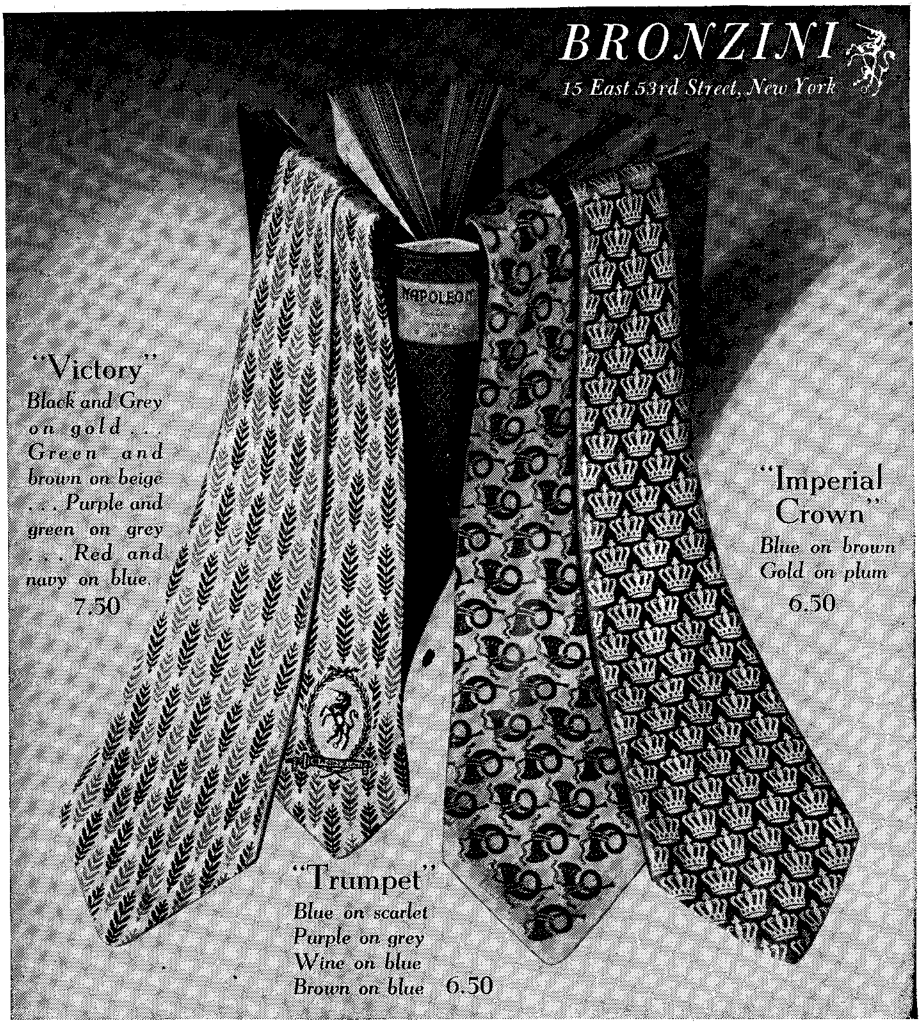
houses
apartments
the entire affair

two-eighteen east fifty-eighth
phone PLaza 9-7306 for appointment

Your choice
of today's
foremost
portrait
painters

PORTRAITS, Inc.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
460 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.
Lois Shaw Helen Appleton Read

are, logically, taking over a number of I.R.O. jobs, as paid workers among their own people. At Camp Wildflecken, where there used to be thirty-one U.N.R.R.A. officers, speaking eight languages, there are now only four I.R.O. Class I officials, as non-D.P. employees are called, and the camp is being run largely by Class II, or D.P., officials, who probably speak nine languages. These new, Class II officials work with the Class I officials, sociably drink vodka with them, live almost anywhere they choose or can (in or out of the camp), wear (if they like) an informal khaki uniform to give them added authority, and are as well rehabilitated as any D.P.s can become without emigrating. They and the I.R.O.-employed D.P. officials—the D.P.s who live in and administer the camps as mayors, police chiefs, supply clerks, and so on—are among the sixty-three thousand working D.P.s in the American Zone who are, to their satisfaction and the German fury, paid by the German burgomasters, like any German municipal employees. The salary of a D.P. mayor at a big camp is about four hundred Deutsche Mark a month, which is as much as a German municipal mayor gets. In August, in Berlin, the Office of Military Government for the U.S., or OMGUS, ordered that seventy marks a month be withheld by the delighted Germans from all such D.P. salaries, fifty marks to go into the German treasury and twenty marks into a fund for I.R.O. emigration and other expenses. I.R.O. officials claim that they were not consulted about this, and the ruling has certainly brought them grief. Similar deductions are not made from the pay of German municipal workers. This order was the most depressing blow to


BRONZINI
15 East 53rd Street, New York

"Victory"
Black and Grey on gold . . . Green and brown on beige . . . Purple and green on grey . . . Red and navy on blue.
7.50

"Imperial Crown"
Blue on brown
Gold on plum
6.50

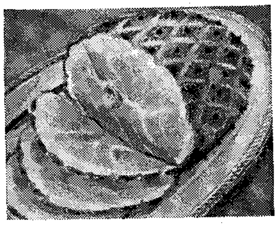
"Trumpet"
Blue on scarlet
Purple on grey
Wine on blue
Brown on blue 6.50

Give a Gift long remembered

Pennsylvania-Dutch
SMOKED
TURKEY

Cooked to perfection over glowing hickory embers, these beautiful birds are heavy with luscious breast and succulent pearly-pink dark meat. Ready to eat, the answer to any gift problem.

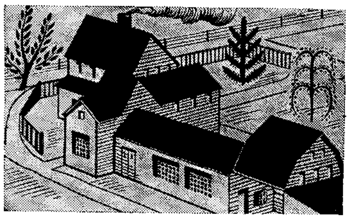
Pennsylvania-Dutch
BAKED AND GLAZED
SHERRY CURED HAM



Hickory-smoked, studded with aromatic cloves, cured and basted in rare old Sherry wine, glazed and baked in our ovens, they are delightful to look at, delicious to eat. Ready to serve, truly a gift long to be remembered.

Hickory-Smoked Canadian Bacon 6-lb. strips $10.50

HICKORY VALLEY FARM
Little Kunkletown, Stroudsburg, Pa.
Gift Order Blank



My check or money order enclosed. Please send products checked below; postpaid, gift wrapped, gift card enclosed.
Name________
Address________
City________Zone____State________
(Please print or type names and addresses to whom gifts are to be sent.)
☐ Whole smoked Turkeys, weight____lbs. @ $1.75 a lb. (aver. wt. 8-10-12-14 lbs.)
☐ Baked, glazed Sherry-Cured Hams, wt. ________ lbs. @ $1.50 per lb. (average weight 8-10-12-14 lbs.)

For orders over 25 pieces write for wholesale price list.

"SNOWFLAKE"

Sterling Silver Pin—a tangible replica of one of nature's loveliest designs. Six-point snowflake, hand-etched with feathery tracery.

2½" in diameter $6.95
Earrings to match 5.00

Federal Tax and Postage Included
Write for Free Brochure
Mail Orders Receive Careful Attention

Carroll Reed Ski Shops
NORTH CONWAY NEW HAMPSHIRE

Portrait Heads

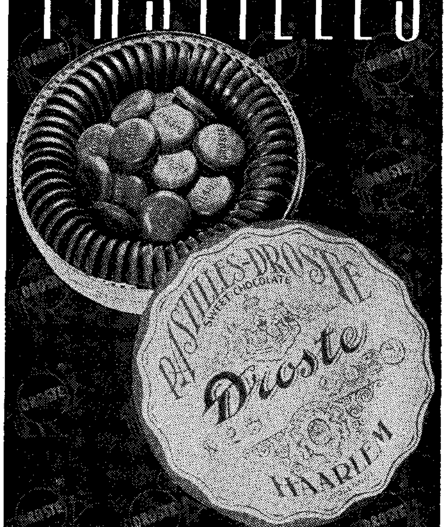
in bronze by
PETER
HAYWARD
7" high,
from 375.00

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., New York 22

First New York Appearance
ABE BURROWS
at
LE Directoire
128 E. 58
Nightly at Dinner & Supper
Res. JEAN — MU 8-2150

D.P. hopes, efforts, and pride since the American Congress's D.P. Immigration Act, which fell on them in June. There has always been some brass-hat or bureaucratic hanky-panky in the handling of D.P. affairs. For instance, fifty per cent of the D.P. food is provided by the German economy. (The I.R.O. pays for it, though, and will continue to until the cost can be extracted from the German reparations payments, if and when.) Pleased to take their tip from the American attitude seemingly revealed by the OMGUS order, the German people, in their mixed arrogance, mysticism, and illogic, now suppose that they and their sacred land are feeding and otherwise supporting the D.P.s, and accordingly hate them, though the Germans are ethically, and in some cases physically, responsible for multitudes of D.P.s' being here. German anti-D.P.-ism is the new emotional rival of German anti-Semitism.

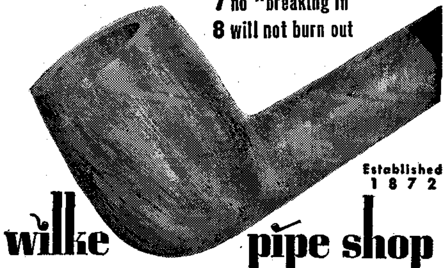
AMONG the D.P. professional or intellectual workers in the camps, the doctors are, in a way, least tragic, for they can still work at their trade. (Spots on the lungs do more to prevent D.P.s from passing the emigration physical test than anything else.) Only Norway, which has just asked for ten D.P. doctors and, *mirabile dictu*, their families, permits a medical D.P., after two years' well-behaved residence, to practice without a local license. But Norway is alarmingly close to Russia, and her request will probably go unfulfilled. Dr. Zenephon Sileckyj, who was Aschaffenburg Camp's chief doctor, and his wife, who is Tolstoy's great-niece, have adventurously emigrated to California, where he will be an office worker. Nations wanting immigrant labor name the kinds of skilled worker they need and send their memos to the I.R.O. as though they were grocery lists. At the I.R.O.'s Area Three vocational school, in Schweinfurt, intellectuals are learning to be garage mechanics, bricklayers, and so forth. Last spring, a selected group of outstanding D.P. professionals and intellectuals from all the camps were invited to an I.R.O. conference in Switzerland, where the I.R.O. has its European headquarters and where the various nations' demands for D.P.s are haggled over on the diplomatic level. The experience of being temporarily out of camp and back in the world, and of speaking to other D.P.s exceptional, like themselves, in education of the mind and in indignities of the body was one that, when they mention it today, makes their voices


PASTILLES

Droste of Holland

Circlettes of pure, mild bittersweet chocolate famous the world over.

Wherever fine confections are sold.
Importers, H. Hamstra & Co., N. Y. 11


FINEST SMOKE IN THE WORLD because:

Send for Pipe Chart

1 selected imported briar root
2 no paint, varnish or putty
3 briar root pores left open
4 absorb smoking moisture
5 color like meerschaum
6 no gadgets or plumbing
7 no "breaking in"
8 will not burn out

Established 1872
wilke pipe shop
400 MADISON AVENUE at 48th NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

EAST OR WEST
Eclair
PASTRY-BEST

* WEST
141 WEST 72nd ST.
EN 2-0814

* EAST
FIRST AVE.
at 54th ST.
PL 9-5355

Sure . . . you've tasted brownies but have you ever tempted your taste with **Brownies à la Eclair?** They're chocolaty bits of goodness blended from choice nuts and rich chocolate cake. Yes, *Eclair* really does its brownies **up brown!** Open Sundays. Prompt delivery.

* WESTCHESTER IN SCARSDALE AT BUYMOR

tremble with joy. Nothing came of the conference. None of the diplomatic agents present wanted any D.P. intellectuals.

The I.R.O.'s job of preparing the few D.P.s slated for this autumn's emigration to the United States is as difficult as was expected. Our State Department has not sent the consular agents it promised, to give visas; our Army has not sent the promised Counter-Intelligence Corps officers for intensive prying into the wretched D.P.s' histories, private lives, and political and religious views. The D.P.s, a people who get along without official papers to prove anything and who have lied splendidly for years as a *modus vivendi*, have recently lied about their names, nationalities, and birthplaces to prevent repatriation to Communist lands and to save their families from punishment. If lying could help, they would lie in order to live in their dreamed-of America. They know that few of them will be chosen. For three Christmases, they have drunk a toast to their last winter in Germany. Two months from now, they will be drinking their fourth. Most of the half-million D.P.s still left in the camps in our zone are suffering from resignation.—GENÊT

•

Her other offerings were Sea Fever by Mayfield, William Jennings Bryant's Sanatopsis, "My Lost Youth" by Longfellow, "Renaisance" by Edna St. Vincent, "The Chambered Nautilus" and "Going Home" by Struther. In a lighter vein were a group of gay and humorous verses by Carroll.—*Lewiston (Maine) Journal.*

Earl?

•

"A girl who loves to waltz is a good bet for a good home-maker," said the maestro. "She is lovable, sensible and understanding. And she can be as happy in a one-room flat as in a 26-room mansion."

He thinks the fox terrier is almost as good a marital bet.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

We recommend more than one room, though.

•

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE DEPT.

[*From the Washington Star*]

Many accidents have been caused by people tripping over excess lamp and electric fixture cords lying on the floor in front of wall sockets.

(For further information as to where products mentioned above may be obtained address Room 724, Star Building, inclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply).

CREME DE CACAO
BOLS

One sip makes you a connoisseur!

Even the novice can distinguish BOLS once he has tasted it!

Each liqueur is so exquisite in bouquet, so nectar-rich in flavour, because BOLS has practiced for 373 years with the world's precious fruits, herbs and flowers.

For that elegant continental touch, offer guests a selection of BOLS—served as a liqueur, highball or frappé.

BOLS Apricot Liqueur—delicious liqueur blending dryness and sweetness—64 proof

BOLS Creme de Cacao—incomparably smooth, creamy liqueur with a full rich flavour 54 proof

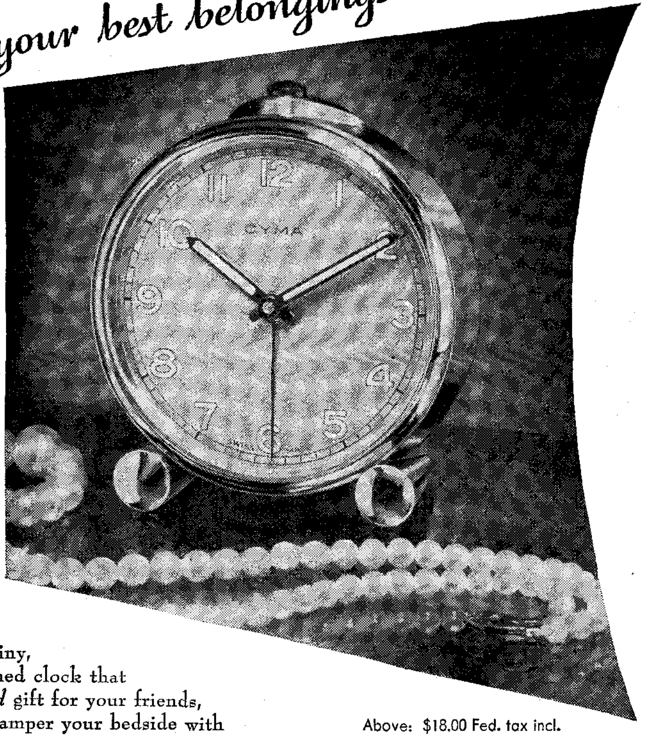
BOLSKUMMEL 82 proof

BOLS Curacao Triple Orange 78 proof

BOLS liqueurs

Since 1575

Produced in the U.S.A. By Erven Lucas Bols, Inc.
Sole Distrib. in U.S.A.: "21" Brands, Inc., New York, N.Y



Among your best belongings...

...a CYMA, the tiny, exquisitely fashioned clock that makes such a *good* gift for your friends, or you yourself. Pamper your bedside with this beautiful timepiece of precision... its gently persuasive alarm makes it so very practical, too. Superb 7-jewel watch movement, luminous dial, one winding key for both time and alarm. Other CYMA clocks, too... for home, office, travel... by the craftsmen who make famous CYMA-TAVANNES watches.

CYMA WATCH COMPANY • Fifth Ave., New York

Above: $18.00 Fed. tax incl.
In a variety of handsome finishes.

CYMA
the Gift Clock

LEJON VERMOUTH

There's a delightful difference

in cocktails made with this superior vermouth!

National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N. Y.

VERMOUTH
LEJON

DRY OR SWEET

THE RACE TRACK

Jamaica Days

THE air at Jamaica was buzzing last week with talk of the doings of the younger riders and the longer-priced horses. Nothing you need bother about, though; it's a situation that comes up at the fag end of every season. There was Hedley Woodhouse, a boy from Vancouver, who rode four winners in five races the other afternoon—Ariel Sweep, at $10.90; Flaming Lady, at $17.10; Palestinian, at $15.10; and Safe Arrival, at $11.10. (What a parlay! It would have fizzed out, though, for all the winnings would surely have gone on Woodhouse's fifth mount, Joan's Robin, who finished next to last.) Then, there was Pete Anderson, a blond young man with the longest body and the shortest legs you ever saw. He started off on Monday with four winners and followed up, next day, with two more; then he didn't have another through Saturday, although he had twenty-five chances. All of which wasn't much fun for his followers. Of course, any warning from me about betting on jockeys instead of on the horses they ride is probably unnecessary; horseplayers ought to know by now that that system is ideal for doodling but for nothing much else.

WITH rather startling celerity, Better Self disposed of all opposition in the Westchester Handicap, the most valuable prize at Jamaica last week. Maybe chasing Citation in the Gold Cup, a fortnight before, stirred him up, or maybe he just felt like running. Whatever it was, he popped into the lead, the way he did in the Paumonok Handicap last spring, and couldn't be caught. I thought that my old pet Phalanx, who finished third, a head behind War Trophy, never looked better, and was never more poorly handled—even the time Arcaro rode him in the Kentucky Derby. Clark, who was on Phalanx last week, doesn't seem to get the most out of his mounts. It could be that horses don't give for him as generously as they do for other boys. Or perhaps I'm just being captious today.

Now I come to Conniver's race last

What weather!

The mercury may drop out of sight in the glass. Blizzards may blow their mightiest. It is all one to the man who wears Chinook clothes. He will be warm—entirely comfortable.

The cloth is water-repellent, wind resisting, sand-colored, medium weight. Lining is 100% alpaca pile. Ingenious zipper and button front, collar, wrist and waist construction keep out cold, wind and wet. Patented storm collar turns up under the hood or a hat.

No other cold-weather clothes could be more effective for any man—and there are Chinook clothes for women. Ask your dealer or write for a circular.

FISHING • HUNTING • OUTDOOR CLOTHES

THE DRYBAK CORPORATION
BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

Chinook BY Drybak
SINCE 1900

The Café Lounge and Bar

Luncheon
Cocktail hour • Dinner • Supper

Dancing daily including Sundays from 5:30
Entertainment nightly 8:45 and 12:15

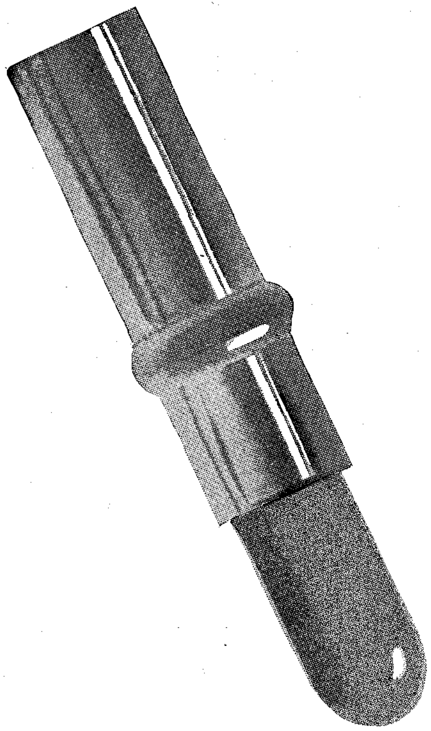
SAVOY-PLAZA
PLAZA CIRCLE AT 58TH ST.

Wednesday, also at Jamaica—in the Comely Handicap—which was her best since the Beldame. It seemed to me that she overreached herself in the longer races at Belmont. In the Comely, a middle-distance affair, the other runners, including Miss Request, who is at her best right now, were no match for Conniver. She weaved her way through the field with grace and skill, and won comfortably. Also, I might call your attention to how much better all the big local handicaps for fillies have been than those for colts and fillies. Ladies' year?

HAVING seen Citation gallop unaccompanied around a track, for exercise, lots of times, there wasn't much point in going down to Baltimore last week to see him do it again—even if it was for $10,000—in the Pimlico Special. My favorite observer, however, reports that his walkover was a success all around. Inasmuch as nobody would start a horse against him, the Maryland Jockey Club, under its house rules for this event, saved $15,000 of the $25,000 prize money originally offered—and nobody knows how much on the betting, for there would have been a minus pool on the race. (A minus pool results when the amount wagered on all the runners in a race is not enough to cover the payoff on the winner, which in Maryland is $2.20 on $2, and the track has to make up the difference.) Warren Wright, Citation's owner, received another Pimlico Special cup (he had four already); Jimmy Jones, the colt's trainer, and Arcaro, his rider, each got ten per cent of the purse; and Citation himself got a blanket of flowers. Citation, by the way, loathes blankets of flowers on his back, and his trainer isn't crazy about the tradition, either, but they can afford to put up with it.

Well, as you're probably tired of hearing, Citation, this season, finished first in seventeen of his eighteen starts and earned $674,570. (Note for betting men: If you had had a two-dollar ticket on him each time he ran, you'd be exactly $4.40 richer; don't forget, you would have *lost* two dollars when Saggy beat him at Havre de Grace this spring.) All told, his winnings are $830,250; Stymie's are $911,335. Shortly, Citation will be shipped to Hialeah for a rest; beyond that, plans for him have not been announced. It's my guess that he'll go to Santa Anita for the Maturity Stakes and the Santa Anita Handicap. Each has a purse of $100,000. Easy pickings, easy pickings.

—AUDAX MINOR

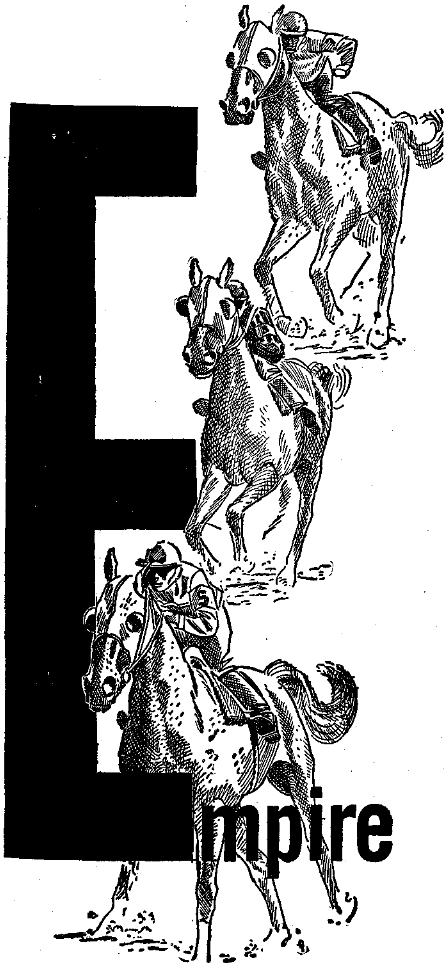


there's
more
to
a
lipstick
than
color

a new idea . . . a new lipstick . . .

Each and every lipstick by Charles of the Ritz is costume blended to fashion. Each and every one richer, creamier by far—different and more wonderful in texture. Each and every one longer lasting.

Charles of the Ritz



Empire races at

Jamaica

DAILY THRU NOV. 15

The popular EMPIRE races are once more being run at convenient Jamaica. For an afternoon of racing thrills don't miss EMPIRE'S 1948 Meeting and these important Stake races!

Saturday, November 6
THE DAINGERFIELD HANDICAP
$25,000 added

Saturday, November 13
THE BUTLER
$75,000 added

Monday, November 15
THE NEW ROCHELLE HANDICAP
$25,000 added

SPECIAL TRAINS: Leave Penn Station, N. Y. and Flatbush Avenue, Bklyn., at short intervals from 11:00 A.M. and go direct to track.

8 Races Daily. First Race 1:15 P.M.
General Admission $1.60 Tax Included
Children Not Admitted

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Orange* (*Calif.*) *Daily News*]

THE CALIFORNIA ORANGE GROWER

By Margaret P. Harms

Whether he has many acres of
oranges, or only one,
There are many trials or tests the
orange grower has to run,
Before he can put any money in
his jeans or the banks,
And for a good harvested yield
give his praise and thanks.

In the winter months cold weather
gives him grave concern,
And at eight each evening he sits
at his radio to learn
How low the thermometer will
drop during the night,
And if it will get cold enough so
his smudge pots he must light.

In the early part, or the latter
months of the year,
There sometimes is a wind that
causes him to fear,
That it might whip the trees,
and them badly mar,
Or cause much of the fruit to
drop, or some of it to scar.

During the many months when
nature provides no rain,
He must furnish moisture to this
orange growing terrain,
And many hours of shoveling and
walking he spends,
As the grower to this business
of irrigating tends.

Then, there are the bugs, or
different color scales,
And sometimes appear the red
spider, or the lowly snails,
And he must think of the root-
eating gopher, or the mole;
All these require different
treatment, spray or control.

Sometimes disease does attack the
roots, trunks or the leaves,
And some damage is done before
help the tree receives,
Or it may die, and a new one
must be put in this space,
That takes many years to grow,
and it finally does replace.

However, in this business all is
not work, worry or woe,
As for over a year, day by day,
he watches his fruit grow,
From a small beautiful flower
that is fragrant and white,
Until it becomes a food that
is truly a tasty delight.

There is much satisfaction in a
work that is well done,
Whether it is raising oranges, or
other contests that must be won.
If, in this game of life it is played
honest and sincerely fair,
True contentment and just reward
God will surely declare.

Broadway Cocktail Lounge

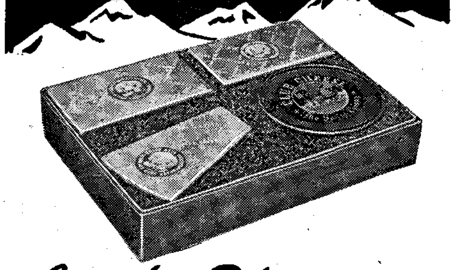
Dancing at cocktail time and throughout the evening, except Monday.

BILL McCUNE and his Orchestra

NO COVER CHARGE OR MINIMUM

HOTEL Astor
TIMES SQUARE
R. K. Christenberry, *President*

"From America's Little Switzerland"



Come these Delicious . . .
AGED NATURAL **CHEESES**

Here is a delightful gift for your friends (and include yourself). This popular WISCONSIN SPECIAL assortment, including our very finest varieties: Summer-cured Swiss, Aged Cheddar (1½ yrs. old), Old-fashioned Brick, and our exclusive Swiss Colony Club, a tasty spread. Quality guaranteed.

PACK J77 WISCONSIN SPECIAL, gift packed, 3 lbs. of cheese, delivered anywhere in U. S...$3.95

Write for catalog of other cheese assortments

THE SWISS COLONY
77 CHEESE ROW, MONROE, WIS.

THE Newport
Superlative French Cuisine
18 EAST 60th STREET • EL.5-8427

Sure, America's going ahead...

if we all pull together!

Let's compare *yesterday* with *today* . . . that will give us an idea of what tomorrow can be!

Machine Power: Since 1910 we have increased our supply of machine power *4½ times.*

Production: Since 1910 we have more than *doubled* the output each of us produces for every hour we work.

Income: Since 1910 we have increased our annual income from less than $2400 per household to about $4000 (in dollars of the same purchasing power.)

Work Hours: Yet, since 1910 we have cut 18 hours from our average workweek—equivalent to two present average workdays.

HOW have we succeeded in achieving all this? Through the American kind of teamwork! And what is *teamwork?*

American teamwork is management that pays reasonable wages and takes fair profits—that provides the best machines, tools, materials and working conditions it possibly can—that seeks new methods, new markets, new ideas; that bargains freely and fairly with its employees.

Our teamwork is labor that produces as efficiently and as much as it can—that realizes its standard of living ultimately depends upon how much America produces—that expects better wages as it helps increase that production.

Teamwork is simply working together to turn out more goods in fewer man-hours—making things at lower costs and paying higher wages to the people who make them and selling them at lower prices to the people who use them.

What we've already accomplished is just a foretaste of what we *can* do. It's just a start toward a goal we are all striving to reach: better housing, clothing, food, health, education, with ever greater opportunities for individual development. Sure, our American System has its faults. We all know that. We still have sharp ups and downs in prices and jobs. We'll have to change that—*and we will!*

It will continue to take *teamwork*, but if we work together, there's no limit on what we can all *share together* of even greater things.

What we have already accomplished is just a foretaste of what we *can* do—if we continue to *work together!*

Approved for the PUBLIC POLICY COMMITTEE *of The Advertising Council by:*

EVANS CLARK	BORIS SHISHKIN	PAUL G. HOFFMAN
Executive Director	Economist	Formerly President
Twentieth Century Fund	American Federation of Labor	Studebaker Corp.

WANT TO HELP? MAIL THIS!

PUBLIC POLICY COMMITTEE
THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL, INC.
11 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N.Y.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Miracle of America," which explains clearly and simply, how a still better living can be had for all, if we all work together.

Name____________________

Address____________________

____

Occupation____________________

BOOKS

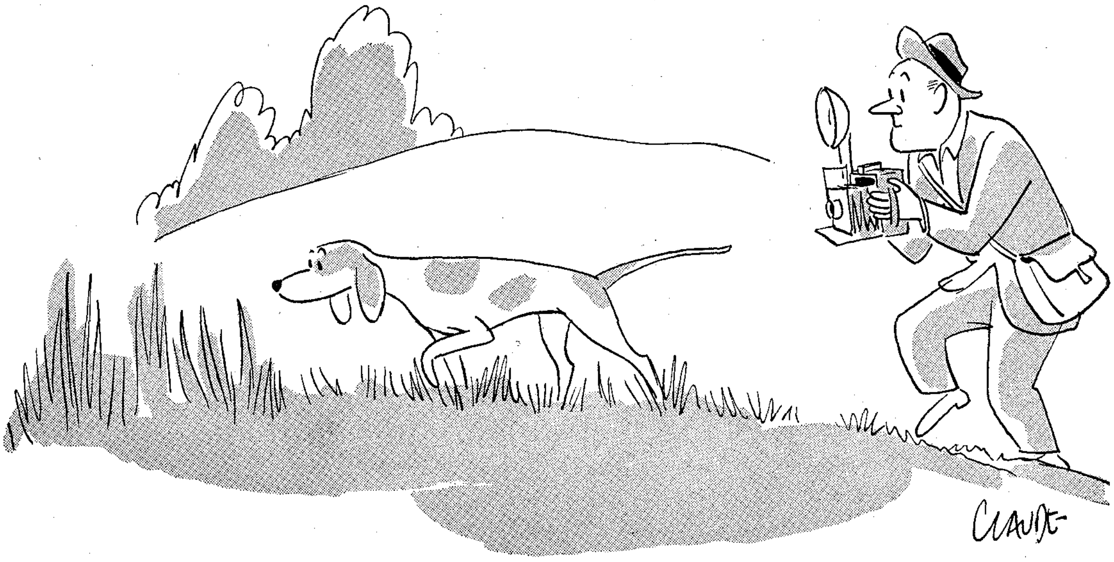
A Definitive Edition of Ben Jonson

WHEN Swinburne published his study of Ben Jonson hardly sixty years ago, he indignantly called attention to the fact that English scholarship, which had shown such devotion to the texts of the Greek and Latin classics, had never, in two centuries and a half, produced a decent edition of so important an English writer. That complaint can no longer be made—though the definitive edition of Jonson by C. H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, brought out by the Oxford University Press, has been slow in appearing and is not yet complete. The first two volumes were published in 1925, and the eighth has only just come out. This, containing Jonson's poems and prose, is the last installment of the text of Jonson, but it is to be followed by two volumes of commentaries, which ought to be particularly valuable, since no writer is more full of allusions, both topical and learned, than Jonson, and his work has never been properly annotated. There has not appeared, from this point of view and from that of clearing up the text, a serious edition of Jonson since that of William Gifford in 1816. This new one is a model of scholarship, handsomely printed and interestingly illustrated—in some cases, with hitherto unpublished drawings made by Inigo Jones for the décors and costumes of Jonson's masques.

Except, however, for the first two volumes, which assemble biographical materials and contain historical and critical essays on Jonson's various works, the Herford-Simpson edition is not especially to be recommended to the ordinary non-scholarly reader who may want to make the acquaintance of Jonson. It presents the original text with the seventeenth-century punctuation and spelling and with no glossary and no notes except textual ones. The books are, besides, expensive, and the earlier volumes are now hard to get—so the approach to this beetling author remains, as it has always been, rather forbidding and fraught with asperities. The best reprinting of the Gifford edition is also expensive and out of print. The three volumes of selections in the Mermaid Series are full of perplexing misprints, which drop out words or substitute wrong ones, and equipped with inadequate notes that turn up often on the wrong pages. The two volumes in the Everyman Series include only Jonson's plays, and they are printed in a small, dense type that makes them uncomfortable reading; there is a glossary, but it is incomplete. The only breach that I know in the hedge that seems to have sprung up around Ben, as if his editors had somehow been influenced by their bristling and opaque subject, has been made by Mr. Harry Levin in his "Selected Works" of Ben Jonson (published by Random House). Here, in a clear, readable text of his own and with a brilliant introduction, Mr. Levin has got together most of the best of Jonson for a compact and well-printed volume. There is an obstacle, though, even here, for he has furnished no notes and no glossary, and with Jonson the explanation of a literary reference or the key to a phrase of slang is often absolutely indispensable for the understanding of a passage.

But it is not merely that Jonson's text itself has been a little hard to get at. It is rather that lack of demand has not stimulated popular editions. "Volpone" can still hold an audience—though it took a German adaptation to bring it back into fashion; and "The Alchemist" has been recently done both in London and here; but, among a thousand people, say, who have some knowledge and love of Shakespeare, and even some taste for Webster and Marlowe, I doubt whether you could find half a dozen who have any enthusiasm for Jonson or who have seriously read his plays. T. S. Eliot, admitting the long neglect into which Ben Jonson's work had fallen, put up, in "The Sacred Wood," a strong plea for Jonson as an artist, and thus made a respect for this poet de rigueur in literary circles. But one's impression is that what people have read has been not Jonson but Eliot's essay. The dramatist himself, a great master for the age that followed his own, is still for ours mostly a celebrated name, whose writings are rarely explored.

IT is a fault of Eliot's essay, so expert in its appreciation of the best-woven passages of Jonson's verse, that it minimizes his glaring defects. If you read it without reading Jonson, you will get a most plausible picture of a special kind of great writer, but this picture is not exactly Jonson. What is suppressed is all that Bernard Shaw meant when, telling off the Elizabethan dramatists, he characterized Ben Jonson as a "brutish pedant;" and, in grappling with Jonson's shortcomings, we cannot perhaps do better than begin by facing squarely those qualities which made it impossible for Shaw—who admired, though he patronized, Shakespeare—to take seriously the comic writer who had, before Shaw himself, achieved the greatest reputation in the English theatre. The point is that Shakespeare, like Shaw, however much they differ in their philosophies, has an immense range, social and moral, in understanding a variety of people. To an intelligent and sensitive man of any school of thought,



NOW A *Trial Membership* CAN BE OFFERED TO YOU!

YES, YOU MAY NOW OBTAIN BEAUTIFUL, *beautiful* BOOKS

LIKE THESE FOR THE SAME PRICE AS AN ORDINARY NOVEL

For a period of six months only, you may TRY OUT
this cooperative plan by which you obtain
a unique collection of the world's classics,
especially illustrated by the world's great artists,
well-printed on high-grade papers—
for the same price as rental library fiction!

ONE YEAR AGO, you couldn't have done it! One year ago, there were no vacancies in the Membership of The Heritage Club. Because we had to know in advance how many books to make for the members, at that time we decided that we would accept only twenty-five thousand applications. But 27,788 applications came in. So 2,788 people were disappointed.

The reason for this gratifying success? Perhaps it is because it is all too seldom that such an honest value comes to those who love beautiful books.

The Heritage Club distributes to its members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." These books are not "de luxe," nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed by leading printers on fine papers chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, handsomely bound and boxed.

And the members obtain these books for the same price which they are called upon to pay for ordinary novels! Despite increases of 100% in the costs of manufacturing, each member is called upon to pay only $3.65 for each book—or only $3.28 if he makes payment in advance!

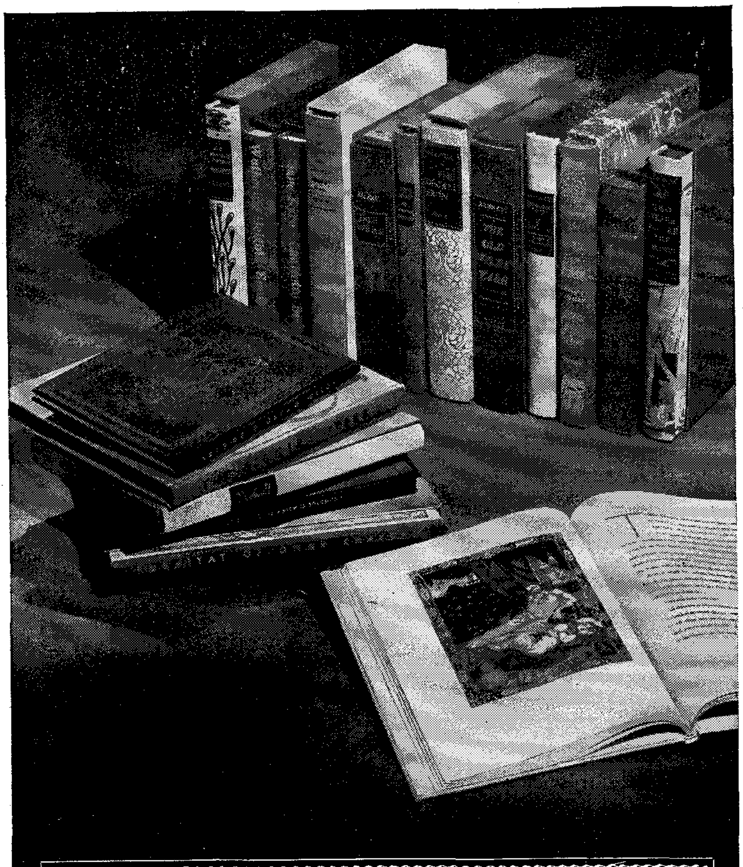
NOW, and for the remaining six months of our publishing year, we have decided to increase the membership. This month just one thousand new members will be enrolled, upon a Trial Membership basis. If you apply for one of these Trial Memberships (and in time to get one of them!) you will during the coming six months obtain these books:

Robinson Crusoe, the complete and adult text, illustrated with wonderful water-colors by Edward A. Wilson; *The Song of Songs,* each copy hand-illuminated with pure gold by Valenti Angelo; *Wuthering Heights,* illustrated with lithographs in color by Barnett Freedman, and *Jane Eyre* as a companion volume; *The Decameron of Giovanni Boccaccio,* amusingly illustrated with wood-cuts by Fritz Kredel; *Lorna Doone,* illustrated with water-colors by the great English artist John Austen.

Yet, if it should happen that you do not desire to have any one of these books, there is a list of a dozen Substitution Titles.

Never in the history of book publishing has a greater bargain been offered to wise buyers of books. This Trial Membership gives you the opportunity to put this statement to the test.

Please fill out the coupon printed herewith and mail it to The Heritage Club. You will then be sent a descriptive Prospectus, and a Trial Membership will be reserved for you.



Request for the Descriptive Prospectus

to THE HERITAGE CLUB
595 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22:

Please send me immediately a copy of your new Prospectus, in which you describe the special offer of Trial Memberships which you are now able to make, and in which the books are described in detail. I understand that you will reserve a Trial Membership in my name, awaiting receipt of my application.

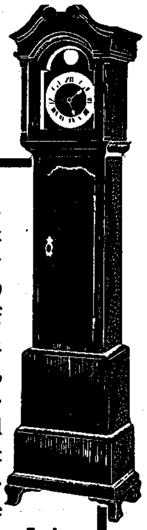
NAME

ADDRESS

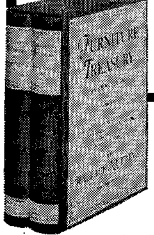
CITY & STATE

N6M-1

A must for every lover of antiques



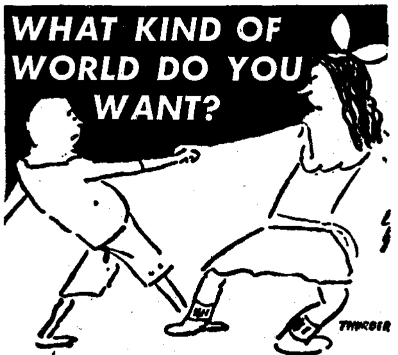
The classic book on American antiques is back again, in a superb new edition with all 5,000 beautiful illustrations of the original. Whether you collect antiques or not, you will find this handsome two-volume boxed set a gracious ornament for your home, a possession that you will take pride in for years to come. It is an unparalleled achievement, as a survey of American furniture and as a triumph of fine bookmaking.
$20.00



WALLACE NUTTING'S FURNITURE TREASURY

At all bookstores **MACMILLAN**

WHAT KIND OF WORLD DO YOU WANT?



"Cerebretonia is a movement away from a demanding, pushing world."

A philosophy in popular terms of courage and hope based on the scientific study of man by America's foremost young philosopher. A demonstration of the influence of physical types upon individual personality which "deserves wide attention."—*Albert Einstein*

THE OPEN SELF ***by Charles Morris***

$3.00 at all bookstores • PRENTICE-HALL, INC.

ROGER LYFORD

Maker of Fine Prints
Exhibitor at the Carnegie Institute
Offers a Series of Hand-Printed Etchings
& Lithographs from $8. to $50.

Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue
Box 535, Westport, Conn.

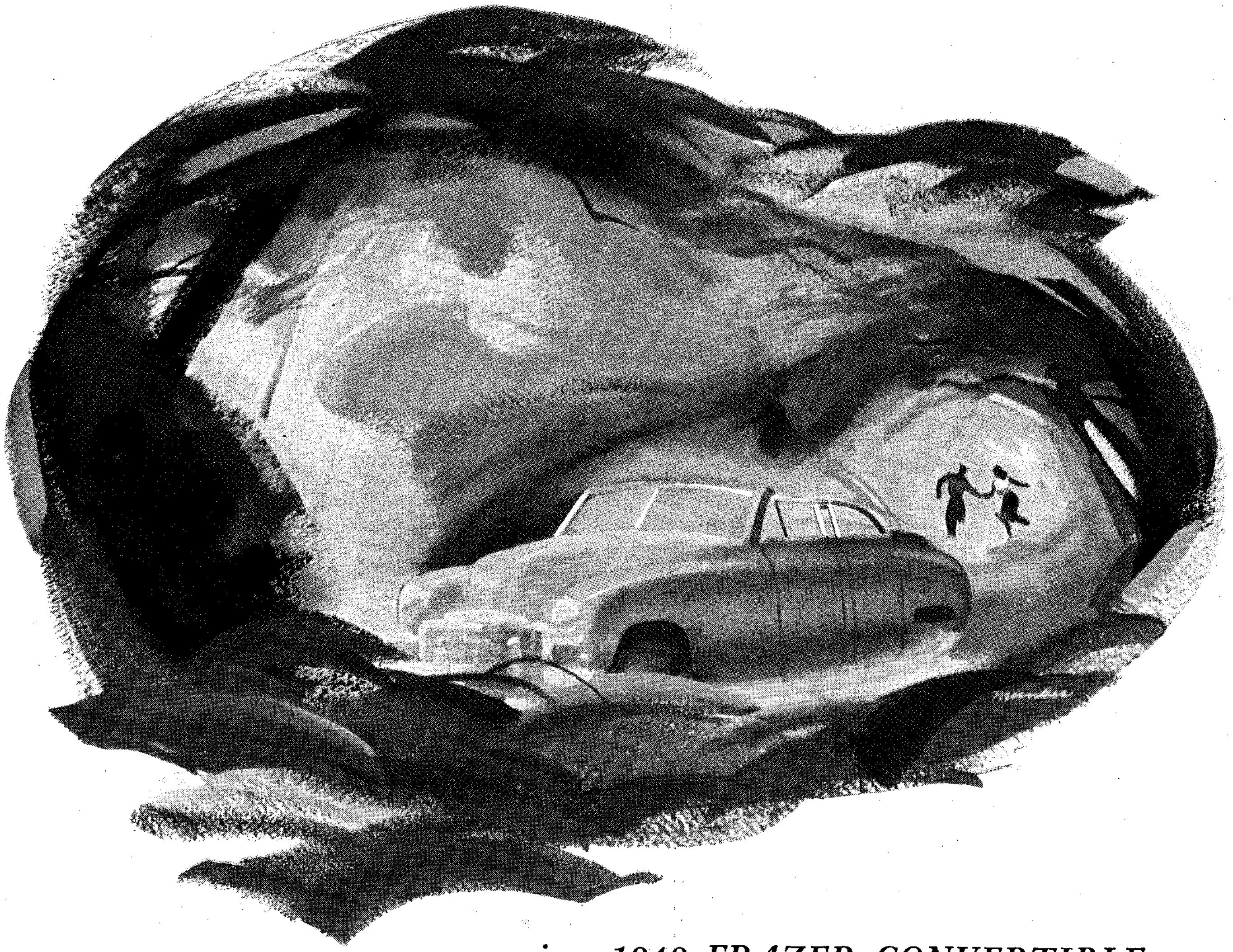
Shakespeare appears sensitive and intelligent. But Ben Jonson, after Shakespeare, seems neither. Though he attempts a variety of characters, they all boil down to a few motivations, recognizable as the motivations of Jonson himself and rarely transformed into artistic creations. Shakespeare expands himself, breeds his cells as organic beings, till he has so lost himself in the world he has made that we can hardly recompose his personality. Jonson merely splits himself up and sets the pieces—he is to this extent a dramatist—in conflict with one another; but we have merely to put these pieces together to get Jonson, with little left over. In the theatre, he aims at several styles as he tries for a multiplicity of characters, but the variety here, too, is mainly a mere technical matter of metrics and vocabulary, where Shakespeare can summon voices that seem to come from real human throats.

Jonson also lacks natural invention, and his theatre has little organic life. His plots are incoherent and clumsy; his juxtapositions of elements are too often like the "mechanical mixtures" of chemistry that produce no molecular reaction. His chief artifices for making something happen are to introduce his characters in impossible disguises and to have them play incredible practical jokes. Nor has he any sense of movement or proportion: almost everything goes on too long, and while it continues, it does not develop. Nor is his taste in other matters reliable. His puns, as Dryden complained, are sometimes of a stunning stupidity; and when he is dirty, he is, unlike Shakespeare, sometimes disgusting to such a degree that he makes one sympathetic with the Puritans in their protests against the indecency of the theatre. His reading of Greek and Latin, for all the boasting he does about it, has served him very insufficiently for the refinement and ordering of his work, and usually appears in his plays as either an alien and obstructive element or, when more skillfully managed, as a padding to give the effect of a dignity and weight which he cannot supply himself. He is much better when he lets himself go in a vein that is completely unclassical.

It is surely, then, misleading for Eliot to talk of Jonson's "polished surface," to call him a "great creative mind," who "created his own world," and not to warn you of the crudities and aridities, the uncertainty of artistic intention and the flat-footed dramatic incompetence, that you will run into when you set out to read him. None of his plays, with the exception of "The Alchemist," really quite comes off as a whole. The three others of the best four of his comedies, though they all suffer from the faults I have mentioned, have elements of genuine humor and passages of admirable writing. But the story of "The Silent Woman" is revolting in its forced barbarity (Jonson's murderous practical jokes have their only analogue in literature in the booby traps of Rudyard Kipling); "Volpone," which reaches at moments a kind of heroic magnificence in exploiting its sordid and cruel themes, suffers, also, though somewhat less, from being based upon practical joking, and it is badly let down at the end by an improbable conventional conclusion; and, as for "Bartholomew Fair," with some terribly funny scenes and a rich pageant of London low life, there is in it so much too much of everything that the whole thing becomes rather a wallow of which the Pig-Woman and her pigs are all too truly the symbol. With "The Alchemist," Jonson did ring the bell. This comedy is concentrated and well constructed. There is no element of false morality to blur Jonson's acrid relish of the confidence games of his rogues: the cynicism is carried right through. The verse, which invests with style, which raises to distinction and glitter till it gives a ring almost like poetry, the slang of the underworld and the jargon of its various chicaneries, is an original achievement of Jonson's, which is only sustained in this one play. And though there are one or two labored devices, the invention is more resourceful and the dialogue more spontaneous than in any of Jonson's other comedies. Yet this play, one of the funniest in English, is not really an example of high comedy as either a play of Molière's or a play of Aristophanes' is. Ben Jonson is not enough of a critic—that is, he has not enough intelligence—for either Molière's kind of interest in character and human relations or Aristophanes' kind of interest in institutions and points of view. "The Alchemist" is a picaresque farce, fundamentally not different from the Marx Brothers. And it shows Jonson's poverty of themes that when he had earlier attempted a tragedy, he should have arrived at a similar plot. "Sejanus," which takes us to the Roman Senate and inside the court of Tiberius, is also a chronicle of the intrigues of rogues who begin by working together but later sell each other out.

THIS is too offhand a summary of Jonson's work. Though a great artist only at moments, he was somehow

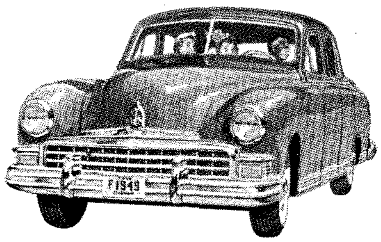
Open Season



. . . *in a* 1949 FRAZER CONVERTIBLE

Tuck her in next to you . . . touch a button and watch the FRAZER top slide away automatically . . . be off with the wind to your own wooded wonderland! And if the rest of the crowd *must* come along, both the front and rear seats are wide, wide, *wide*—with *lots* of leg room. For you're driving the new 1949 FRAZER *Convertible*—the only full-size four-door *convertible* on the road! Big, handsome—a *dream* of a car! Yours in more colors than a pastel rainbow . . . yours in practically any fabric or leather-type interior you could imagine. You provide the girl . . . the nearest KAISER-FRAZER dealer will have the new 1949 FRAZER *Convertible* soon!

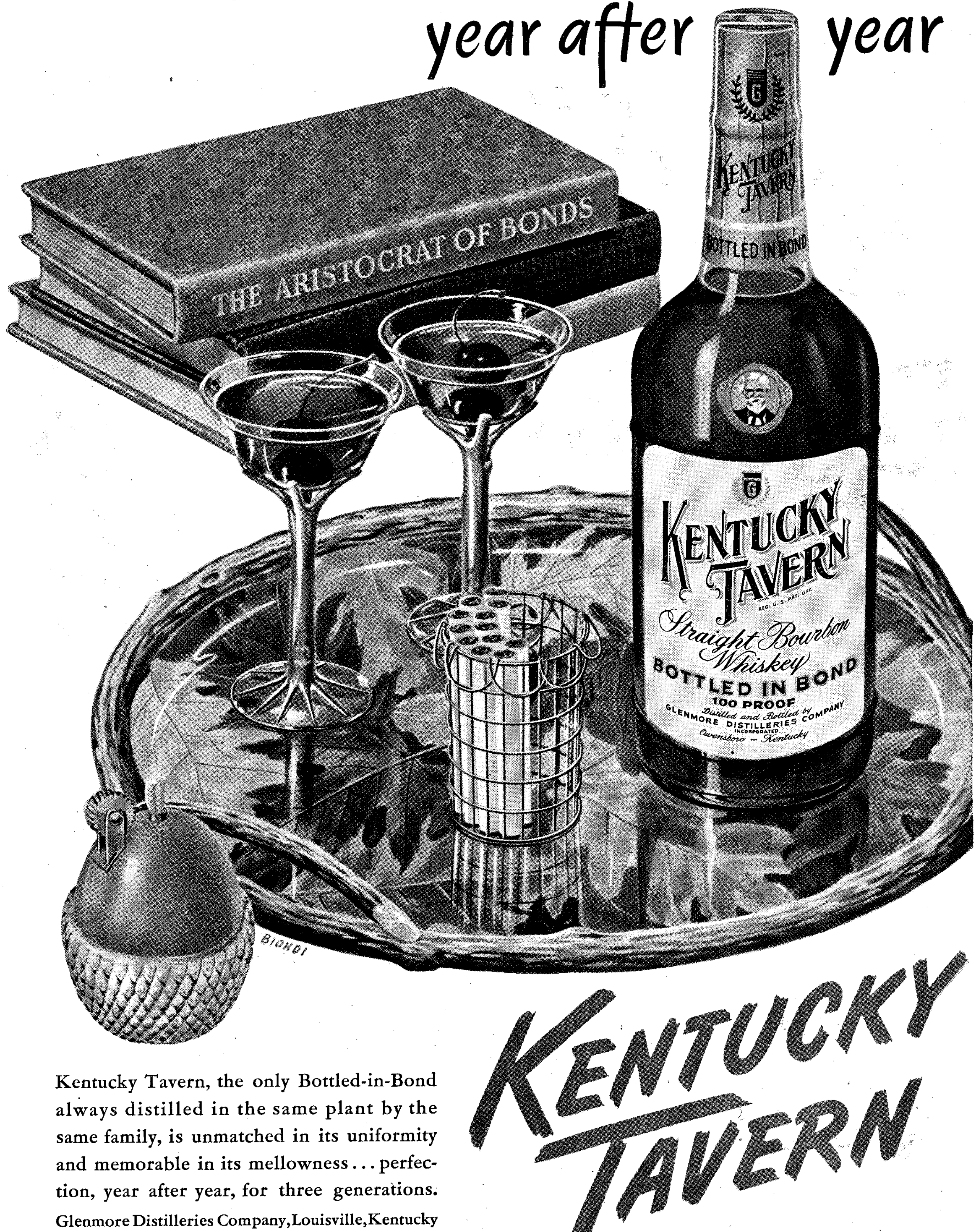
Kaiser-Frazer Corporation, Willow Run, Michigan.



See it today—and drive it away! The new 1949 FRAZER—100 new features, improvements, refinements—at your dealer's NOW!

"THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING"

Rich, golden perfection... year after year


THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS
Kentucky Tavern
Bottled in Bond
Kentucky Tavern
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Owensboro — Kentucky
BIONDI

Kentucky Tavern, the only Bottled-in-Bond always distilled in the same plant by the same family, is unmatched in its uniformity and memorable in its mellowness... perfection, year after year, for three generations.

Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

KENTUCKY TAVERN

© 1948 G. D. CO.

NO OTHER BOND CAN MATCH THAT KENTUCKY TAVERN TASTE a great man of letters. His very failure to make the best of his gifts had the result of leaving a body of work full of hints—unrealized ambitions, uncompleted beginnings—which could later be exploited by writers as different as Milton, the Restoration dramatists, Swift, Peacock, Dickens, Tennyson, Lewis Carroll, and Joyce. His truculent and anxious personality, as revealed by the obsessions that appear in his work as well as by what we know of his life, presents a curious case, which would reward psychological study.

—Edmund Wilson

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Goddess to a God, by John L. Balderston and Sybil Bolitho (Macmillan). The latest appraisal of Cleopatra, in the form of some fictional correspondence supposed to have been exchanged between her and Julius Caesar in the three years before his death. Most of the letters are the Queen's, and they make her out to be the approximate equal of Mme. de Staël in both prose and erudition, as well as Caesar's superior in political ambition. This picture of the Temptress of the Nile may be overly romantic, but the authors supplement it with some concise historical data, giving an informative, if brief, view of the period.

The Long Habit, by James K. Feibleman (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Revenge, murder, and other catastrophes, according to the standard Greek-tragedy pattern, in Isle Chênière, an island resort near the Mississippi Delta. There is an ancient feud between the island's two leading families, the Hoysradts and the Agetons; consequently, when Arthur Hoysradt goes to war and his wife falls in love with Walter Ageton, it becomes a killing matter for almost everyone concerned. Arthur's wife kills her husband on the night of his triumphant return, then her son kills her and her lover, then the lover's two maiden aunts set out to kill the son, while Arthur's daughter and a local resident named Antisocrates sit on the beach making love and tediously thrashing out the philosophical implications of the carnage. Mr. Feibleman has a sharp sense of the dramatic unities, but, unfortunately, his protagonists never reach the stature of the crimes they commit, and the reader is likely to keep going more out of casual curi-

Rinehart
& Company · Incorporated
Publishers

AND SO COMES TO AN END A PLEASANT OCTOBER...

An October so mild and warm that it might have been a second and more tranquil summer. Now comes November and a colder sky with a prophecy of winter in its lessened and russet light, and something of the vast silence of winter in the air.

It is a time for rustic satisfaction, and a time, in the old phrase, "to count one's blessings," be they golden Hubbards or a barrel of farm cider, yet a touch of melancholy can steal its way into the mood. The great, earthy, and out-of-door tasks of the farm are over and done, and the ragged clouds sail across the moon, we know in our warm kitchens what will presently come down upon us from the solitudes of the north.

A little after four o'clock a great wild sound in the sky sent us all rushing out of doors. A huge flock of Canada geese, flying unusually low, were passing by directly above the farm. Arriving from the east, the line swung south toward the local inlets and the sea, hovered for a few minutes in milling indecision, and disappeared, still apparently confused, into the wintry light a little south of west.

FARM DIARY

Far down a hillslope and in all the golden quiet of the autumnal afternoon, I see a neighbor cleaning up his garden, and a pillar of bright flame burning in the center of the field. The farm produce stands along Route 1 now come into their autumn glory of apples, squashes, and giant pumpkins backed by a shelf of cider jugs and jars of homemade "chile sauce". We stop at such a stand under a great, golden maple and Elizabeth buys some "cherry tomatoes" which turn out to be quite good.

Looking out over my fields, I think to myself that they not only have their own fierce American sun, but their own separate and American rhythm of time. I have been convinced that one of the causes of dissension between Europe and America is a differing sense of time, the Europeans living by one sense of time, we by another. They live by the present and the past, we by the present and the future, and they live by a beat less mechanical than ours.

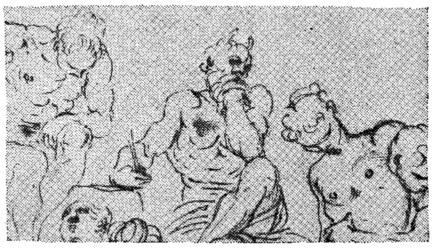
One of these cold nights we shall have snow. . . .

THIS is from NORTHERN FARM, a year-round chronicle of Maine, ($2.75) by Henry Beston who wrote *The Outermost House*. Mr. Beston is one of those writers whose prose is fine enough to be read for sheer pleasure, the meaning of which is permanent, and universal in its application. NORTHERN FARM, illustrated by Thoreau MacDonald, is an unique, inspiring book for these troubled times—and one of the nicest Christmas presents. Ask your bookseller to show you a copy.

SHOP THE CONVENIENT
MODERN WAY, EXAMINE THESE
BOOKS AT HOME **FREE**

Gifts of Distinction

with all the luxury of
Limited Editions



A TREASURY OF DRAWINGS

FROM PRE-HISTORY TO THE PRESENT

● 83 master-drawings—one by each of the great artists of all time. The only popular-priced collection of its kind—covering the whole history of art from the Stone Age, Egypt, and Greece, to the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and down to Picasso and contemporary Americans. With a complete section on Oriental art. 83 full-page plates, 8½" x 11". Edited by *Louis Lozowick.* *$3.00*

With an exciting introductory essay by **THOMAS MANN**

PASSIONATE JOURNEY

● The great novel in pictures by **FRANS MASEREEL**, complete and unexpurgated. The famous story of an artist's victory over the brutal life around him, told in the daring picture-style originated by Masereel. 165 WOODCUTS. *$3.00*

Limited Edition of **PAUL VALERY'S** classic

DEGAS DANCE DRAWING

(WITH 4 HAND-COLORED BALLET PRINTS)

● First English translation of this extraordinary reminiscence by France's distinguished poet-philosopher. *Limited First Edition of 1200 numbered copies,* each containing 4 hand-colored prints, Paris-imported and ready for framing. *6"x9". $5.00*

SEND NO MONEY NOW, unless you wish. Examine any of these books free for 10 days. If not completely satisfied, return order for full refund of purchase price.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

LEAR PUBLISHERS, 105 E. 15th ST., N. Y. 3

Please send me the following books:
☐ A TREASURY OF DRAWINGS @ $3.00
☐ PASSIONATE JOURNEY @ $3.00
☐ DEGAS DANCE DRAWING (Limited Edition) @ $5.00

I will pay the postman the cost of my order plus a few cents postage. If I am not completely delighted I may return books in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name ....

Address ....

City.................... Zone...... State..............

3B

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage charges by remitting now.

☐ Check here to receive our free illustrated catalog of books on art, belles lettres, psychiatry.

osity than out of any real interest in the characters' motivations or fate.

THE GLADIATOR, by Thames Williamson (Coward-McCann). Rome in the time of Nero, and a hero—a gladiator named Faljan—so extravagantly overblown that he might have been taken from a myth. Faljan is tricked into coming to Rome, where he gets amorously involved with three empresses and slays countless Romans, both in and out of the arena; he is tricked again, this time by a prostitute he loves, into becoming a Christian and leaving the city while it is burning, with hungry, uncaged beasts snapping at his heels. At no time does Faljan display the slightest resemblance to mortal man, but the story explodes like fireworks for three hundred and forty-four pages and has a certain brash vitality that lifts it above the absurd.

LARGELY FICTION, by Eleanor Palffy (Houghton Mifflin). An account of a wide-eyed Boston girl's peregrinations through fashionable prewar Europe that is not so much a novel as a loosely assembled memoir and travel book, thinly camouflaged by the use of the third person. When the author is concerned with a great manorial estate of some Hungarians living in Czechoslovakia, she gives an unusual and entertaining description of the life there, but when she reaches the well-trodden ground of Paris, Salzburg, and the Riviera, she is reduced to a series of only partially successful anecdotes, culminating in an account of her heroine's drive across France with an eccentric old lady just after war has been declared. The book is cheerful, though nostalgic, in tone, and there is a nice sentimental quality about at least two of the little stories that are interspersed throughout.

THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT, by Zofia Kossak (Roy). The almost saintly career of a seventeenth-century Polish nobleman who undertakes to expiate the widespread sins of his class by living most of his life disguised as a serf, eventually dying unrecognized on his own estate. The story is based on fact, and the author includes good, precise accounts of the Battle of Smolensk and of feudal life during the period. Workmanlike and unpretentious.

WALK IN DARKNESS, by Hans Habe (Putnam). A melodramatic onslaught against the Negro question, dealing with a colored soldier's experiences in occupied Germany. The G.I., in trying to escape his racial stigma, has an unsatisfactory affair with a German girl, gets mixed up with a gang of hijackers, and is finally executed for the murder of an M.P. Apparently, Mr. Habe's point is the importance of spiritual as well as social regeneration, but he obscures it by a good deal of cops-and-robbers shenanigans and by a fairly two-dimensional setting.

THE GREAT MIDLAND, by Alexander Saxton (Appleton-Century-Crofts). Ideological conflict in Chicago, mostly during the years just before the second World War. The focal point is the yards of the Great Midland Railroad, from which most of the people in the book draw their livelihood. The attempts of various labor elements, from Wobblies to Communists, to achieve dominance over the yard workers and to get the better of the railroad are detailed, while in the background there occur racial strife involving Negro car washers, and a lot of talk by some University of Chicago graduate students, one of whom is married to a young Communist rail worker. The marital problems of these two are ultimately solved, but Mr. Saxton indicates that the labor questions will remain tangled for a long while to come. Straightforward, with some good description, especially of the operations of the railroad.

A CONVOY THROUGH THE DREAM, by Scott Graham Williamson (Macmillan). Occasionally foggy voyaging on convoy duty in the Atlantic and Mediterranean in 1944. A young O.W.I. man joins the merchant marine in an effort to discover the true nature of the enemy he has been writing propaganda about. Just as he's beginning to realize that our own side is not as virtuous and exalted as he has been making it out to be, he is killed in action. Mr. Williamson has strung together some plausible—and at times witty—seafaring types, and his treatment of port and shipboard life is colorful, but the hero's soul-searching follows as roundabout and wearisome a course as the convoy itself.

GENERAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON, by Douglas Southall Freeman (Scribner). The first two volumes of a projected six-volume biography. This installment, subtitled "Young Washington," covers Washington's life through his twenty-seventh year, when he resigned his colonelcy in the Virginia

Regiment after nearly five turbulent years in military service, fighting the French and Indians. Mr. Freeman has uncovered a lot of new material, both pictures and manuscripts, on Washington. He shows him to have been, according to the judgments of his contemporaries, a powerful and positive young man with pronounced acquisitive instincts, strong passions, no humor, and a troublesome inarticulateness in the society of women, and a fellow who commanded respect by his dependability and his adherence to his own code of ethics. One gets the impression that Washington in those years was almost consciously in training for greatness, and that no one could have been less surprised than he when greatness descended upon him. Excellently written.

THE LEGACY OF SACCO AND VANZETTI, by G. Louis Joughin and Edmund M. Morgan (Harcourt, Brace). The case and, more important, the legend of Sacco and Vanzetti, considered by an expert on law (Professor Morgan) and by a student of literature (Professor Joughin). Professor Morgan has written what must be the most objective account so far of the seven-year ordeal of the shoe-factory worker and the itinerant fish peddler; his colleague contributes a long critical analysis of the many novels, plays, and poems, written before and after the execution, that reflect the enormous hold the plight of the two defendants have had on men's imaginations. The authors' conclusion is that American justice failed in the trial—whether or not the men were guilty on purely legal grounds—and that, because of the nature of the failure, future generations will inevitably assume that Sacco and Vanzetti were put to death for a crime they did not commit.

SOVIET RUSSIA AND THE FAR EAST, by David J. Dallin (Yale). Additional reasons for keeping a twenty-four-hour-a-day watch on the Russians, enumerated by a man who quit the Soviet Union in 1922 and has since spent most of his time documenting the evils he left behind him. In this, his fifth book-length assault on Stalin and his official abettors, Mr. Dallin reviews what the Far Eastern hand of the Soviet Union has been doing since 1931, and presents an almost daily record of Soviet attempts to dupe those—the Japanese and Chiang Kai-shek between 1931 and 1940, ourselves from that time on

"Careful, Stanley! Don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

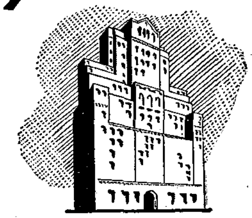
Ask for Old Smuggler the next time you order Scotch—and you will understand the reason for the words, "Careful, don't waste a drop." The historic excellence of Old Smuggler dates back 71 years. It is composed and nurtured with patience and scruple—and distinguished by great softness and delicacy of flavour.

W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y. C. • *Established 1888* • *Sole Agents for U. S. A.*

Copr. 1948 W. A. Taylor & Co.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF
Careful... don't waste a drop
that's Old Smuggler BRAND
SCOTCH with a HISTORY
GAELIC OLD SMUGGLER REGISTERED BRAND ESTABLISHED 1835
GAELIC Old Smuggler Brand
86° PROOF
4/5 QUART
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

NOW LEASING
Luxurious
Apartments

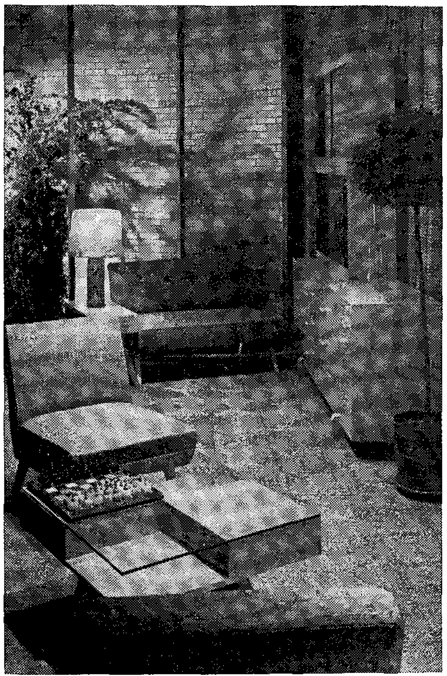


2 ROOMS
BEAUTIFULLY
FURNISHED
with large serving pantries. Completely Redecorated. Styled by Beryl S. Austrian. Also Transient Accommodations.

The Lombardy
Norman E. King,
General Manager

111 EAST 56th STREET, NEW YORK
Brussels Restaurant and Jade Bar

contemporary homes
call for **multiplex*** **modern...**



*designed by Martin Feinman, copyright 1947
Open daily till 6
Thurs. 9 P.M.
Modernage
16 East 34th St.

—who have objected to the entrenched Russian program for carrying the Stalinist message to the Chinese. From this seventeen-year pageant of Soviet international chicanery, the author singles out for special disapproval the Soviets' now-celebrated slyness at Yalta, their brilliant shell game in Korea, and their tireless efforts to keep the democratic bunting from slipping off the standard of the Chinese Communists. A thorough and convincing job, although not a particularly graceful one.

Black Odyssey, by Roi Ottley (Scribner). The segregated side of American history, or how the Negro has been getting along while his white fellow-countrymen have been enjoying themselves spinning cartels, stocking up on higher learning, and otherwise revelling in the greatest democratic show on earth. Beginning with an account of how our Colonial forebears, when beset by the need of cheap labor, hastily recast what they had called the "African gentleman" into the role of "niggra," Mr. Ottley notes each successive development in the art of keeping the Negro in his place. It's not a very pleasant story, but the author tells it well and manages to control his temper in the process, even while recalling some of our fanciest lynchings and while presenting his view of the Negro's future in the South—a view, incidentally, that doesn't check at all with Strom Thurmond's.

The Reign of Queen Victoria, by Hector Bolitho (Macmillan). All the information about Victoria and her era that Mr. Bolitho has offered us several times before, plus some material he has turned up in recent years. Armed with this fresh information, Mr. Bolitho is able to correct himself and the world on a few minor matters, such as the density of the friendship between Victoria's father and Mme. de St. Laurent, which he now rates as almost acceptably Victorian. His picture of Victoria, however, remains just about as he drew it in his previous volumes—that of a headstrong little icon who oozed probity and was wild about Albert. On the whole, quite a comedown after Mr. Bolitho's introduction, in which he implies that history will never let him rest if he doesn't get his new material to the public.

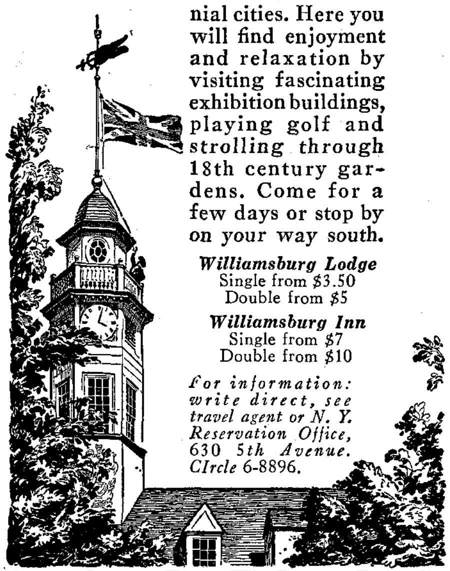
The Miracle of France, by André Maurois, translated by Henry L.

ENJOY NOVEMBER IN
Colonial Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

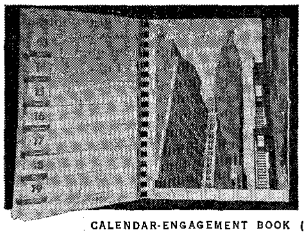
Every American owes it to himself to visit historic Williamsburg—an authentic restoration of one of America's foremost Colonial cities. Here you will find enjoyment and relaxation by visiting fascinating exhibition buildings, playing golf and strolling through 18th century gardens. Come for a few days or stop by on your way south.

Williamsburg Lodge
Single from $3.50
Double from $5
Williamsburg Inn
Single from $7
Double from $10

For information: write direct, see travel agent or N. Y. Reservation Office, 630 5th Avenue. Circle 6-8896.

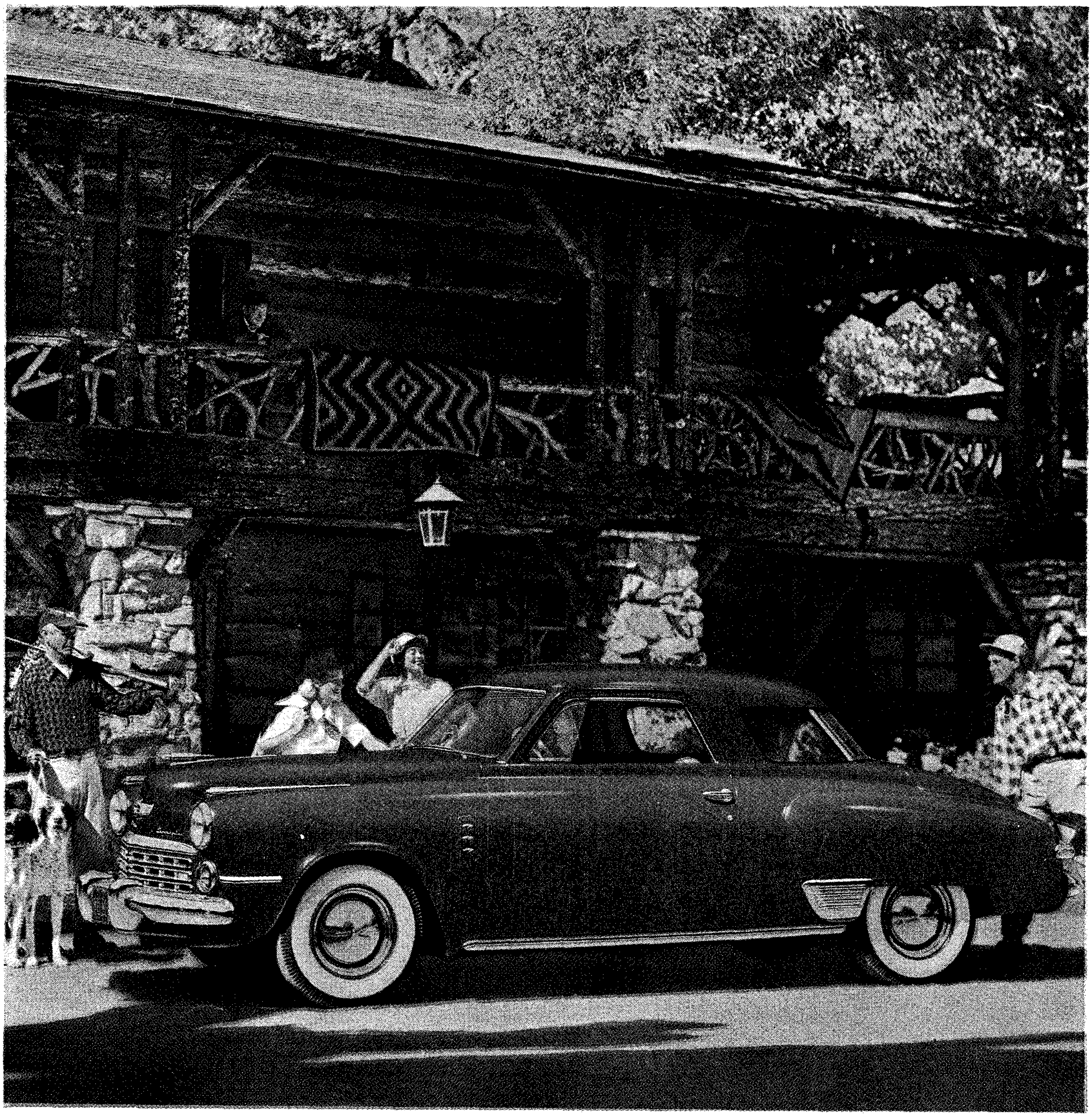


NEW YORK IN PICTURES
by Stein



CALENDAR-ENGAGEMENT BOOK (9 x 7)
An unusual gift that will be highly valued both for its usefulness and its artistic worth. Illustrated with 61 beautiful photographs of New York by Fred Stein. $2.00 postpaid.
LUMEN PUBLISHERS
400 East 72nd Street, New York 21, N. Y.
Plaza 9-7824

MARRY
QUALITY TO QUALITY
PROTECT
YOUR EXPENSIVE
GIN AND WHISKEY
WITH
ARDIN
VERMOUTHS
DRY and SWEET
EST. 1898
LUCIEN ARDIN inc., NEW YORK 11, N.Y.



Vision produced this car of vision!

STUDEBAKER engineers and stylists knew you wanted a better view in back as well as in front when you're driving.

So they envisioned a car with panoramic windows all around—spent years in designing and redesigning it—came up with this dreamlined new Starlight Coupe!

Envied throughout the automotive world is this engineering resourcefulness! It underlies the extra vision—the deep-bedded riding comfort—the light-touch handling ease—of all the far-advanced new Studebaker dream cars!

They're swung so low the very law of gravity itself assures road-hugging stability without weave or wander.

They're the world's first cars with brakes designed to adjust themselves automatically! Brake servicing is seldom needed—there's a "like-new" pedal feel, mile after mile!

See them all! Champion and Commander sedans, coupes, convertibles—a special long-wheelbase Land Cruiser!

STUDEBAKER

First in style...first in vision...first by far with a postwar car

©1948, The Studebaker Corp'n,
South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

Bloom in next Spring's color, now!

Elizabeth Arden's new fall shade

Crimson Lilac

What! Lilacs in winter? Yes, but Crimson Lilac. Strange and wonderful! Lilac-lightened crimson for your gleaming lips and sweet-scented fingertips. Wear it with tenderly-harmonized complete make-up—from incredibly beautiful Illusion Face Powder to Green Lilac Eye Shado . . . absolute stroke of brilliance with the new Fall clothes! Bloom in it today!

NEWS! Crimson Lilac Lipsticks . . . . now 1.00
Also 1.50, 2.00; New Jewel Stick (shown), 3.50
Deluxe "*Gold Rush*" *automatic* Lipstick, 2.50,
Matching Compact, 7.50
Crimson Lilac Nail Lacquer, 1.00
Crimson Lilac Pat-a-Crème, 1.25, 2.00
Crimson Lilac Rouge, from 1.25; Eye Shado, 1.50
Crimson Lilac Illusion Powder, 1.50, 2.00, 3.25
Cameo Face Powder, 1.75, 3.00
all prices plus taxes

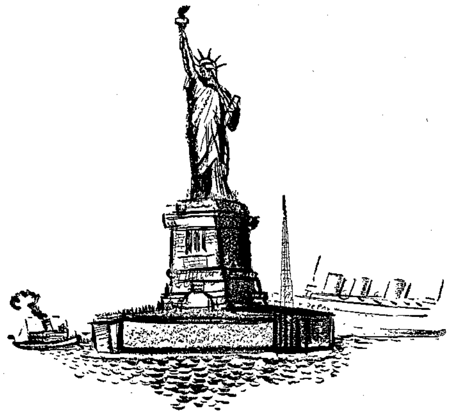
Elizabeth Arden

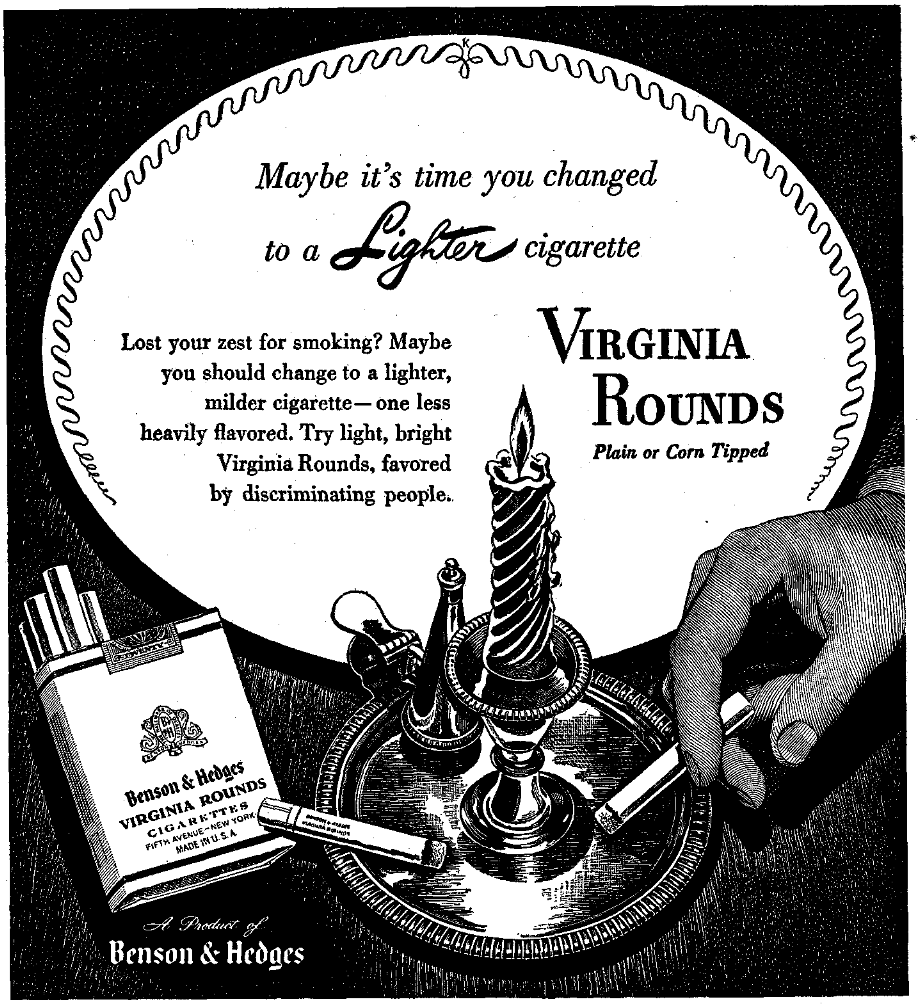
GOWN BY *Castillo* OF ELIZABETH ARDEN

Binsse (Harper). A long hack ride through the highways and byways of French history, illustrated with photographs of scenes and personages along the route. M. Maurois says that the influence of France through the ages has mostly of the heart and mind, but he writes pretty much in terms of political regimes and military successes and failures.

THE CITY AND THE CATHEDRAL, by Robert Gordon Anderson (Longmans, Green). Another look at France, this time thirteenth-century Paris. Using the cathedral of Notre Dame as his base, the author strikes out through the city's muddy streets in search of colorful personalities and examples of fine handicraft. He finds such an abundance of both and is so impressed with the population's religious fervor that he ends up by awarding a varsity letter to everyone, from glorious Saint Louis to the most unimaginative stonecutter. Mr. Anderson's uncomplicated enthusiasm for his subject is surmountable, but his sentences, most of which have something of the carelessly launched flying buttress about them, are not likely to be scaled by the average reader of this feeble century.

THE FALL OF MUSSOLINI, by Benito Mussolini (Farrar, Straus). A rather opportunistically and not very accurately titled collection of essays written during the winter of 1943-44, when the deposed Duce was licking his wounds and casting about for an alibi that would look good in the history books. Those he holds responsible for his troubles range from the King of Italy to the Masons, and he writes of them in the brooding accents of a noble exile. The tone of the book suggests that it was merely the first of a long series planned by the author; Mussolini seems to have envisioned a future in which he would





Maybe it's time you changed to a *Lighter* cigarette

Lost your zest for smoking? Maybe you should change to a lighter, milder cigarette—one less heavily flavored. Try light, bright Virginia Rounds, favored by discriminating people.

VIRGINIA ROUNDS

Plain or Cork Tipped

A Product of
Benson & Hedges

PAUL MASSON
CALIFORNIA'S HAND-MADE
ESTABLISHED 1852
CHAMPAGNE

FROMM AND SICHEL, INC., 218 WEST 57th ST., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

RADIUM DIAL WATCH

Snaps on phone dial easily

IDEAL XMAS GIFT

Novel and useful Swiss Watch, fits on phone dial—just snap on. Luminous, fine Swiss movement with second hand.

Polished case.

Check or Money Orders—No C.O.D.'s

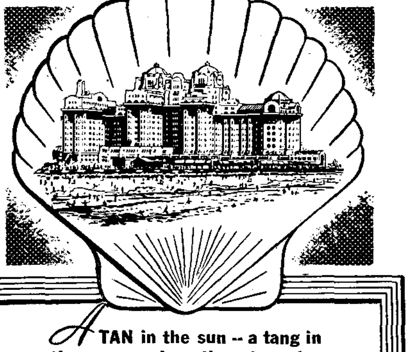
Postpaid and Money Refund Guarantee

ONLY $9.95
Add 10% Federal Tax

IT'S NEW, 7306 Empire State Bldg., N. Y. C. 1, N. Y.

Nino
FEATURES
A Special After Theatre Supper
•
with
RUDY TIMFIELD
New York's Preferred Pianist
•
HARRY MEYEROWITZ
playing at luncheon and cocktail hour
N
Luncheon - Dinner
Sundays after four
N
TEN EAST FIFTY-SECOND
Reservations PL. 3-9014

Autumn...
STILL IN TOUCH WITH SUMMER



A TAN in the sun -- a tang in the ocean air -- time to enjoy "The Boardwalk's Most Delightful Location." Spacious decks. Delicious foods. Nightly concerts. *Television.* Dancing in the Submarine Room. Bar and Lounge. Garage.

American and European Plan

KENNETH W BAKER
GENERAL MANAGER
LEONARD G. RUNDSTROM
RESIDENT MANAGER

The TRAYMORE
1700 BOARDWALK
ATLANTIC CITY
Telephone - Atlantic City 4-3021

be permitted to live out his years in some Alpine St. Helena, shoring up the Fascist myth by literary endeavors. There is a long introduction by Max Ascoli.

FIVE POEMS, 1470-1870: AN ELEMENTARY ESSAY ON THE BACKGROUND OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, by E. M. W. Tillyard (Macmillan). Literary criticism in English has only recently begun to break away from time-hallowed limits into wider fields, where the social, moral, and aesthetic background of various periods can set off and lend perspective to any given literary work. Dr. Tillyard supplies this larger background for five English poems, ranging from Henryson's "Testament of Cresseid" through Swinburne's "Hertha," and draws some remunerative conclusions as he proceeds. Five well-chosen illustrations further relate each poem to its age and that age's art—and very interesting it is to see Fuseli linked up with Coleridge, for example.

AMERICAN SEA SONGS AND CHANTEYS, edited by Frank Shay (Norton). This attractive and well-chosen collection contains the contents of the editor's earlier anthology, "Iron Men and Wooden Ships," plus about half as much new material. There have been added, also, explanatory notes by the editor, musical arrangements by Christopher Thomas, and new pictures by the original illustrator, Edward A. Wilson. Interesting folklore and a possible Christmas present.

PORTRAIT OF G.B.S., by Feliks Topolski (Oxford). Thirty-two drawings and paintings of Bernard Shaw in his old age, by a young Polish artist who has been compared by Shaw himself to Picasso. This appraisal may be an exaggeration, but these portraits are certainly brilliant, and remarkably subtle and varied in catching the different aspects of Bernard Shaw's personality. They may well constitute the most interesting item in the enormous iconography of their much photographed and caricatured subject. Introduction by Shaw's biographer, Hesketh Pearson.

HANDBOOK OF ANTIQUE CHAIRS, by Carl W. Drepperd (Doubleday). A great deal of information about chairs, their history, their construction, and the influences that led to the variations in their design. The volume is widely illustrated with examples of chairmaking, from around 1460 to more or less recent times, and puts special emphasis on the chairs of the mid-nineteenth century, when, apparently, more sitting was done by Americans than by any other people in the history of the world. Readers of such instructive works probably don't look for much in the way of literary style, which is, perhaps, just as well for Mr. Drepperd.

CANALETTO DRAWINGS AT WINDSOR CASTLE, edited by K. T. Parker (Phaidon). The Royal Collection at Windsor Castle contains an unusually large collection of the drawings of the eighteenth-century Venetian Antonio Canale, or Canaletto, who, because of the neatness, precision, and formal design of his work, exercised a fascination over English amateurs of the time. Most of the drawings were procured by that extraordinary and somewhat mysterious figure of the Georgian period, Joseph Smith, one-time British consul in Venice. The introduction, by Mr. Parker, goes exhaustively into the circumstances surrounding Smith's transactions, and also into the peculiarities of Canaletto's style. The hundred and forty-three reproductions, comprising the entire collection, are handsomely printed.

AESTHETICS AND HISTORY IN THE VISUAL ARTS, by Bernard Berenson (Pantheon). Long an authority on Italian art, Mr. Berenson uses his vast erudition to explore, in essays, such matters as the relation between artist and spectator, changing art styles and the reasons behind them, successive attitudes toward art through history, and so on. His book, though at times desultory and slightly old-fashioned in its point of view, is clearly the product of a finely trained, highly sophisticated, and experienced mind.

ASIATIC ART, by H. F. E. Visser (Beechhurst). The Dutch and, to a certain extent, the Belgians, because of their colonial activities, have for many years been ardent collectors of Eastern art, and this book, by the curator of the Museum of Asiatic Art in Amsterdam, is a survey of the major examples to be found in the Low Countries. The introductory essay is, unfortunately, fairly pedantic, but the catalogue notes are more informative, and the four hundred-odd illustrations are reproduced with a truly admirable clarity and sensitiveness.

THE HUNTER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA, edited by Raymond R. Camp (Stackpole &

Heck). An inclusive single-volume reference work on North American game that is unique in its field. The text, of over a thousand pages, the work of fifty contributors, describes all our native quarry, from jaguars to woodcock, as well as various methods of bringing them down, from gunning to falconry. Along the way, much clear information is presented on the ranges and habits of indigenous wildlife and on gear and arms for its pursuers. To give an idea of the book's scope, it lists among methods of catching a fox the esoteric and almost unknown art of belling, whereby the creature is attracted to ultimate death by the sound of a small hand bell. Well illustrated, with maps, diagrams, photographs, and color plates.

STEELHEAD, by Claude M. Kreider (Putnam). Possibly the first book entirely devoted to one of our sportiest fresh-water game fish, a variety of trout that is taken, winter and summer, in streams along the Pacific coast. In this competently written volume, the correct tackle and technique for landing these beauties are outlined by an old hand at the business. Photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

ALL MEN ARE LIARS, by John Stephen Strange (Doubleday). Excellent courtroom stuff, dealing, in what sounds like an authentic manner, with the trial of a New York sportsman accused of shooting a young man he had hired to drive him about town one rainy night. Interwoven with the courtroom scenes are passages devoted to the activities of a conscientious police captain, who has an uneasy feeling that there is something phony about the case he has helped put together and who tracks down other, obscure clues, despite the fact that they point in the direction of a friend. A nicely balanced job.

DEATH HAUNTS THE DARK LANE, by A. B. Cunningham (Dutton). Sheriff Jesse Roden, who is a whiz at digging up unsuspected facts about the residents of Deer Lick, a town in Kentucky, gets to work on the murder of Gay York, a nice girl who was in line to inherit quite a bit of property. With the aid of his hound dog, Roden prowls around, mostly at night, in the wake of various suspicious characters until he has amassed enough evidence to enable him to flourish his badge at the culprit. A

GLOBE RECIPES

"... AND READ SLOWLY BEFORE BRINGING TO BOIL"

Good cooks are not born; they're made. At least in Boston they are! For here *The Boston Globe* is a daily source of menus, recipes and other matters of more than passing culinary interest. They fill the editorial columns in our Women's Section... help Globe readers tempt jaded appetites and balance household budgets.

Of interest (at least to our readers, national food advertisers and ourselves!) is the fact that during a typical two-week period *The Boston Daily Globe* ran 34% more lines of food news than the next standard size Boston daily newspaper, 85% more than the tabloid newspaper!

Obviously this is one good reason a recent survey of 2,000 Boston newspaper readers showed that of those women who read *The Morning Globe* AND any other Boston newspaper, 64% rated *The Morning Globe's* household and women's news best! 60% rated *The Evening Globe* best! (Paper B—47%; Paper C—45%; Paper D—40%; Paper E—14%; Paper F—8%.)

And no doubt this helps explain why, in 1947, 86% of those grocery product advertisers who used two Boston newspapers bought *The Boston Globe* and one other Boston newspaper!

Yes, Boston's *best-read* is definitely Boston's *best buy!*

The Boston Globe

MORNING · EVENING · SUNDAY

National Representatives:
Cresmer & Woodward, Inc., New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles
Osborn, Scolaro, Meeker & Co., Chicago, Detroit

good addition to this sound, unspectacular series.

Black Cypress, by Frances Crane (Random House). Mr. and Mrs. Pat Abbott, who have always liked to operate in an atmosphere both opulent and eerie, find a set of circumstances exactly to their taste when they are summoned to a California estate to see if Enid Ponsonby Stryker, a woman afflicted with frequent spells of hysterical paralysis, is in danger of being bumped off, as she thinks she is. Knives hurtle through the air, nicotine is doled out in lethal doses, and someone sticks pins in Mrs. Stryker—all of which gives the Abbotts more than enough to occupy their minds until they're able to get at the cause of these unusual doings. Very glossy.

The Baited Blonde, by Robinson MacLean (Mill-Morrow). Espionage in the Middle East, where Duane Hogan, an American agent, has been dispatched to get hold of an atomic-weapon formula that had been broken down into parts and distributed among several people in 1945 by a Dutch scientist escaping the Gestapo. Between Djibouti and Beirut, Hogan is ingeniously roughed up in the Raymond Chandler manner by an array of thugs. After a couple of incidental murders, Hogan finally gets his hands on the secret for the U.S.A. with the help of a young woman strongly patterned on Lauren Bacall. A well-sustained example of the jujitsu school of prose.

•

Aptitude Tests

Aptitude tests will be held in the Cage on Wednesday, Sept. 29th, at 1:30 p.m.

1. Attendance is required of all students.
2. The Samuel Phillips bell will be rung for five minutes at 1:25 p.m.
3. Pencils will be furnished.
4. Athletic costume may not be worn.
5. All boys who write left-handed will enter by the west door, all others by the east door.—*The Phillipian, Phillips Academy, Andover.*

Boys who lisp will climb through the window.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Richmond (Calif.) Daily Independent*]

Ukiah, Calif., (U.P.)—Eighteen-year-old Mary Ruddick of Anderson Valley got her deer the hard way.

Hunting in the Mendocino County hills, she shot a buck in the leg. It escaped down a steep 50-foot embankment. She plunged after it, and slipped into space.

Sea Island

...FOR A PERFECT VACATION

A resort of smart distinction in a beautiful setting. Golf, tennis, riding, fishing, skeet, dancing, surf or pool bathing and four miles of wide sandy beaches. Congenial guests. Cottage colony. Accommodations at moderate rates usually available.

THE CLOISTER
Sea Island, Georgia
Write direct, see travel agent or New York reservation Office, 630 Fifth Ave., Tel. CIrcle 5-8055

the VENETIAN
ON THE BAYFRONT MIAMI

A distinguished resort hotel for full enjoyment of all that Miami offers. Finest cuisine and service. Season November to May.

Advantageous rates for longer stays. Reservations advised.

C. A. CRAWFORD
Manager

The page one news at the new Press Box Restaurant, 139 E. 45th

take your order in advance. Lunch in the Press Box is table

PRESS BOX

New Yorks PAGE ONE dining spot
139 E. 45 ST. EL 5-8297

back for more. You'll be back,

beef stock, with croutons and par-

The Boca Raton Club... • • • COMPLETE HOTEL FACILITIES

Once the world's most fabulous private club... Between Palm Beach and Miami... at the very spot where Florida's green-and-gold East Coast and the deep blue Gulf Stream embrace most closely in their warmest kiss!

Opening December 10th—*For reservations and special Holiday rates, write Desk 111-N.*

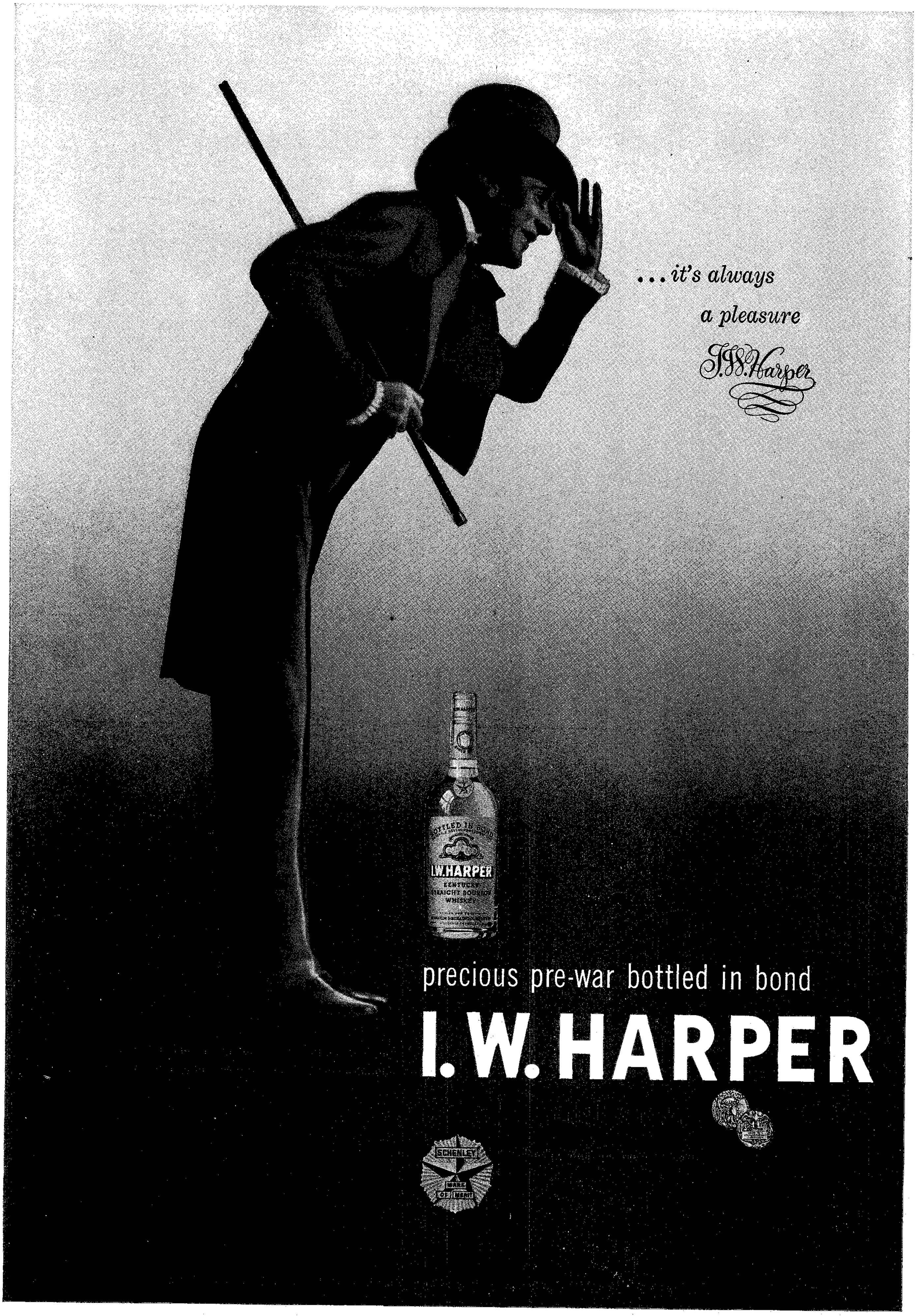
The Boca Raton Club
GASTON LAURYSSEN, *General Manager*
Boca Raton, Florida
New York Office—730 Fifth Ave.—CIrcle 7-7610

a sweet idea for Christmas

Give an experience in flavor discovery—a rich collection of rare table honeys, each distinctive in aroma and natural flavor. Only $12 brings a one year, eight-jar membership in the Honey-Collectors Club. Christmas gift jar is handsomely packaged and bears your gift card. Seven other wonderfully different honeys sent during the year. It's a most unusual gift. Send check and gift list today—or, for additional information write

HONEY-COLLECTORS CLUB
Westport, Conn.

BUY ALL BOOKS AT
CAMPBELL'S
10918 LE CONTE AVE. LOS ANGELES 24
Order by mail. In Calif. add 2½% Sales Tax
Postage prepaid on books $1.00 or more.


BOTTLED IN BOND
I.W. HARPER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
SCHENLEY MARK OF MERIT

. . . it's always

a pleasure

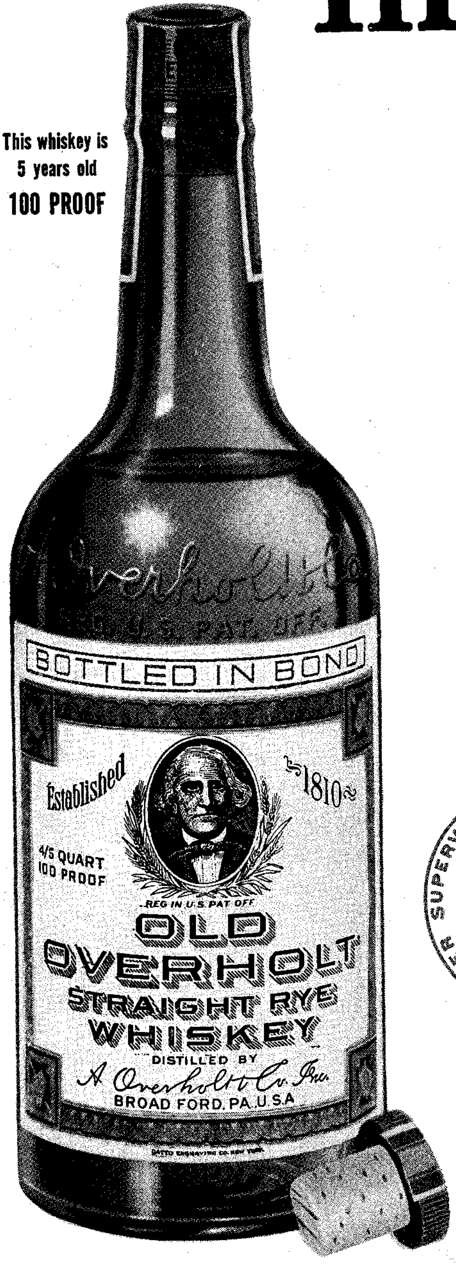
I.W. Harper

precious pre-war bottled in bond

I. W. HARPER

Do you like heartiness in a whiskey?

This whiskey is
5 years old
100 PROOF


Overholt & Co.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established 1810
4/5 QUART
100 PROOF
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD
OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE
WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
BROAD FORD, PA. U.S.A.

If the answer is "yes," you'll like Old Overholt.

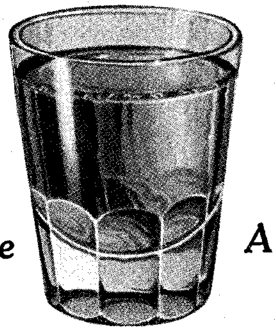
For here is a whiskey whose popularity is based on its rich, robust taste; its warm, real rye flavor.

Next time, order Old Overholt. One sip will tell you. If it's your whiskey, you have made a discovery!

National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N. Y.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED
IN
BOND

Its Good Taste



Always Stands Out